



3 1761 08823913 2





Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
Professor Robin Harris

Miss Kate E. Nicholson
from her Friend

W^m F. McBride



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto

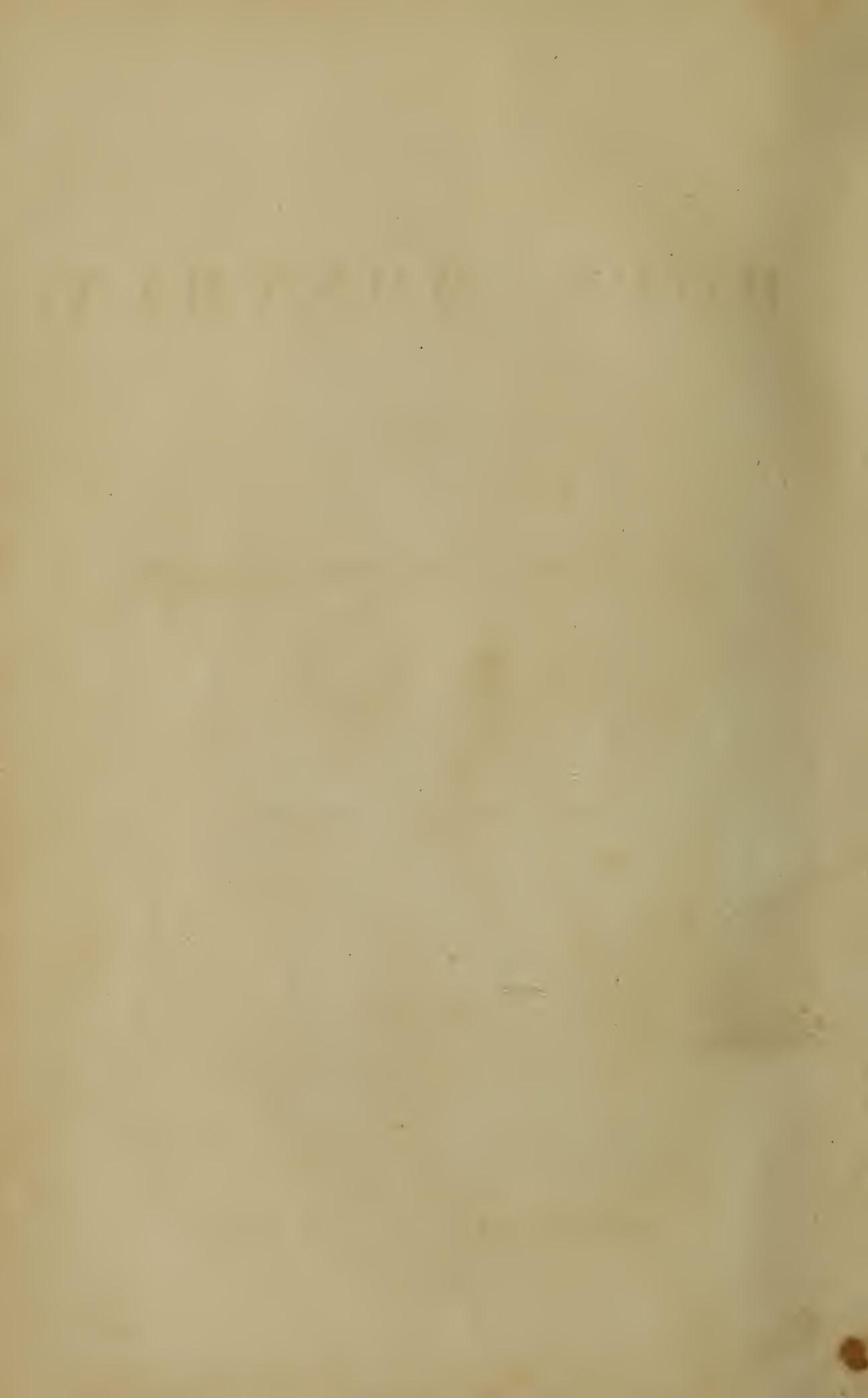


Copple & Co. Sc.

THE EMBROIDERY LESSON.



THE CACTUS.



THE
HOME MONTHLY;

DEVOTED TO

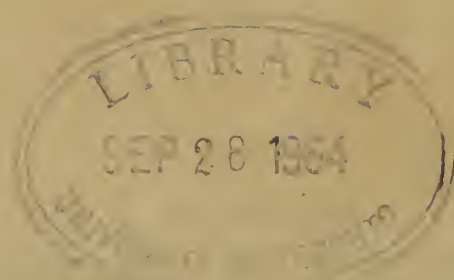
HOME EDUCATION, LITERATURE, AND RELIGION.

EDITED BY
REV. WM. M. THAYER.

VOLUME IV.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY D. C. CHILDS & CO.
NO. 11 CORNHILL.
1861.

AP
2
H7
v. 4



930404

CONTENTS.

FROM JULY, 1861, TO JANUARY, 1862.

PROSE.

Agnes St. Elin.....	9, 121, 141	History of Edward Gray.....	207
The Dead Child.....	12	Feed my Lambs.....	218
Iron Filings.....	13	Energy in Business.....	232
The War and our Children.....	17	A Day in the City.....	233
Difference in Wives.....	19, 171	Our Engraving.....	237
Words for Young Men.....	23, 89, 221	The Pastor's Daughter and Indian Bride.....	238
Talks with my own Sex.....	28, 155, 226, 285	Street Sonnets, and their Suggestions.....	283
Esther ; an Example for the Young.....	34	Admonition of the Lord.....	253
Frank Aston.....	39	Polished Stones.....	256
Newspaperdom.....	51	The Ungifted.....	258
Benefit of Maternal Associations.....	55	Religious Memories.....	261
Parental Instruction.....	56	Old Mr. Honest.....	271
Freaks of Children.....	75	Saturday Night.....	276
A Lost Day.....	79	Home and School.....	278
A Selfish Mother and Wife.....	81	Faith in Times of Sorrow.....	280
First Things.....	85	Borrowing Trouble.....	283
The Group.....	86	Songs of the Soul.....	284
The Swiss Goatherd and the Bible Lesson.....	88	Margery and the Graces.....	288, 365
Growth of the Holy Child.....	95	Blockade the Ports.....	295
Invisible Guides in the Path of Human Life.....	101	Giving away a Child.....	296
Princess Alice.....	105	The Scold.....	298
Funeral Customs and Superstitions among Negroes of Jamaica.....	114	Peace on Earth.....	300
Memories and Hopes.....	117	Reminiscences of the American Revolution.....	301
Amusements.....	119	The Tempest.....	306
The Initiation.....	120	A Leaf.....	307
Facts and their Lessons.....	123, 255, 321	The Christian Patriot.....	308
Uncongeniality.....	124	Music.....	315
To Subscribers.....	126	Lo, I Dreamed a Dream.....	316
The Poor Clerk.....	127	Telling Tales.....	317
A Temperance Tale.....	129	Anecdotes of Children.....	319, 348
That Whip.....	130	Mothers of Eminent Men.....	337
Polite Lies.....	149	The Young Family.....	342
Parental Responsibility.....	152	Telling Bible Stories to Children.....	343
Tell Hannah.....	161	How Mrs. Seabury got her Wish.....	345
Woman's Mission to Woman.....	163	Where are the Boys.....	346
Requital; A War Sketch.....	170	A Tenant wanted.....	351
Profitable Rambles.....	175	Love of Home.....	356
Mutual Recognition in Heaven.....	178	Faces.....	360
Good Manners.....	182	Truth Loved.....	362
Shadows of Life.....	187	Christmas Under the Hill.....	373
Tom; or, the Son's Return.....	189	Mary Brown's Christmas.....	380
Constitution of a Maternal Association.....	190	Meeting of Six Hundred Mothers.....	383
		Manaen.....	384

POETRY.

The Flower Transplanted.....	16	God's Promises.....	84
The Robin's May Song.....	50	Ten Years Ago.....	84
Gone.....	54	Our Old District Schoolhouse.....	112
Time.....	54	The Syro-Phenician Woman.....	113
Song of the Exile.....	58	Hymn for our Country.....	116
Kiss the Rod.....	78	Morning Thanks.....	147
'Twas for the Mother's Sake.....	79	Homesick.....	148
Madolin.....	33	The Tempest.....	148

Encouragement	154	Our Sons and Daughters.....	277
The Star-spangled Banner	160	Seventy-six.....	294
Contentment.....	176	Silence	294
Wedding Anniversaries	177	Onward and Upward.....	294
The Book of Life	177	The Beloved Wife.....	269
Impromptu	184	Death of the Flowers.....	316
One in Heaven	185	The Babie	319
Woodland Vespers	185	Died	320
No More Tears	186	Mourning Mother.....	320
O Sleep	189	Christmas Morning.....	342
Daybreak	220	Clouds	342
To a Calypso Borealis	225	Thou doest All Things well	350
Evening	225	Thanksgiving Day	358
'Twas but a Word.....	231	A Christmas Song	359
Lilly's Grave	237	Lines to Young Lady on twenty-third Birthday	363
The Charmed Circle.....	242	A Merry Eye	364
Aunt Mary's Cat	245	Trusting Still	364
Memory	246	The Loved and Lost.....	378
Little Charlie's Anniversary	260	Rest	379
Could Ye not watch one Hour.....	260	Be not Weary.....	379
My Father's Picture.....	277	Keep Us.....	382

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	59, 191, 322, 382, 386
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.....	61, 196, 246
HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT.....	64, 181, 262, 390
EDITOR'S TABLE.....	70, 202, 325, 389
BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.....	65, 182, 198, 264, 326, 391

PLATES.

The Embroidery Lesson	6	Saved	204
The Swiss Goatherd.....	72	Saturday Night	267
The Bible Lesson.....	73	The Young Family	334
The Pet.....	137		

MUSIC.

Difficult to Choose.....	7	My New England Home	269
Changes in the Old Homestead.....	139	Allie's Grave	335
Gentle Words.....	205	The Beautiful.....	336
Psalm of Life.	206		

DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE, OR THE FLOWERS OF JUNE.

Words by E. PORTER DYER

Music by L. MARSHALL.

Con Espress.

1. The flowers of June are beau-ti-ful, As eve-ry Poet knows; But
2. The Rose with fragrance loads the breeze, The Li-ly scents the gale; Some

which is prettier of the two, The Li-ly or the Rose? But which is prettier
choose the Rose, and some prefer The Li-ly of the vale, Some choose the Rose and

of the two, The Li-ly or the Rose? The Rose is like the noon-day sun, If
 some prefer The Li-ly of the vale; There grows a rose on Sharon's plain In -
 3. There grows a Li - ly of the vale So

we the two compare. The Li-ly like the full-orbed moon, So Queenly and so
 com-par - a-bly fair, Whose beauty fills the world with light. Whose fragrance fills the
 bathed in heavenly dews, So sweet, so lovely I confess, I know not which to

D.C.

fair; The Li - ly like the full-orbed moon, So Queenly and so fair.
 air; Whose beau - ty fills the world with light, Whose fragrance fills the air.
 choose; So sweet, so love - ly I con-fess, I know not which to choose.

D.C.

AGNES ST. ELIN.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

“SISTER! they say that drowning men
In one wild moment can recall
Their whole life long, and feel again
The pain, the bliss that thronged it all;—
Last night, those phantoms of the past
Again came crowding round me fast!

“Some happy souls there are, that wear
Their nature lightly;—these rejoice
The world by living, and receive
From all men more than what they give.
One handful of their buoyant chaff
Exceeds our hoards of careful grain;
Because their love breaks through their laugh,
While ours is fraught with tender pain;—
The world, that knows itself too sad,
Is proud to keep some faces glad;—

“And so it is,—from such an one
Misfortune softly steps aside
To let him still walk in the sun.
These things must be.—I cannot chide;
Had I been she, I might have made
The self-same choice,—she shunned the shade.”

AGNES ST. ELIN was born to an alien element. She was like fragrant exotic violets blooming among unsightly weeds. She seemed sent to keep our faith in the good and true and pure. She was the one miracle in Cobden Court, and there was not a heart so hard, or a nature so rough, that did not soften and smooch itself in her presence. Her little brown hands were tender in their touch though hardened by labor, and her smile lingered in the dreams of weary sleepers unconscious of every other earthly thing save this child. Her face was the angel's, they imagined in their brief intervals of rest, when fancy came to them. Cynics may sneer at beauty, but it mingles with all our thoughts of heaven, of the Father himself, and is our symbol of good. If the

soul throws out beauty, it shapes the continuance after itself, though the features may not be models for easels of idealistic artists.

It was a strange thing in this manufacturing town to see such a delicate child, for the hardening process of constant labor had stamped itself into the muscles and shapes of the people; and care and the fear of want was burned into the souls of parents and children from one short generation to its successor; and when was poverty beautiful? Not after its seal is fixed, and its hues and types mingle with the blood of the people.

Years before my story bears date, a pale, strange woman, whose hair was whitened while her years were few, and whose eyes were sunken with weeping, came to Cobden Court with a babe whose beauty was fashioned in the type of the happier days of the one who bore her so tenderly in her arms. The mother took a garret, and sought employment for her thin fingers and wasted strength in the factory. Half her small earnings were given to Goody Frank, the semi-Dutch woman who lived below stairs. It was a fearful thing to see the poor mother place the child in Goody's arms in the morning, and almost as fearful to watch the eager, speculative meeting in the evening after the toil was over,—the questioning eyes, as the little one was folded to her bosom and borne up to the garret, desolate, but for the beautiful love it sheltered; and dim, save when the little one smiled in the face of its mother.

No one knew whither she came, or why, and the secret is folded up in the unrevealed mysteries of life. One could guess, and very likely it would be a sad, but not

unusual history. Certain it is that the mystery is and probably will ever remain shadowed in silence and secrecy.

Mrs. St. Elin fell at her task, as many a soldier in life has done before, and the sod covered her for ever in her rest. Goody Frank had learned to covet the child long before, and had refused the pittance for her care which was thrust upon her, and now that death had left the child in her keeping she thanked God for the gift, and tended the grave of the mother as a quietus to her conscience for being so glad over the coffin of a fellow-creature.

Goody had a stalwart husband, or "my man," as her class denominated their stronger halves, who was goodnatured and shrewd to that degree that he was a sort of deputy-overseer in the factory; and, perhaps, but for the child's smile, the poor mother might have perished on the common; but that melted his heart, and he procured her a position that barely kept starvation at bay; but it was the best he could do, and he thought it enough.

We educate ourselves to wants which become as necessary as bread or air, and die if they be withheld, and poor Mrs. St. Elin died as truly from want as if the coarse bread she ate had contained no nourishment at all.

Goody scarcely permitted Agnes to know the loss she had sustained, though the little violet eyes wandered in a questioning way about, and deep, half-smothered breaths rose from her soft, sweet lips, and a mournful shadow lay over her face for many days; but the half-rough tenderness of her foster-mother won back the sunshine to her smile, and with the memory of a mother faded out of her thoughts she began her new life.

It was with boisterous delight that Carl Frank greeted the little creature when he came in at night, and called her pet baby-names revived from his half-forgotten Dutch,

as a child brings back to us all dimly remembered cradle-songs, which make us feel tender to all children for the recollection, and their associations. Childhood is God's Past, and we all reverence its memory, and after that we make our destiny; and the thought of it brings tears, bitter as the waters of Marah.

From the moment the baby became the property of Goody Frank, the poor people felt that it was a part of themselves, and they had an undivided right in it; and so it was carried about with a sort of awe that mystery always produces in the human mind, and a delight at its wonderful loveliness. The long summer days the little creature sat in the door-way of its low home, and watched the children make mud patties and pies with a semi-consciousness that she was not of them, and she would never attempt to reach them with that eager seeking for companionship which make children so gregarious.

Her little eyelashes drooped over strangely thoughtful eyes, and she seemed to be feeling her coming life, in alliance, as we sometime shiver at a coming storm while the sky is still clear.

Goody was very proud of her lengthening curls, whose gleam gathered the sunbeams in clusters about her head, and very careful to keep her little wardrobe as pure as strong hands could make it, and she was perhaps the only truly tidy child in the Court.

Goody was a nobility in her circle, for she was the model housekeeper; the only possessor of the faintest resemblance to comfort in the place, and though she was as much envied as her good nature would permit, none would admit that it was her tidiness and thrift that made her so comfortable. Carl Frank would have taken to an over-love and indulgence in beer if his home had not been so pleasant, and he thanked his wife for his position, for he said she scrub-

bed him into a half-gentleman, and the boss acknowledged his right to the promotion. Because no little ones came to them he mourned sincerely, and it was a source of intense disappointment, but he acknowledged the wisdom of His way when little Agnes learned to say papa, in her sweet, lisping voice, and he said : " Never mind, Goody, she's got finer blood than ours, and will build up a family of gentles when she marries."

And so from the arms of agony and despair the child brought hope and happiness ; and all her life she dropped sweetness in her path, and strewed blossoms on barren places. Certainly she must receive baptism, for fear the rite had been omitted by her mother, — and vibrating between the dread superstition that the holy water twice sprinkled upon her head doomed it to an early flight to heaven, and the horror of an unconsecrated child, they offered it at last, at the altar, to the Christian's God ; and well they kept their promises, according to the light that came through the clouds of ignorance which surrounded them. The name its mother called herself was all the inheritance she received except her spiritualized nature.

There was a strange look upon the face of the young pastor as he took the babe in his arms to pronounce the holy benediction over its fair head, and the eyes, lifted to his own, seemed to picture themselves into his very soul. The smile that lighted her face illuminated his own, and the whole congregation was electrified by the beautiful scene.

Reluctantly the young pastor yielded back the fair creature, and his eyes lingered long before he could close them in prayer, and his voice quivered in a subdued cadence as he called down the Father's blessing upon her life.

He was a strange young man, who had come to them none knew whence ; but his earnest desire to lighten their burdens soon

won their devotion, and though he got nothing of sympathy in return, he bestowed it with tender faithfulness upon them. They would have been as much to him in exchange, but they did not know how ; they could not read his wants and needs in his pale, imploring eyes, for his inner life was too far away from them. and they could no more comprehend its range than they could read the stars in their patient waiting above us.

Intuitions made them reverent, for they saw the glory of his soul in his life and self-renunciation ; but it was like prayers in an unknown tongue to them, solemn, and profoundly mysterious.

God had sent these two missionaries, a man and a babe, to humanize and Christianize Cobden Court.

God's glory shines in simple hearts, and his grandest manifestations are sometimes in the humblest places.

Justin Ritchie had been disappointed by the world, and driven, he knew not why, into the bustling, impoverished town of Cobden. True, the manufacturers were not poor, certainly not ; they throve on the borders of want, and grew rich over the graves of generations of spinners and weavers ; — but they did not want poor people's preaching, and if they went to church at all it was to hear the Rector of St. Dennis. True, there were charity schools, and charity foundations, which made the recipients feel all the more the bitterness of the seemingly unequal distribution of God's good gifts to man. There were annual dinners which quieted the consciences of every body if it was rumored that somebody had died from destitution in the community. But, for all their lavish expenditure and selfish gettings, Cobden Chapel held the noblest manhood, and Cobden Court surrounded the sweetest spirit outside heaven.

Goody Frank would not exchange her

baby for the silken upholstery of the master's mansion, nor Justin Ritchie give his place in the hearts of the rough people for the silken gown of the corpulent rector of St. Dennis. Compensations are more equal than the unthinking suppose, and we shall see who won in the race for life.

There are ministers ordained of God, and too many ordained only of men. Some, whose sign-manual is recognized by their works, and some, who bear it emblazoned over their garments and prefixed to their names, and only this to mark their mission. Heaven pity such !

Gregory Malden owned the mills whose iron wheels crushed out the lives of the spinners and weavers, and turned them into coin for their owner's coffers ; and yet Gregory Malden was a better master than many, and his people mostly felt happy that they were better off than their fellows in other towns. He paid his people every Saturday night in good money, and went to his bed feeling that he was a very good Christian, and talked loudly against his fellows for their want of human sympathy because they did not follow his example. His little Maud was

pillowed on soft linen under silken curtains, and when she folded her pretty white hands in evening prayers, her papa had taught her to say, "Bless the poor people of Cobden Court, and take them to heaven when they die."

Once she opened her great brown eyes after unclasping her hands, and while still kneeling by her father, and asked as if the question had just come to her thoughts —

"Shall I ask God to take them into *our* heaven, papa !"

"Heaven, Maud ? — just say heaven, and that's enough." But the child looked troubled at the mystery ; — but there was something in the face of her father that told her any further questioning would be disagreeable, and so it hid itself in her heart to haunt her for a lifetime, and perplex her with the mystery of differences in the lot of God's children.

Poor Mr. Malden was not as merry as usual that night, for the little face of his child was present with its strange, unsettled look, and he could not exorcise either that or the question from his thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DEAD CHILD.

BY REV. H. DANIEL.

Few things appear so beautiful as a young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks sublimely simple and confiding among the old terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless the little mortal has passed alone under the shadow. There is death in its sublimest and purest image ; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face ; death has come lovingly upon it ; there is nothing

cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled for the prattle and smile,—all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful—are gone for ever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of an all-wise Father ; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of heaven.

IRON FILINGS.

FROM THE EDGES OF OLD SAWS.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

THE STONE THAT IS FIT FOR THE WALL IS NOT LEFT IN THE WAY. — The mass of unappreciated genius and power with which the world is blessed, seems to be increasing rapidly upon us. There is no place that can in any way satisfy the cravings of ambition, that is not besieged with a crowd of applicants; each one of them, undoubtedly, supposing that he can fill the place better than any other. And every disappointed *stone* is disposed to think that the wall will surely go to ruin because he was not fitted into a prominent place in its formation.

There is no editor, however humble, who does not find himself overwhelmed with the crude efforts at authorship of those whose sole qualification for the task they undertake, exists in their own disjointed imaginations. While all authorship that is fit to stand in the monumental wall the age is rearing, will eventually find a place there;—while all who glow with a consciousness that they have that to say that is worthy of the world's attention, will in time gain the public ear,—there is still, as every one who has had the opportunity of observation knows, a much larger class of those who attempt to write without having anything to say, and without knowing how to say it, than of those who, understanding their vocation, with a sense of dignity and power are content to toil laboriously therein. These aspirants, finding a few flowers of fancy growing on the surface-soil of their minds, and knowing nothing of the burdens and cares of those who have toiled long in the shadow, content with their love of their work, and thinking little

of the applause of men, before obtaining the positions they so much admire,—suppose that out of the petals of these flowers of fancy they can make for themselves eagles' wings, that will soar up proudly in the sun's eye. Of the depth of purpose and breadth of character necessary for the work they propose to themselves they know nothing. Indeed, they appear not to know that it *is* work. The applause bestowed upon those who fill the loftiest and most onerous positions in the world has attracted their attention. It is this applause that they seek. The heavy labor that lies back of this, they have not the acuteness to perceive, the power to appreciate; and certainly not the capacity to perform it.

No person who occupies a position of any influence fails to receive appeals for help from those who are, in their own opinion, so unfortunate as to be placed in a world which neither appreciates their genius nor comprehends their power;—persons who never did well the work which lay ready to their hand, and who never will do well any work that is provided for them. It is not for work they wish. It is for ease,—for the opportunity of gilded idleness; for the trappings of positions in which they could by no means sustain themselves. They wish to be helped-up from the midst of the dolts who do not understand them, among the sages by whose clearer perceptions they think they cannot fail to be recognized.

Now power to be comprehended must be felt. Not necessarily in a blustering, boisterous way, for there is power in inertia, but it must be of a kind that, when once in

the scales, will bring down the balance, and toss up the lighter weight. There are few who possess power to sustain themselves in positions of influence, who have not also the power to open for themselves the door that leads thereto. They would rather go with slower steps, and by a longer way, knowing that they have taken every step themselves, than to feel themselves under obligations to any other hand than their own for placing them in the position they seek. He who has trodden upon every round of the ladder sits more easily at its summit, than he who has vaulted to his place, and who consequently knows nothing, in detail, of the machinery of the structure by which he is sustained.

If a person finds himself obliged to ask help in obtaining service for the legitimate use of the power he knows himself to possess, he will rarely be obliged to ask this of strangers. And if he does, he will do this in a voice that commands attention, showing, by his very manner, that he has no breath to spare in begging for that which he does not deserve, or in whining over that which he has failed to obtain.

True power is too strong in itself, to waste much time in mourning over the manner in which it has been weighed by other men. The artist who loves his work,—who is fit for it, who is made for it,—is too much absorbed in his own love of it to pay much attention to the applause of other men. It is his life-work, and he is thoroughly occupied in planning and working it out, better than any other man living could have done it. He does not let his appreciation of it, and his delight in it, wait on the acknowledgment of the avowal. He knows that his conception and knowledge of it are far beyond theirs, and that they must be *educated up* to a comprehension of his new creation, before they can intelligently criticise, or applaud it. He knows that, sometimes, his work will be

recognised. He may have a craving to meet this recognition while he lives, but this craving is a thing entirely separate from his devotion to his work, and is not suffered to mar or hinder it. If it be a true work of genius his faith in its completeness is far above his faith in the opinions of other men. His desire for it, is for its entire perfection, and not for the applause it will obtain. In his love for it, he will endure all ills, and all privations, cheerfully.

Far opposed is he in this respect to those who pour out floods of mourning in the world's ear, because the world has never stopped to praise the work they never did. They seem to suppose that some stronger hand than their own is in duty bound to draw out and work into shape the gold they imagine as existing in their own minds.

True power asserts itself always. Even in a school or a company of the youngest children, the leaders always step to the front rank without hesitation. The real strength of the little thing, will push its way upward as surely as the particles of iron in a heap of sand will crowd to the surface under a strong magnet. We may ask a child why he follows a certain lead; or we may inquire of a teacher why he gives positions of prominence to such and such pupils. The teacher does not *give* these positions of prominence. It is a thing he can no more control than he can control the growth of two seedlings,—one stout and the other feeble, that he has planted side by side. He may lop off the excrescences of the one, and nourish, and prop, and sustain the feebleness of the other, but he cannot, if he tries, wash out the leprous spots, or make the donkey's bray a lion's roar. We may each of us increase the power there is in us, and fit ourselves, according to the talents entrusted to us, for the work we wish to do. But this work must come from within, and not from without. We can only do it as we are will-

ing to help ourselves, and only in accordance with the capacity with which we were at first endowed. But having done this, as far as we are able, we can certainly fit ourselves for some place, and we may be sure that *"the stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way."*

We remember some time since a party of boys, of six or seven years old, and under, who were amusing themselves with going through the evolutions of a military drill. A true dignified little fellow had placed himself at their head as captain, and was marching and countermarching them with great satisfaction to himself, and apparently to the rest, until, after a time, some of the others seemed to think that he had been captain long enough, and that it was their turn. To the expression of this opinion he paid no attention, but kept on marching in his own way, and keeping them in order as well as he was able, until the mutiny became rather uproarious; when he turned short upon them, and called out in a tone of authority, "If there's any boy here that want's to be captain, 'sides me, he can go home." The other boys were not quite ready to relinquish their play, and though they looked somewhat defiantly at their self-constituted leader, they sank back into place, and went on with their game; no one appearing to question the assumption of authority with which he had ordered them home if they ventured to interfere with him.

There are many cases in which this power of assumption is nearly the only qualification which tends to place a man in the front rank. In other respects he may be no better and perhaps even inferior to those who follow his lead. But if there are those under him whose real strength of mind is greater than his, they no more follow his lead than he theirs. Their mental strength is the fountain from which, with shrewd and quick appreciation, he is content to draw. They

furnish the pabulum by which his showy and ostentatious qualities are sustained. They may have less power of assumption, and less love of approbation than he, but their position is none the less important, and their weight of character is none the less understood. The stones that lie at the foundation of a wall are no less important than those which crown the summit. It is only by the foundation-stones that the summit can be sustained. And every quick eye that inspects the wall will detect which are the stones that play an important part in its formation, and which are showy and unimportant ones, that fill their place while they bear but a small share of the burden.

There is an almost universal tendency among men to yield to those who speak in a tone of authority, whether that authority be well-grounded or not. But when those who speak, really *know* that whereof they affirm, when their opinions and acts commend themselves to their hearers, their true position is yielded to them at once. The great fault in character is apt to be want of independence of thought and unity of purpose. The man who never presents to himself a unique plan of action, and whose opinions bear always upon the opinions of others, is necessarily a feeble man.

When Michael Angelo was seeking out the lights and shadows of his deathless fame upon the walls and dome of St. Peter's, is it probable that he waited for the suggestions or the applause of others, upon which to shape his plan? When his enemies had appointed a committee of investigation, and he was called before the cardinal, he asked what was the cause of complaint. They replied that he was throwing up a wall where the plan had given three chapels, and had darkened the church, lighting this space with only three windows. "I will give an answer to the committee of investigation," said he. "We are the committee of investiga-

tion," was replied. "Then," said Michael Angelo, "there are to be three windows above those of which you speak." "But," said the cardinal, "you have never told us this before." "Nor do I intend to tell you, or any one else, my plans with regard to my work. Leave hereafter, the quarrels to the committee of investigation, and St. Peter's to me."

It may be said that Michael Angelo was one of the world's few who could afford to

stand firmly by the promptings of his genius. But every man should make himself sufficiently master of his work, however humble, to abide by his knowledge of it. And if he does this, and devotes himself rather to his work in its completeness, than to the emolument or applause it gains, he will be pretty certain to find that "the stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way." There are quite too few sincere workers in the world.

THE FLOWER TRANSPLANTED.

BY THE INVALID.

'Twas the hour when heaven's bright angels
Walk the earth in forms unseen,
Lingering fondly o'er its beauties,
Clothed in moonlight's silvery sheen;

Often, at that peaceful season,
Had they sought our pleasant bower,
Pausing to admire the beauty
Of our only, precious flower.

But *this* night they brought a message
From the Gardener above,
He who lent the little flow'ret
For a season to our love.

"I am ready," said the Gardener,
"To transplant the little flower,
Which thou hast so fondly cherished,
To my own immortal bower.

"Fondly has thy plant been sheltered
From each dark, tempestuous woe,
Till its fair and stainless beauty
Is too pure to dwell below.

"But in my immortal garden,
Where the angels tend the flowers,
And no cloud with tempest laden
O'er the smiling azure lowers,—

"Where no damp and chilling breezes
With their blighting influence blow,
It will bloom in fairer beauty
Than has blest it here below.

"And when Time has o'er thee scattered
But a few more years of pain,
Thou shalt hear the welcome summons
To behold thy flower again.

"There, in amaranthine beauty,
Ye shall both together grow,
While the years, with rapture freighted,
Glide in one eternal glow.

"Wilt thou, then, resign thy treasure
To the care of Love divine,
And consent those links to sever,
Which around thy heart entwine?"

"Yes," I cried, "e'en though my spirit
'Neath its load of woe grows faint,
I will not to thee refuse it,
Nor repine with sad complaint.

"Take, O Lord, my precious treasure
To the garden of thy love,
Though a little while I tarry,
Waiting for the call above!"

Then the angel who that message
Had repeated in my ear,
Folded close his snowy pinions,
To my lovely flower drew near.

And, while tears were freely flowing
From my dim and aching eyes,
Lo, he bore my lovely blossom
To the garden of the skies!

THE WAR AND OUR CHILDREN.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

PUBLIC attention is directed to the influence of the present war upon our commerce, traffic, husbandry, and the mechanic arts. "What effect will it have upon the dry goods' business?" "How will mechanics earn bread for their families during the suspension of business?" "Will not all the trades and professions be crippled?" These are questions that are asked over and over again, and many a person becomes gloomy in revolving them. But how few have inquired, What will be the effect of the war upon our children? It is introducing them into a new school,—a new class of influences are surrounding them,—the most dangerous passions are appealed to more than ever. Parents do not love to witness a disposition in their sons to play the part of the soldier. They remember the boyhood of Churchill, the duke of Marlborough, into whose ears were poured, in his early life, tales of his maternal grandfather's military glory, until he was fired himself with military ardor. Finding an old book on warlike subjects, about this time, he pored over it with rapt delight, and grew more and more in love with a soldier's life; and finally his mind was decided for a military career by perusing, while at St. Paul's School, in London, Vegetius's work on the "Art of War," in which some fine plates wrought marvellously upon his mind. They remember Napoleon I. and his little brass cannon, with which he delighted to play in consequence of the stories told him of his father's battles and triumphs. While yet a boy, he loved to study Homer, for its martial scenes, and he wrote to his mother, when he was a student at Brienne, "With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to

carve my way through the world." At sixteen years of age he was appointed second lieutenant of a regiment of artillery in the army. Now such facts, to every parent who is familiar with the early culture of these warriors, in connection with the circumstances in which Providence placed them, are very significant. They see that an appeal was made both by direct counsels and the times in which they lived, to the warlike propensities.

So now, whatever may be the home culture, the times appeal directly to the same class of passions which made Churchill and Napoleon I. what they became. The reader has observed, ere this, how generally the boys in the streets partake of the warlike spirit of the day. They form companies, raise flags, and talk loudly about the rebels, telling what wonderful things they would do if they could only get a "lick" at them. The other day we met two boys in Boston, apparently about twelve years of age, uniformed in a gay and expensive manner, as the officers of a juvenile company. We suppose that the lads of the city had organized a company, for the purpose of playing soldier in these times of war-excitement. In other places this has been done, to the no small amusement of the boys who participate in the same.

Here is a subject of grave importance to all reflecting parents, if there be any truth in the theories of education generally taught. Many a parent would refuse to buy a toy-gun, or sword, or cannon, for his boy, because such toys nurture the lower propensities; but do not the times make a similar appeal? The war spirit, already developed among lads, is proof of this. Hence there

is need of parental watch and care at this very point. None can say that the appeal of war is not to the more turbulent passions. For adults themselves must admit that this is true of their own hearts. We, who have advocated peace measures always, have grown quite warlike all at once. We find it quite difficult to stifle some bad wishes about the rebels. We should not feel very sorry if the leaders were shot down or hung. Our passions are stirred. But it is not well for these strong passions to be nurtured in the young, without let or hindrance, as most parents admit. At least there should be restraint upon them, or direction given to them. This can be done so that the present shall be a good school for our children. There may be a sacred culture in the stars and stripes that are now flung to every breeze. Every national flag may become a good teacher for our sons. For, doubtless, they have hitherto failed to regard it as the symbol of free institutions and a glorious independence. They have hailed it on the Fourth of July, and on some other occasions, simply as the harbinger of a good time, and not as the representative of what our revolutionary fathers fought and bled for. But now they can be made to understand its meaning, and in consequence, to love their country more. Thus, true patriotism may become one of the fruits of the present military ardor. But it will require pains-taking and careful instruction. It is not safe for boys to catch this warlike zeal, and indulge it untaught and unrestrained, for this will nurture passions that may not consist with patriotic devotion to the country. Genuine patriotism is one of the noblest virtues, and the more of it we can inspire in the hearts of youth the better will it be for the future of our land. Home education has more to do with making patriots than many people suppose. It is not altogether a hereditary virtue, nor the creature of cir-

cumstances. There is likely to be most of it where there is the best family discipline. Loyalty to the family government is the precursor of loyalty to the state. Obedience at home is necessary to insure obedience to magistrates. Hence the fact that rebellion now characterizes the slave States and loyalty the free States. Nor is it difficult to be accounted for on the aforesaid principle. Children reared amidst slavery are wont to domineer, and not to obey. No wonder they make less loyal citizens than the children of free States. After all that has been said, we believe that here is the secret of this rebellion, lying back of all present demonstrations, in the family. The difference in family government North and South will account, substantially, for the present difference in their attitude to the national government. And this remark applies equally to the culture of the passions in the use of deadly weapons. At the North, it has not been the custom to carry bowie-knives and pistols. Fathers have not set this example before their sons, and mothers have taught their children that all such things are wicked, —that it is wrong to strike,—that they should return good for evil. This has been the tone of family instruction at the North. Hence we are not military in our characters at all; rather mild, calm, peaceable. On the other hand, at the South, fathers carry deadly weapons, and family counsels do not brand the practice as wrong. Youth and young men are familiar with bowie-knives and pistols, and grow up to feel that supposed insults must be avenged by physical force. Hence, southern men make very hot-headed rebels. They can talk about fighting, plunder, and bloodshed, without cringing at all. They can initiate civil war, with all its horrors, and feel that they are doing God service. I repeat, we discover far back in the family culture the secret of the present state of affairs in our land.

DIFFERENCE IN WIVES—THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

BY MRS. C. BICKFORD.

IN a previous article illustrating the difference in husbands, I assumed the position that good husbands generally have good wives; admitting that there are exceptions to that as to all general rules; but also assuming, that, in order that the character of the wife should be susceptible of culture, she must have common sense and moral principle. The former qualification is much more rare than many people suppose it to be; the latter a great deal more so than it ought to be. Whether the wife who is the subject of this sketch was possessed of these very essential requisites we will leave the reader to judge. Susan Willmot was what is termed in common parlance a smart girl; that is, she was an active, efficient person, accustomed to housework and capable of doing a large amount of work in a given time.

Now, in the minds of some people, this is the *sine qua non* of excellence. It matters not that a woman be possessed of every estimable quality of mind and heart, if she lack that energetic activity that enables her to do two days' work in one, her other good qualities go for nothing. Those who think thus sometimes find, to their disappointment, that something more than a capacity for work is necessary to constitute a good wife. That this was, to some extent, Mr. Manly's case, may be inferred from his choice and subsequent experience. He must have known that Susan W—— had very little to recommend her excepting her capacity for work; or perhaps knowing that she was thus efficient, he was willing to risk other deficiencies. At any rate, it seems evident that he did not know as much of her character and

disposition as a man ought to know of the woman he marries. Reports were rife that her conduct had been such as to evince a want of moral principle; but in spite of this he married her; and from that time his path was strewn with thorns.

He treated her with uniform kindness and made every possible sacrifice for her comfort and convenience, but she had not the delicacy to appreciate such treatment. In accordance with the sacred injunction, he returned good for her evil; but though he "heaped coals of fire upon her head," though he might pile them never so high, she did not feel them. She was clad in such an impenetrable garb of selfishness that fire could not burn through it. Her ruling principle seemed to be, to take care of number one. It was her own comfort she labored for and not her husband's. She looked upon him as a thing to be made subservient to her caprices.

A few incidents will illustrate more fully the character of the selfish wife.

Mr. Manly was a farmer and lived several miles from the village, or centre of the town, where they had to go to purchase whatever articles were needed for domestic use that the farm did not produce. Mrs. Manly had a neighbor with whom she cultivated a close intimacy, and the two often went to town together to make purchases. Upon these occasions they almost invariably drove Mr. Manly's horse, though his neighbor had two or three to his one and usually had one or more standing idle in the stable. But Mr. M. was a peaceable as well as an accommodating man, and therefore he generally yielded to his wife's arrangements when he could

spare the horse, and sometimes at considerable inconvenience to himself.

One day she wanted the horse when her husband was using him, but with the most unblushing assurance she went to the field where he was at work and accosted him thus:—

“Come, Manly, I am going to town and want the horse.”

“But, Susan, don’t you see that I am using him? I cannot accommodate you to-day.”

“Cannot?” she said angrily. “Why don’t you say you will not?”

“I *will not*, then, if you like that any better; but you know, Susan,” he said, deprecatingly, “I never refuse you when I can help it.”

“You could help it now if you were so disposed. I don’t see why you can’t just as well do this work to-morrow.”

“I cannot because it has already been delayed too long. It should have been commenced yesterday, and would have been but that you wanted the horse. I yielded him to you and you went to town. I confess I don’t see why you should want to go again so soon.”

“Well,” she replied, defiantly, “Mrs. D. wants to go, and I *am going with* her.”

“Oh, very well, then,” he said, “let Mrs. D. take one of Mr. D.’s horses. He has plenty of them and seldom or never uses them all at the same time.”

So saying, he quietly resumed his work.

With a heart full of rage and an expression of countenance almost demoniac she turned away; but instead of giving vent to her passion in words, she began to plot revenge. She was not long in deciding upon mischief, and not much longer in executing it.

She went to the carriage-house, took a new harness that had been used very little if at all and with a hatchet in her hand com-

menced chopping it in pieces. When her spite was satisfied she left it and returned to the house.

A few days after, Mr. Manly wanted to use the harness and found it as the hands of his wife had left it. At dinner-time he inquired who had done the mischief. With unflinching effrontery Mrs. M. denied any knowledge of the matter. Her husband very quietly turned to his hired man and asked him if he knew who cut the harness.

“Yes,” he replied, “I do know. Mrs. Manly did it, and I saw her.”

The princess of mischief was caught. She little thought that Sam had been a silent spectator of her proceedings, and her anger was almost unlimited, but it was not inexpressible, if one might judge by a glance at her face, and if vindictive looks or wishes could have annihilated him (Sam) he would immediately have become a nonentity. As it was, he stood the shock of lightning glances with the utmost equanimity. Not a hair of his head was injured.

At another time and another season of the year Mr. Manly was engaged in teaming or carrying to market. It was an intensely cold winter day. He was thoroughly chilled, and though walking as fast as circumstances would permit, his feet seemed almost frozen. Fearing that they would be quite so, he stopped his team near the house of a friend and rapped at the door. He was met at the door with the most cordial greeting from Mr. G. who said, while he warmly grasped Mr. M.’s hand—

“Good morning, friend Manly. How do you do this bitter cold morning?”

“Well, to tell the truth,” was Mr. M.’s reply, “I am almost frozen, and the fear of becoming quite so has tempted me to claim your hospitality, which I should not otherwise have done just now, because I am anxious to get to town early.”

“Well,” said Mr. G., “we’ll soon get

you warmed up and send you on your way rejoicing; so come right along and I will give you a warm corner by a winter fire." And suiting the action to the word, he led him into a nice, cosy room, where the atmosphere was at summer heat.

Mr. Manly was soon seated by the fire, with feet and hands extended to receive the grateful warmth; but as his feet began to be restored to feeling they ached with an intensity that was almost unendurable.

Mr. G.'s sympathy was excited, and wishing to facilitate the process of restoring comfort and ease to his friend, advised him to take off his shoes. Mr. Manly was very unwilling, but Mr. G., wholly unsuspecting of the real cause of his reluctance, urged the matter until he yielded. Then what a sight met the astonished eyes of G. Mr. M.'s stockings were worn off, leaving the heel and all the forward part of the foot entirely bare; only a narrow strip remained below the instep to confine the stocking to the foot. Mr. G. was indignant. He very justly thought it a very reprehensible negligence that exposed his friend thus at this inclement season; and he advised him (as he was going directly to town) to buy himself some good warm socks, especially as he was abundantly able to do so. Mr. Manly acted upon this advice, though there is no doubt but that he had some misgivings as to what his wife would say; for however judiciously he might introduce the matter to her, it could not fail to be a very expressive reminder that she had been remiss in duty; so true is it that a guilty conscience needs no accuser. But he was satisfied that it was right, so he bought the stockings; and as he was always in the habit of deferring to her judgment, he showed them to her on his return home; and without referring in any way to the state of those upon his feet, he asked her in a kindly manner what she thought of them. She took them from his hand, as if to examine them,

and without a moment's hesitation threw them into the fire. This was an unexpected proceeding, but though taken by surprise, Mr. M. retained presence of mind sufficient to enable him to rescue his recent purchase from destruction, though of course they were somewhat injured. One more phase of this unhappy domestic life and I will gladly leave the character of the selfish wife.

Mr. Manly was always a hard-working man, and for many years enjoyed a good degree of health; but incessant toil, wearing anxieties, and bitter trials at last did their work upon him. For weeks his health was failing, and finally, with throbbing brain and terribly accelerated pulse, he was prostrated, for almost the first time in his life, upon a bed of sickness. And there he lay, alone and uncared for. No gentle hand to bathe his aching head, arrange his heated pillows, and prepare for him a cooling draught to relieve his burning thirst. She who should have done all this affected to believe that nothing ailed him. Yet there was one heart that throbbed with pity, though it beat beneath a rough exterior. Sam, the hired man (who had been the witness of the mischief to the harness) was deeply pained at the evident suffering of his employer, and as he did not know how to alleviate it, he went to Mr. G., the friend to whom we have before referred, and told him Mr. Manly's situation. Mr. G. went immediately to see him. He found him in a raging fever, on the very verge of delirium. He had been by his bedside but a few moments when Mrs. Manly brought an infant, that her own impatience and fretfulness had goaded to a state of intense irritation, and threw it on the bed, saying, as she did so—

"There, if you can't do anything else, you may take care of the young one. I have got enough else to do."

Mr. G. was indignant, and said quickly—

"Take away the child, Mrs. Manly.

Don't you know that your husband is in great danger of having a brain fever? He must have unremitting attention. I have already sent for a physician."

"Well," she replied, angrily, "I guess I can take care of him."

"Madam," said Mr. G., "we have seen what kind of care you take of him, and assure you it will not answer the purpose. I shall see that he is properly attended, and if you make any resistance to the measures we adopt, I will complain to the proper authorities and have *you* taken care of."

Conscious of her own remissness, the selfish wife did not dare demur; and it is not improbable that Mr. Manly owed his life to the promptness of his friend, who proved himself most truly a friend in need.

The physician arrived and gave it as his opinion that a few hours' delay would have fixed upon him (Mr. M.) that fearful disease, brain fever. As it was, he had a short but severe illness, from which he recovered very slowly. How could it be otherwise? There is nothing that is better calculated to retard recovery from illness than depressed spirits and a want of cheerfulness in those who attend upon us. The truth is, we need domestic sunshine; and this Mr. M. had not. Kind attentions, affectionate smiles, and cheering, encouraging words are the best tonics for the convalescent; and these Mr. M. had not. Whatever affects the mind favorably tends to facilitate recovery from sickness. A pleasant retrospect is another happy influence. To look back upon a sickbed from which we have just risen and recall the gentle ministrations, the nicely arranged pillows, the softly spoken inquiry or word of sympathy, the soothing magnetism of a soft hand upon the aching brow are recollections indescribably pleasant; and if they do not make sickness and pain welcome, they are wonderful alleviations; and besides, they lighten the hours that might otherwise drag

wearily when we are waiting for our gradually returning health, to enable us to perform again the active duties of life. Mr. M. had none of these exhilarating recollections to hasten his recovery. True, he was faithfully attended by the nurse his friend had provided, and he was grateful; but he wanted the love and sympathy that often do more good than medicine. Then he had another discomfort. One thought weighed upon his mind like an incubus; that his wife was angry because he was sick. How sad must have been his lot, and how difficult a speedy return of strength, without the sunshine of hope and love to lure him on to health and happiness.

Should this little sketch meet the eye of a husband who has a faithful wife, who if he were ill would spend her strength for him in daily toil and wearisome night-watches, I earnestly hope that he will more fully appreciate her worth, and think more of her excellences than of her faults (for no one is faultless). If he knows in his heart that it is her wish and aim to please him, he should be patient though she sometimes fails, knowing that the failure pains herself more than it does him. We should set a proper estimate upon the blessings we possess, lest God, to punish our ingratitude, take them from us and leave us to realize, too late for our peace—

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight."

THE EMBROIDERY LESSON.

We call attention to the fine plate in this number, "THE EMBROIDERY LESSON." The artist has produced a very life-like family scene, as we believe a lesson in embroidery is entitled to be called a family scene. It is one of the fine arts which cultivate the taste and afford innocent pleasure.

WORDS FOR YOUNG MEN.—No. VI.

BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

THE DISHONOR OF IRRELIGION.

THE sudden outbreak of a military enthusiasm throughout the country brings with it frequent appeals to the sentiment of honor. Honor has a code, often abused, often perverted, but capable of representing some of the nobler elements of the natural constitution with which our Maker has endowed us. Young men are peculiarly susceptible, in their generous and chivalrous blood, to appeals drawn from that source. This suggests to me that an argument may be constructed in the interest of Christian character, resting on the distinction made by men's deeper instincts between honor and dishonor. Let us see.

There are two ways conceivable to get a quiet conscience. One way would be to live according to the obligations of duty. The other way would be to expunge from the soul the idea that such obligations exist. That is, we must either bring our lives, in some tolerable manner, up to our standard, or sink our standard to our lives. The extreme difficulties that attend the latter course appear (leaving the Bible all aside) when we consider how much has to be done before these obligations can be effectually covered up and forgotten; for that requires not only a self-hardening and self-blinding process that must be gradual and must be attended with many protests and twinges of the moral nature while it is going on, but it would require a separation from the instructive and quickening agencies that are acting in most places, an escape from all the light that is falling and all the voices that are admonishing, and a total riddance of all the streams of life-giving influ-

ence in Christendom, saying nothing of the risk that, by and by, however successfully darkness may have been courted and lethargy achieved, a crisis may, after all, restore the sensibilities in spite of us, and that the liberation of the spirit from its fleshly wrappings and delusions may send it back to feeling and torture.

Such obstacles lying in this second way to peace, *i.e.* paralyzing the moral sensibilities, or killing the conscience out, and such results lying at the end of it, the Divine Spirit, always most friendly with us, takes the other way. He tries, that is, to quicken and enliven the conscience first, by every possible means, and then to bring up the tone of daily living to a correspondence with it. That Spirit of God, always seeking our good, endeavors not to benumb the conscience, but to make it both sensitive to feel, and energetic to act; not to bring down the practical conduct to the level of an inert soul; but to bring up and stimulate the moral faculty first, and then, with it, the character, to a pitch of purer aspiration, and a higher standard of obedience. Which is the nobler and juster method? Which is the worthiest of human nature, and which most likely to lead to honor?

Pursuing the thorough and generous plan, the Bible, which we now bring in, and which is the Spirit's clearest organ of expression, is singularly fertile in expedients to stir up this quick sense of right and wrong in us, and make it vital. To that end, it plainly exposes the many bearings and connections of our actual spiritual nature. It shows us

what we are, and so what we ought to be ; who made us, and what he made us for ; what we have received, and so what we ought to give ; what has been done for us, and what we ought to do for our Benefactor. It reveals our capacities, and, by that very act, reveals our proper destiny. It shows our relationships, and, in doing so, the obligations that grow out of them. And to effect this, it uncovers a vast apparatus of imagery and impression ; takes our nature to pieces, holds it up as a whole and in parts, sets us down before ourselves in different attitudes, and presses upon us innumerable different reasons, motives, incentives, and sanctions to live righteously. God is a father and a master. As a father, he deserves affection ; as a master, lord or king, veneration. Unite these sentiments and they constitute loyalty. That is what we ought to feel towards God. Among the many demands on our complete service, one is a demand of honor. I disparage none of the others ; I only affirm now the reality of this, and give it a place. There is room in human nature and in Christianity for all the powers and attractions that the Bible finds room for. At other times others come forward. But now, for one, I wish to remind you of that plea for a Christian life which comes out of what we call the sentiment of honor. I wish to put it to you as honorable men, that on that simple ground we are called to be righteous men. For to be undevout, sensual, profane, or merely heedless, is to break all the rules of one high spirit dealing with another, the code of true honor, the recognized law of manliness. Irreligion is dishonor.

Without going into all the minute points of what that code is supposed to require, take two or three of the broadest and most obvious principles, and see how an irreligious life tramples on them and denies them.

I suppose if there is any one sentiment that the common convictions of mankind join,

without dissent, in pronouncing quite essential to an honorable heart, it is gratitude. Whatever else comes in, that certainly cannot be left out. Even savages rise to that height, and despise the soul so selfish and so mean that it has no kindling of thankfulness to a benefactor. There may be different constructions of what constitutes a benefaction. There may be different notions as to the forms of acknowledgment. But that the *feeling* of acknowledgment shall live, and shall stand ready to appear, and prove its sincerity by whatever service occasion shall suggest, *that* is one of the primitive articles in the common creed of humanity. We hear of signal and authentic instances of it where little else that is noble or fine comes to light, among barbarians, prompting patient sacrifices, life-long labors, great enterprises, carrying men across wildernesses and seas, braving perils, and fronting the enmity of tribe or caste, to deliver or bless the doer of a favor. These are the more brilliant examples ; but you find it in all degrees, till the evident absence of it becomes visited with the disgrace of savage disgust and contempt. To take and use, feeling no glow of heart ; to snatch, and swallow, and thrive, and fatten, and still hold the disinterested authors of the comfort and prosperity in no heartier or loftier regard, — this men of all degrees of culture have agreed to loathe as baseness, and to disown as inhumanity. To the odium of the egotist it adds the turpitude of the glutton.

“ For gluttony

Ne’er looks to prayer amid his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude,
Crams and blasphemes his feeder.”

Even some of the higher orders of brutes have a kind of gratitude. Nor is it one of the instinctive passions that die out as you rise from the more spontaneous and primitive forms of life to civilization and refinement. Men of the best breeding even forget the

debts of simple justice to requite the gratuities of friendship ;—the foremost English statesman is said to have felt compelled to pay his neglected tradesman's note, when his creditor tore up the paper and made it a "debt of honor." As there is no getting below the obligation, so there is no out-growing it. And no theory of manners is artificial enough, or conventional enough, or narrow enough, to drop it from its catalogue of virtues.

God is a benefactor. We can form no conception of his character without including undeserved kindness. We can frame no definition of his nature that satisfies us a moment, which does not convey an idea of boundless and inexhaustible help to man. There is no other being in whom existence is identical with blessing. To deny his gratuities, or grace, would be to deny him ; and the moment he should cease to flow out, in the boundless activity of his love, into his children, he would cease to be,—as God. But the truth is more personal than this. We are individually receiving this beneficence. We live on it. We breathe it as an atmosphere. Every time we open our hands they are filled with it. The eyes see with it, and the ears hear, and the blood beats with it. It is our light, and food, and covering, and guide, and inspiration. Our plans rest on it ; our feet are firm with it ; our studies yield no particle of knowledge without it ; memory and understanding wait upon it ; friendship and affection borrow their warmth from the heat of it, as every system is genial with its sun. One always hesitates in attempting to sum up or classify the ways and kinds of God's goodness to us ; because the list always looks so totally inadequate ;—speech belittles the subject instead of representing it ; and the helpless enumeration diverts our attention from the grandeur of the theme to the poverty of the statement. But only turn to a careful notice of just what

you possess that you prize, or of what you would be unwilling to give up, or of what makes you capable of being useful to others, and you have at hand the means of realizing the calls on your gratitude. Indeed, though you should be despondent, and fancy you have little to lose or keep, yet so long as life itself is worth anything to you, you have a conclusive reason to consecrate life to its giver and preserver. Here, then, is the claim for gratitude. And gratitude to God, you know, is obedience to him. It will be no mere nominal, passive, speculative thing. It will correspond to the best and strongest emotions known by that name among men. It will be a feeling so deep, so habitual, and so practical, as will characterize the person, and form a religious heart. It will take its place with the dominant principles of action, enter in among the natural and healthy realities of the inner life, penetrate all conduct with its spirit, mix with the manliest purposes of men, and the surest affections of women, and the earliest influences of childhood. To take the benefits of existence, and to live on God's bounty without such a gratitude to him, including faith in his word, a desire to do his pleasure, and to advance his will, will be held a breach of the first principles of honor. Whatever self-interest or fear might say, a magnanimous spirit will be ashamed of it. Profanity will be an insult to the kindest of benefactors, and vice, or even indifference, a base return for boundless love.

Another of the sentiments of honor is loyalty. It is a feeling towards the person of the sovereign,—when that person embodies or represents the power and wisdom and goodness of the state. Sentiments of honor have this quality,—that they do not spring from reasons of self-interest. They belong to relations where self-interest is not the motive. They hold us to obligations where compensation, bargain, personal profit, are left out of view. So they are commonly re-

garded as belonging to the higher part of human nature, and as having a certain element of nobility that lifts them above all mercenary and selfish principles of action. When a man acts from honor, he is not acting for payment nor under force, nor even from a mere compulsory sense of duty, but from a certain free and voluntary exercise of feelings instinctively felt to be of a loftier rank. It is so with gratitude, and it is so with loyalty. No express statutes or human power can enforce them. Power, or law, might possibly enforce such outward acts as gratitude and loyalty will spontaneously perform, but not the states of mind and heart to which we give those sacred names. They are too high for that, too closely identified with the dignity and freedom of our inward life. Loyalty is for a father as well as for a master, lord, leader, sovereign. Loyalty is a union of reverence, attachment, and personal devotion, quite beyond what can be exacted by any statute or penalty. Other states of society, and other forms of government, have been supposed to be more favorable to it than ours. But we are concerned with it here, not as having a human object, but a divine. It is a fit feeling to come into play in the life of religion. As far as we have right conceptions of God, he will be that vivid and distinct reality, as the author, and head, and gracious ruler, of our whole estate, inspiring loyalty as the appropriate sentiment. All our notions of highest, greatest, purest, best, will find their object and their impersonation in him. The strength and glory of our whole condition, intellectual, spiritual, and material, too, stand in him. Whatever we can see, or think of, that is good, or grand, he makes its goodness or grandeur. Our own honor is bound up in his. His cause is our cause. Our successes and victories are his. Whoever offers him an affront, in thought, or word, or deed, affronts the king and the king's country; and in that insult

every good subject will feel disgraced, and will spring to the vindication and the defence. We are soldiers of that commander. Every profanity or irreligion against our captain is a challenge to us. There are two armies, causes, kingdoms, at eternal war; and we stand for our Head, with vigilant, sensitive, scrupulous honor. This is loyalty to heaven.

And now, in practice, how is it with us? Is this a description of our daily spirit and conduct? Do we stand thus, at our several posts, in the life-long conflict, faithful to him we call our Lord, resenting indignities to his name, and quick to uphold his will? Or are we ready, at the slightest temptation, at ridicule, or a bribe, or the instigation of a bodily appetite, to desert to the enemy, take sides with the foe, and be false to our God? If so, then what are we, — leaving all other views aside, and answering to the world's standard of honor, — what but cowards, traitorous, purchasable, degraded? and what is irreligion but dishonor?

Again, in their mutual intercourse, and by their common standards of honor, men require an agreement between professions and actions. Not to dare to avow, face to face, the personal disparagement that was whispered in private; to pretend friendship in public, and to avail yourself of the credit of it in society, and then to calumniate or ridicule the pretended friend to suit other company; to go through all the formalities and protestations of goodwill on ceremonial occasions, and then to turn the courtesy into a falsehood by some unfriendly imputation or treacherous trick for a purpose, or for popularity, — everybody knows there is no definition of honor that will cover this, and no true manhood that can help despising it. Is there nothing corresponding to this in what we call, by a large allowance, the exercises of religion? In stately observances, you pronounce yourself a believer in God. But he is a God of purity; and if your mind or

your tongue consents to corruption anywhere, is that anything less than a practical affront to his Spirit? In the time of your great grief, when your friend is in danger, or your life is close to eternity, or your heart is in agony with some real affliction, you turn, for you cannot help it, with cries for comfort to your Father. But he is a God of truth, of justice, of love; and so if, when the cloud passes over, when your friend recovers, or your heart has got used to the loss and forgotten it, you go away to speak falsehoods for gain, or for mischief, or for revenge, or for fear, — if you defraud any being of his rights, of standing, reputation, or character, — if you hate, malign, or hinder any brother man, then are you not acting a double part? Is it not dishonorable? In the church, in the family, over our Bibles, we assume to accept the great truths of religion: to have faith in God. But he is a God of all life, all thought, all feeling, in all places, commanding the consecration of every faculty, and the virtuous ordering of every energy. If, then, we go to join the fellowships of evil, and pass our weeks in practices that conscience dares not examine, and shame blushes to remember, is that honorable? We know better. We know that honor asks sincerity, asks consistency, asks that we be the same men in all places, and not one thing to-day and an opposite to-morrow, — the same, at least, in intention, and the main drift of endeavor. Honor abhors double-facedness. And it is much worse than in vain to cry “Lord, Lord,” drawing nigh to that Father and Master with the lips, while heart and life are far from him. We are driven back to our position, I think, that irreligion is dishonor.

Once more, in human affairs, between man and man, it is dishonorable to evade known and confessed obligations. Manly spirits meet them. Though it costs effort, sacrifice, pain, loss of very precious things, they meet

them. A character that expends half its ingenuity and energy in devising safe escapes from service acknowledged to be due, forfeits not only the respect of the high-minded, but of its own mind, which is not high. Now, who knows the person that, in deliberate and true-hearted moods, does not acknowledge that no state is right to live in, save that of conscious submission and cheerful piety with God? Yet with this conviction living on, the every day history is a history of feeble compromises, and crooked artifices to follow self-will, and to relish the unholy pleasures of the hour. Is it honor? Is it defensible before any tribunal whatever; even that of brave, honest worldliness? Can any genius frame an apology that shall reconcile it with an ingenuous, straight-forward spirit?

For one, I confess, when I contemplate the claims which the Heavenly Goodness has on our deepest and strongest affections, on that very class of feelings and actions which the world, at its worldliest point, has agreed to treat with deference and admiration, and then look back at my life as it has been, I grow more conscious of shame, and hear a louder call to fidelity. The whole matter looks more reasonable and real. I have dwelt not at all here, on other and what might be thought more theological considerations, or more peculiar to the professional view; but, taking the ground of your common manliness, and common honor, have asked you only if you are behaving to the Almighty, as you would think it binding on you to behave even with a frail, imperfect man? Is there candor in your religious attitude, and frankness in your look towards heaven, and honesty in your nominal belief? Are you living on terms of honor, — *terms of honor*, — to say no more, with yourself and God? Or are you trying to shuffle along by a system of unmanly evasions, loose betrayals, and weak postponements, in a way that any clean and honest soul would be

ashamed of in dealing with mankind? Heaven forbid that there should be overstatement or delusion about it. But, considering the consequences at stake, it is not only a *fair* question, it is the *first* question. If there is any other way of disposing of it, set this aside.

But if not, then, in the name of honor itself, let us meet it. For, after all, it is no inquest or impertinence of mortal criticism. It is God himself who asks the question, through his word, his providence, and his Spirit.

TALKS WITH MY OWN SEX.—No. VI.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

HOUSEKEEPING AND HELP.

AT the announcement of so homely a title, very likely some of my young readers will leave me in disgust. I fancy I see them tossing their pretty heads, and turning away to toilet, piano, or the last new novel. Well, they need not. They intend, I presume, at some time or other, to have at their control a house and its belongings. If they do, it might be proper to bestow a thought or two on such themes in advance.

Housekeeping, my ladies, is a very respectable science. My reverence for it has increased with every year of my life. Its extent and details are alike interminable. Its greatest adepts admit that "there remaineth yet very much ground to be possessed;" a kind of *terra incognita* for some female Columbus to explore and make discoveries.

A lawyer of more than threescore and ten, who from early life had maintained a prominent position at the bar in one of our largest cities, was in the habit of employing a law reader, who every evening rendered vocal the ponderous ~~tones~~ in his library, to which he listened as if to a romance. To my inquiry what could so much interest him in a science, so long familiar, he replied, "Jurisprudence has boundless variety, and one feature of eternity, inasmuch as it is without end." In this feature, our more humble

science may be said to bear resemblance. At any rate, it demands endless patience of detail, and repays it. See how important are its affinities,—health, mental quiet, the welfare of households, and through them the prosperity of a nation. It is the true patriotism of woman; for if home, to which men turn as a refuge from toil, is ill-managed and comfortless, they are more readily excited to reckless deeds, to broils, and conspiracies.

The condition of every Christian family depends much on the principles and habits of those who perform its domestic labors. Admitting this axiom, the obvious policy would be to deepen community of interest, and to draw as far as possible within the elevating circle of home influences, those in whose hands are our daily necessities.

But how can this best be done, my sister housekeepers? Since our structure of society renders the aid of servants indispensable, how can we superintend this internal force, so as to secure its energies, and preserve it in harmony? Grave questions, these. And the more so, since we are thrown upon foreign materials, which are more difficult to amalgamate, or even to naturalize.

In the first place, let us not expect too much. It is possible that we look for more perfection than we exhibit ourselves. It is

not always easy to enter into the position of uneducated minds, or understand what impressions they may receive from objects and expressions to us familiar and intelligible. The difficulty is increased by foreign customs and differing languages. The idiom of the Erse, Celtic, and Teutonic, varies sufficiently from our own, to make intercourse a modified exercise of translation, and subjected to frequent mistakes.

Perhaps we show too little forbearance. The short-comings of those who serve us are apparent, and commented upon. Are we equally prompt to notice their good qualities, and utter the cheering words of encouragement? The lot of servitude is a depressing one. Its toils have a tendency to bow down the spirit, and the wages thus earned are not always rendered with that kind appreciation which sustains enduring effort, and sheds balm-drops in the cup of weariness.

Methinks I hear some bright young wife exclaiming, "What bears the name of *help* might as well be called *hindrance*. Some things, to be sure, go on right, but others move in a crab-like way, and many stand utterly still, without my shoulder is put to the wheel."

Then she turns her beautiful, inquiring eyes upon me, as if I could extricate her from the dilemma. No, my fair friend, I do not keep an intelligence office. If I did, I might not be able to supply what was worth taking. I have heard an unsuccessful seeker apply to her own case the assertion of Israel's magnificent monarch, "One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all these have I not found."

After all, how unavailing and unseemly are complaints. Let's look the matter full in the face, and make the best of it. Servants, we have admitted, are a *sine qua non*. The times are passed, when young matrons rose early and accomplished their

household work. Did I hear a slight shriek at such savageness?

It is in vain to look back with regret to those days, when we were aided by our own native-born, who were not misnamed *help*. I well remember, amid the annals of early housekeeping, how the capacity and quick wit of Yankee assistants diminished the burdens of care. But now they resort to factories, to burnishing-shops, to ill-paid needle-establishments, where, though the idea of independence, so congenial to republics, may be, in a measure, gratified, the requisitions are hard, and the remuneration often precarious.

Though the basis of the contract with those who perform the labor for our families is mercenary, yet there exists scope for kind feeling, and to foster whatever in them is worthy, or of good report. If this were oftener kept in view, and they treated as friends, those who are of grateful and generous natures would more frequently become so.

It has been my good fortune to have employed several, who were faithful in their service, and reciprocated every expression of kindness. This alleviated, on their part, any sense of hardship, and made their exertions a pleasure. I greatly valued every evidence of their attachment, and though the complexion of some of them had a darker shade, they were to me as my own flesh and blood. Indeed, those of the latter description have seemed to me inclined to put more heart into their work, and therefore to call forth more in return. Twenty-five years was I served by such an one, to whom our interests were her own, who delighted to see our guests, exulted in our joys, and in our bereavements sympathized. Difference of color was no barrier to friendship, and since her death, the desire of being served from personal regard still remains with me, a search, — perhaps an illusion.

I should like to speak of another, whose face and form are among my earliest recollections. She was not of the African race, but a specimen of the honest New England character, and a native of beautiful Norwich, my own birthplace. She must have been in full prime when I first remember her and her attentions to my childhood. An adept was she in the culinary art, in neatness, the spirit of order, and care over every article that appertained to her dominion. Of the virtues that belong to the sphere of unassuming industry, she was a model. Possessed of good capacities, diligent, truthful, and not lightly given to change, the hearts of those whom she served might safely trust in her. The integrity and punctuality which were essentials in the training of the olden time, were inherent in her character, and from their habitual practice no temptation caused her to swerve. She had a deep respect for knowledge, and employed her intervals of leisure in the perusal of useful books. Whatever she undertook was well and thoroughly done, and the interest of those under whose roof she dwelt were her own. Great kindness of heart had she for the sick and sorrowful, and spared no pains either in nights of watching, or other offices of aid, to relieve them, according to her ability. She had a sense of propriety, and a wisdom of speech, for she was not given to much talking, which won the respect of all who knew her.

When age drew over her, having been for years the faithful assistant of beloved friends of mine, her place was in the chimney corner of their spacious and nicely furnished kitchen, and her occupation to superintend their other servants. Their reliance on her was entire, and never disappointed. They could leave home without anxiety, knowing that their wishes would be carried out as perfectly as in their presence, and that her example to the younger ones would

be consistent and salutary. By economical expenditure, and carefully laying aside the surplus of her wages, she was enabled to participate in the charities of the day, and to show an untiring liberality to such of her kindred as needed aid.

It is a remarkable fact, in these days of household fluctuation, that during her long life of fourscore and four years, she had lived but at three different places, after the attainment of her majority left her free to choose a home. This proves not only her constancy of goodness, but their power of appreciation who employed her, and speaks the praise of both.

After the death of the benefactors with whom she had happily dwelt for almost half a century, she returned to the scenes where she first drew breath, that she might have the nursing care of sorrowing relatives. The solace of religion attended her, for she was a true follower of the Saviour, and had been enrolled with his visible flock from her early youth. The weight of years, and the loneliness of one who had outlived most of those with whom life began, led her to lean more entirely and tenderly on him, and his grace was sufficient for her. There was peace in her soul until the last.

Venerated friend, farewell. Thy useful, contented, unblemished course is complete. May we have strength to be faithful like thee, in all life's duties, and calmly to meet its close, with a conscience "void of offence towards God and towards man."

This class of domestic assistants would seem to be extinct among us. Perhaps our best substitute would be to receive under our own roofs a young girl and train her in habits of usefulness and respectability. This is a pleasant help, and plastic, and we may have hope of moulding it to our mind. Methinks I hear a chorus of exclamations against the care that it involves. Care! to be sure. Can the life of a true woman be

without care? It is inseparable from her lot. It is interwoven with her holiest joys. Who would wish to cast it off, if God has given her capacity for its right discharge? If she will not care for others, the *self-care* takes possession of her, and lowers her in the scale of being.

You object to the reception of a young servant, because it involves care. Have you not had care with older ones? Have not some of them come to you, unacquainted with the work you required; or indisposed to perform it thoroughly; or displeased at your regulations; or moved to condemn you as too particular and exacting, if their love of ease, or the quota of time which they saw fit to claim, were invaded? Perhaps, when you had taught them, and had patience, they suddenly absconded, from caprice, or at an inconvenient time. Perhaps an interregnum ensued, when toil came upon you, as well as care. Then the same process may have been repeated, — ignorance and ill temper contended with, or dishonesty and other grave faults guarded against, with a similar result of sudden departure, when you were comforting yourself with the anticipation of better things. “The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling.” The structure and essence of their intercourse with us being pecuniary, their obvious policy is to get as much as they can, and to render as little.

I recollect a very interesting lady, who to the usual inquiry how she was, answered, “Much better than common, and the reason is, *poor help*.” Perhaps few of us have had so fortunate an experience from enforced exertion, or rather may not have attained the philosophy of attributing to its true cause any added vigor that may have sprung from an increase of muscular exercise. I heard an ancient matron say, who began housekeeping, as was then the custom, with only a little girl for an assistant, that she

experienced great delight in presenting to her lord some nice dish of her own compounding, and in listening to its praises. I have no doubt of it. But those times are passed. The simplicity of a republic, in this, as in other respects, has vanished away.

Those who have been the most fortunate in their experience with servants, will still admit that the system, to every faithful housekeeper, comprises care. Is it not, therefore, wisdom to choose from this integral element of care, such forms as seem likely to yield the best requital? With regard to a young girl, under your training, there is always hope of improvement, a trust that every year will render her more useful, more worthy of your reliance and approval. There is also opportunity, on her part, for the growth of gratitude and attachment. To me, a service rendered from love is doubly precious. Possibly, I may be fastidious in these matters, but the pleasant smile that greets you, as you return to your home, the ready zeal that anticipates your unspoken wishes, the honest sympathy in your indispositions, anxieties, or sorrows, are dear to me, even from those who hold the most subordinate place in the household. Valued friendships have been mine, from those who spent their minority under my roof; some of whom afterwards attained a higher position in society, and the respect of all with whom they were connected. I speak, therefore, from experience, when I say that in the nurture of a young girl as a domestic assistant there may be gain in the three important departments of life, of affection, and of time in which to test both. The period of continuance together, comprehending several years, gives scope to test the nature of your engrafted fruit, and to inhale the fragrance of the clusters from the vine you have transplanted from the wild.

One of the most accomplished among New England housekeepers, and I speak

of them as heretofore unsurpassed in thorough understanding and steadfast discharge of home duties, preferred constantly to keep three female assistants, under the age of eighteen. The oldest was her cook, the second her chamber-maid, the youngest, her waiter. By her instruction they learned in the best manner what appertained to their respective offices, and with an obedience springing from respect and love, discharged their requirements. When the eldest attained her majority, she was transferred to some situation where she might acquire a trade on which to depend for a livelihood; the next in years advanced to her place, and a younger one taken to supply the vacancy made by this gradation in office. The respectful deportment, neatness of costume, happy faces, and quiet, clock-work arrangements of this family were noticed by every visitant. This example was rendered more conspicuous by the position in society of this accomplished lady, her husband being one of the most distinguished men and eloquent orators of which our bar could boast. The attachment of these, her humble pupils and faithful helpers, after they left her employment, was constant and touching. Some of them were eventually well settled in households of their own. Yet wherever they dwelt, they were as her body-guard, not to be alienated. Until death she also cherished a cordial remembrance of them, and gave expression to it, even after death, by leaving to each one a bequest in her will.

This system of our revered friend was regarded by us with peculiar interest, from the circumstance that she patronized our own institution for destitute children, and recruited her ranks from them. We saw, with grateful pleasure, that she attended to their general education, sending the younger ones occasionally to school, and impressing herself, upon all, those principles and precepts that bear upon the welfare of another

life. Possibly, her forbearance and tenderness towards them might have been deepened by the loss of her own children, and then her maternal sorrows bore fruit for the kingdom of heaven.

The master of a hay-field, once went forth at the sweet mowing-time, to overlook his laborers. As he walked among them, over the newly-shorn grass, lo, there lay a headless lark, over whom the scythe had passed while she brooded her young. With widely open beaks, and loud cries, they called the mother, whose downy breast they missed. Moved with pity, he took the nest in his hand and turned homeward. But what could he do with these unfledged, famishing creatures, who needed nursing care?

While he ruminated, his compassion became suggestive. He remembered a robin who had built her nest near his chamber-window, with many a song. Going to it, he found four blue eggs, which he removed, putting in their places the four living birds. Presently comes home the brooding robin, to resume her care. Every distinct feather in her body seemed to stand erect, and say, "*What is here?*" With head protruded, and half-lifted wing, she was the very picture of amazement. She had left four eggs. Here were four birdies. Surely they were not hers. Stretching her pinions she darted away. Soon she flew back with her mate. They gazed at the strangers. They gazed at each other. They talked, they consulted, they flew round and round the nest. On a bough that overhung it, they perched, in deep debate. As plainly as in our dialect, they said, "Where are our own beautiful eggs? These are not our children; no, no!"

Did they add, "Let's toss them out of the nest?" They took flight, but soon returned, each bringing in their beak a worm, with which they tenderly fed the forsaken ones. Faithfully they continued to watch over and to feed them. It was not their

own chirping that they heard in the nest. It was not their own red-breasted young that they were training. But they were kind and tender to the adopted ones, and when old enough to leave the nest, kindly taught them how to use their wings. When they soared, as larks only can, the good robins sang their sweetest song of love, as if their hearts overflowed with a heavenly joy.

Some of our aboriginal tribes, before their deterioration, had the custom of adoption, to supply the place of a near relative removed by death. It was frequently the case that families bereaved of a son supplied that vacancy from among prisoners taken in battle. Similarity of age was one requisite of selection, and if any personal resemblance chanced to exist, the affection, especially of the mother, was peculiarly ardent and enduring. A share in the few comforts and often scanty food of the roving hunter's life, with tender care in sickness, were faithfully accorded. This transferred love has been known to rescue a victim from the stake and encircle him with the yearnings of paternal sympathy. The merit of this hallowed sentiment, which could thus neutralize a foe, while it illustrates the strength of their natural affections, is enhanced by its power of conquering the implacable revenge which that race, so unswerving, both in friendship and enmity, counted as a virtue.

Initiated by the birds, and the sons of the forest, let us not hesitate to give shelter to the orphan. The numerous asylums, which charity has established among us for their tender years, overflow with occupants. Whither shall those fledglings direct their flight? Detachments of them are stately taken to the far West, where they often find desirable homes and kind adoption. Epistles, in their own simple style, occasionally announce their contentment, and progress in usefulness; especially those who have

found agricultural homes, describe, with glowing interest, the poultry they delight to feed, the motherly cows that increase their comfort, the sheep that whiten the green pastures, and the varieties of rural growth and industry which harmonize so well with the habitudes of farming life. Still more encouraging are the frequent testimonials of these who have thrown over them the mantle of their protecting care. One writes from a distant State —

“I have the pleasure of saying the little girl is very good, and well satisfied. She gets along well at her school, is a smart, active child, and bids fair to make a useful woman. She is as much at home with us as any of our own children.”

Another says of their young charge, “She is very affectionate and conscientious, and desires to do right. She is as childlike and innocent as could be wished. She has recently become a communicant in our church, and we are all much attached to her.”

Praise to those Christian friends whose hearts have moved them thus to shelter the poor wandering lambs, and lead them to the fold of the Great Shepherd. This field of active benevolence is not circumscribed, but seems to enlarge its limits the more closely we contemplate it. It must be expected that the war, which now so darkly overshadows our land, will increase the number of unprotected children. Some of these will doubtless be in circumstances to require pecuniary assistance. To the soldier, wounded on the battle-field, would it not be a divine consolation, might he hear the blessed promise of Omnipotence echoed by the voice of the country for whom he has perilled his life. “Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them alive.”

Let me imagine that to some one whom I am addressing, a young creature of her own helpless sex should be brought. She has no

parents. You extend to her shelter and protection. A new class of feelings spring up, that money cannot buy. She receives with gratitude what others claim as a right. You improve her capacities and powers of usefulness. Whatever she possesses of these is for your benefit. You take pains to teach her. Whatever she attains she will owe mainly to you. You feel that you are in a measure responsible for her to society and to God. This gives a dignity to your intercourse. Care, indeed it is, but it has a better remuneration than the other kind of care, whose

only basis on one part, is the gain of money, — the most sordid, slippery, and insecure of all foundations.

And now, friends and compeers, sister housekeepers, whether young or old, if it shall have been proved in any degree to your satisfaction that the care and guidance of the orphan has a high requital, — a feature of benevolence peculiar to itself, — a hold on the affections, a hope reaching forth to the life that is to come, may I be justified in hoping that it has not been here contemplated in vain ?

ESTHER. — AN EXAMPLE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY REV. R. NEALE, D.D.

ESTHER was carried away with many other captives from Jerusalem. These captives were held in bondage by the Persian king Ahasuerus. Esther was left in early life an orphan. Her parents both died when she was but a child. Mordecai, a near relative and friend of her deceased parents, took her under his protection. He treated her with great kindness, superintended her education, and gave her such judicious and religious counsel as proved highly beneficial to her in her subsequent history. Esther, it is said, was beautiful and fair in her countenance. A compliment, if compliment it may be called, which is often awarded to females of Jewish descent. But her intrinsic worth, and the education she had received from her pious relative, constituted far higher attractions. The graces of modesty, truth-telling, benevolence, humility, the fear and love of God, — these were imperishable accomplishments, with which her mind was enriched and adorned, and which prepared her for any station which God might appoint for her. Let little girls be amiable, always tell the truth, always be kind and beneficent and

cheerful, and then, whether handsome or not, whether rich or poor, even though orphans, and in the most humble circumstances in life, there will always be that in their character which will make them interesting and lovely. They will have friends wherever they are ; and, what is more, God will be their friend and guardian and guide even unto death. It was thus with this captive Jewess. An orphan, and a stranger, and belonging to a despised people, she had nothing to depend upon but her good character, her moral worth, her purity and kindness of heart.

After remaining with her relative in comparative obscurity during the years of childhood, she was at once raised from an humble condition to what was esteemed a very exalted honor. She became the queen of Persia. It was a station which not only gave her outward wealth and splendor, but which invested her with a great and commanding influence in society. And nobly did this girl use the power and honor conferred upon her. Many persons, such is human nature, would have been spoiled by so sudden and great a change in their worldly circumstances. Many,

in becoming rich and prosperous, lose more in inward health than they gain outwardly. Hazael, when he was out of office, shuddered at the thought of being oppressive and cruel. Is thy servant a dog, he said, that he should do this great thing? and yet when he came into power, he did do that great thing. The untitled youth was ingenuous and kind, but the same man, clothed with authority, was a knave and a tyrant. Herodias, not unlikely, was a modest girl, but amid flatterers and worldly honors she became proud, haughty, and overbearing. But Esther, the Jewish maiden, in being translated from poverty and captivity to the splendors of the royal palace, underwent no deterioration of character. She retained, when queen, the simplicity of spirit and manner which distinguished the orphan girl. She remembered the counsels she had received from her relative, and did the commandment of Mordecai like as when she was brought up with him. She took occasion to speak of him kindly to the king. She was not ashamed of her relative, though he belonged to the proscribed race. And instead of forgetting him, as the chief butler in his prosperity forgot Joseph, she, like a true-hearted girl as she was, took occasion to communicate to the royal ear whatever there was good in his character. Mordecai, though a captive, was obedient and loyal, and had at one time by his fidelity been the means of saving the king's life. This circumstance, which the courtiers had overlooked in the man of humble condition, Esther brought to the notice of the sovereign, and caused it to be written in the book of the Chronicles of the kings. Mordecai had watched over her childhood and had given her a good moral education. Instead of fostering pride and vanity, by arraying her in gaudy attire and external attractions, he had aimed to discipline her soul, to inculcate a high sense of duty, to train her up to the exercise of moral and religious principle; and now, instead of being

cast off and despised by her, as is liable to be the experience of parents and guardians who neglect the discipline of the heart, he reaps the benefit, the happy results, of the instructions which he had previously given.

This will appear more fully as we proceed to notice the events which subsequently occurred in her history.

There was at this time, occupying a high station in the government under the king, a man by the name of Haman, a crafty politician. He was naturally proud and ambitious, and the honors of office only made him more haughty and self-conceited. The king's ministers and subjects, and all the attendants at court, paid special deference to Haman. He was a sort of prime minister, the chief adviser of the sovereign. Every one bowed reverentially to him, except Mordecai, the Jew. He had no respect for Haman's character, and declined taking part in any ovation that might be thought due to his office. This omission was taken as an affront by the official, who resolved to wreak vengeance upon Mordecai, and upon all the Jews in the king's dominions. Haman said unto the king, — There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the provinces of thy kingdom, and their laws and customs are diverse from all other people, neither keep they the king's laws. Therefore, it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they be destroyed. To this wicked measure, cunningly got up, and adroitly proposed, the king yielded, and permitted letters to be sent by post, in the sovereign's name, authorizing and commanding the magistrates in the different provinces throughout his empire, on the thirteenth day of the twelfth month, to destroy and to kill, and to cause to perish, all the Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day. This proceeding caused of course great mourning and lamentation. Mordecai rent his clothes and put on sackcloth. The

same was done by the Jews, in all the provinces, as soon as they heard of the king's decree.

Now let us notice the conduct of Esther in these circumstances. Her people, including her relative, who had been the friend and the guide of her early days, were now doomed to death. She herself, being a Jewess, was included in the decree, and her life was in danger. But being also the queen, and a special favorite with Ahasuerus, there was hope that from her head would be averted the threatened catastrophe. But like Moses, regardless of what might befall her, individually, she remembered with tender sympathy the afflictions of her brethren, and sought to the extent of her influence to stay the impending calamity.

Mordecai had informed her of the coming storm, that a cloud of wrath was rising in the horizon charged with fearful thunderbolts for the oppressed captives from Judea, and requested that she would go to the king at once and interpose for the preservation of her brethren. Her answer to this message, while not wanting in firmness and fidelity to the right, indicated a womanish fearfulness and misgiving as to her ultimate success. The king, she said, had not been in his usual pleasant mood. It was dangerous to approach him if in a surly fit; and besides, it was a law that no one, not even his wife, must presume to venture into his presence without a formal invitation. That if she were to do this, and thus violate the laws of the Medes and Persians, her life would in all probability be the forfeit. Mordecai, perceiving this hesitancy on the part of Esther, this apparent and doubtless real timidity, this natural shrinking from rude attack, sent the following appropriate and noble reply. "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house more than all the Jews. If thou holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance to the

Jews arise from another quarter, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed. And who knoweth," he adds, "whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" This was a spirited and timely admonition, adapted, as he knew, to rouse her flagging energies, to call forth the better feelings of her nature, and to inspire her with that moral courage and boldness which the crisis demanded. We can but admire the faith, the confidence in God, displayed in his captivity by this patriarchal Jew. While requesting Esther to interpose her queenly influence, he looked to a higher power. If she should altogether hold her peace, he doubted not help would come from another source. He confided in overruling Providence, and felt sure that his chosen people would not be left to perish. And then how wise his appeal to her. Who knows, he says, but thou art come to the kingdom for such a purpose as this? The singular providences which had occurred in her history, advancing her to the crown, was designed for some high purpose, to meet, it was likely, this very emergency. The Lord sees the end from the beginning, and a beneficent design runs through the whole machinery of his providence.

Esther was not wanting in moral courage. She was ready to meet the crisis in a manner that became her as one of the Israel of God. She sent back a message to Mordecai, to quiet his fears. She would, she said, run every hazard. I will go in unto the king, and if I perish, I perish. True firmness. The highest force of character consists not in obstinacy, not in foolhardiness; not in being insensible to pain, reckless of danger, but in being willing and determined to do right notwithstanding all this.

DO RIGHT.

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,
And tempests burst around thy head;
Though life its greenest foliage shed
In Sorrow's blight;

And though thy holy hopes and fears
Lie buried 'neath the gathering years,
Do right. Do right.

Faint not in all the weary strife,
Though every day with toil be rife,
Work is the element of life,
Action is light.

And there's a work for every hour,
In every passing word a power,
Do right. Do right.

Esther was aware of her danger and would gladly have avoided it, but she felt still more the power of correct principle, the force of moral and religious obligations, and was ready to meet and fulfil them, whatever might be the consequences to herself. I will go in unto the king, and if I perish, I perish.

Observe now with what wisdom she prosecutes her hazardous enterprise. She has decided to go into the king's presence contrary to the law. She is about to present a petition which is in danger of being rejected, and which involved the fate of the Jewish nation. The first step was, to implore the protection and guidance of heaven. She retained her piety amid worldly honors, and did not forget in her exaltation that for every good she was entirely dependent upon the favor of God. She requested that her people, previous to entering upon her perilous adventure, should devote three days to fasting and prayer. She herself employed the same period in devotional exercises. Thus she acquired the requisite confidence, and trusting not to her own influence, but to a higher power, was successful. Instead of meeting the sentence of death, or receiving a cold repulse, Esther was welcomed to the king's presence and treated with unusual kindness. The king desired to know what was her request, and promised to yield to her wishes, even to the half of his kingdom. The petition which she bore, however, for the ill-fated Jews, she did not present at the first interview. All she did was to invite her husband

and his prime minister, Haman, to partake of a banquet which she designed preparing for their gratification. The prospect of success was better by winning favor beforehand. She ruled by kindness and conquered by love. If she had broached the matter of Haman's wickedness at once, and hastily exposed the machinations of the king's favorite, she might have failed in her benevolent efforts. She chose, therefore, with commendable sagacity, to wind the cords of affection as strongly as possible around the king's heart, before fully making known the ultimate object of her visit. The next day the king went in company with Haman to the prepared festival. This entertainment, arrayed with great delicacy and taste, was highly gratifying to the king, and he renewed his proposal to accede to whatever might be the wishes of the queen, and requested to know what might be the purport of her petition. But she prudently deferred her request until the way should be still more smoothly prepared. She simply invited the king and his guest to partake of a similar entertainment on the next day, at which time she promised there should be a full explanation of her wishes.

Haman was elated with pleasure and pride in being invited to the queen's festival in company with the sovereign. But at the same time was mortified and indignant that the captive Jew, the relative of Esther, refused to do him homage. Haman called for his friends, and for Zeresh, his wife, and told them of the glory of his riches and all the things wherein the king had promoted him. Haman said, moreover, yea, Esther the queen invited no man unto her banquet with the king except myself. And for to-morrow also I have the honor of a similar invitation. Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting in the king's gate. Such are the workings of jealousy, such the drippings of envy and suspi-

cion. There must be nothing in his way. Elated with the brightness of the past, there must now no shadow cross his path. He is ready to trample upon the feeble and helpless if they offer but in imagination any obstruction to his hopes. So like a mountain devil in the heart rules the unreigned ambition. A minister of state though he was, admitted to royal honors and wealth, invited to the banquet of the queen herself; but all this he says availeth me nothing while Mordecai the Jew, refusing to do him reverence, stood at the king's gate.

Haman's wife, Zeresh, unfortunately for him, partook of the temper of her husband, and shared with him in all his peevishness, and pride, and bitterness. She, instead of quieting as she ought to have done, fanned the embers of his malice into a flame. She advised him to erect a gallows fifty feet high and have Mordecai hanged thereon. She would have this done at once. So that Haman, having vented his spite and gratified his malice, might go to the queen's festival next day with a lighter heart. This advice, falling in with his own wishes, pleased Haman. And for once, a thing uncommon with him, praised his wife for her sympathy and wisdom. He had the gallows erected accordingly, and was eagerly looking out for his victim. Alas now, for Mordecai! Thy fate seems almost sealed. But observe with what ease God can defeat the counsels of the wicked and send them and their machinations headlong. Under cover of darkness Haman was maturing his plot against the unsuspecting Jew, who, the next day, was to die the death. But while he was thus secretly at work there was another scene enacting at the royal palace. The king was disturbed in his dreams and could not sleep. He rose from his troubled couch, and, to pass away the slow and heavy hours of night, he took up whatever might help him to beguile the time and calm him in his disquiet. There lay on

his table a book called the Chronicles of the Kings. He glanced it over, and, in so doing, his eye lit upon the pages where Esther had had recorded the act of Mordecai in saving his sovereign from a secret assassination. This interposition of the Jew had not before been brought to the king's mind, or, if Esther had occasionally hinted at it, as it is likely she did, yet in the midst of his public duties and the agitating cares of office, it had escaped his memory. He resolved now, however, to take some notice of the man that had saved his life, and make some remuneration for his humanity and loyalty.

The night passed away and the morning came. Haman sought an early interview with the king for the purpose of obtaining the royal consent to the death of Mordecai, while the king wanted to see Haman in order that his grateful resolutions of rewarding this same man might be carried into effect. The coincidence seemed singular, but thus sure are the ways of providence.

What shall be done, said the king, as Haman appeared in the royal presence, — what shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor? Now Haman thought in his heart, To whom will the king delight to do honor more than to myself? He felt sure that he was to be the recipient of the royal favor. So evincing his accustomed vanity Haman replied, For the man whom the king delighteth to honor, let him be clothed with the apparel which the king is accustomed to wear, and let the crown royal be put upon his head, and let him be conducted in state by the king's most royal princes through the streets of the city, and let heralds proclaim before him, Thus is it done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.

Imagine the surprise and utter confusion of this ambitious and wily counsellor, when the king replied, Do even so to Mordecai the Jew, that sitteth at the king's gate. Dreadful as was the shock, he had to bear it in

silence, and while his heart was rankling with envy and mortified pride, he had to go through with the humiliating task of bestowing royal honors upon the man that he hoped to have hung as a felon. He went home as a bad man will in such circumstances, to vent his spleen upon his wife and children. In this case the wife deserved, probably, all she received. But while storming and raging where he felt himself at liberty to do as he pleased, in his own house, the time arrived for the proposed banquet which Esther had prepared. This was the festival at which the queen had promised to make known the mission for which she had first sought a hearing. After the festival, the king said to her this day again, What is thy petition, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? and it shall be performed even to the half of my kingdom. Then Esther answered, If I have found favor in thy sight, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my re-

quest; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain and to perish. Then the king said, Who is he, and where is he that durst presume in his heart to do this? The hour of detection had now come. Truth was to triumph, and the thunderbolt of vengeance fall upon the deserved victim. Esther said, The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman. The word was loath to come forth, but it strikes home at last. Thus ill deserved honors are sure to perish. Shining with a dazzling splendor in the distance they turn to dust and ashes, to sore mortification and shame, the common fate of vaulting ambition overleaping itself.

The petition of Esther was favorably regarded. The decree which had gone forth for the destruction of her people was revoked, and Haman, for being the plotter of this mischief, the author of these base and murderous designs, was condemned to death and suspended upon the gallows which he had himself erected for Mordecai the Jew.

FRANK ASTON.

BY WALTER C. CLARENCE, ESQ.

Few youths have commenced life with less material or worldly advantages than did Frank Aston. I give his true name; for, though I am sure he would shrink from finding himself made famous, there are few, perhaps none of my readers, who will recognize in my hero the honorable and wealthy shipowner of the Province of Nova Scotia. The ancestors of Frank Aston had been men of wealth and station for several generations, but the mutability of human affairs, — the continuous turning of the Wheel of Fortune, as some profess to believe, but in reality the overruling dispensations of a wise but mysterious Providence, — had, during the lifetime

of his grandfather, so reduced the wealth and influence of the family, that William Aston, the father of Frank, found himself, when entering into manhood, in the position of that most-to-be-pitied of all beings, — a poor gentleman. One who has been brought up and educated in habits of luxurious extravagance, and who, in boyhood and youth, has been accustomed to have every wish and whim gratified; who has been used to depend upon others for the most trivial services, and who finds himself, in opening manhood, destitute of the means to provide even the ordinary comforts of life, while he is, at the same time, totally unfitted by

education and practice to trust to his own exertions, or even to make a proper use of the talents and acquirements he possesses.

Such was the case with William Aston, the father of my hero, who, at the age of twenty-one — his father having died suddenly — found himself sole heir to estates of large extent and great revenue, but which were so deeply mortgaged that the sale by auction of the whole property would have failed to bring a sum sufficient to cover more than two thirds of their indebtedness. As long as the old gentleman had lived his creditors had been silent, satisfied that they held ample security for the money they had advanced to him ; but, immediately after his father's death, the young heir found all the mortgages foreclosed, and, in consequence, himself left worse than destitute. Few, except the creditors of the Senior Aston, had known anything of the actual condition of affairs. To the last he had maintained his usual ostentatious, liberal, and hospitable style of living, and most persons believed his wealth still unimpaired. Six months before his father died, therefore, William Aston had married a young lady, of no vast wealth, it is true, but of an old and highly respectable family, the various members of which had at different times held honorable and trustworthy posts under government. The lady, however, possessed very considerable personal attractions, a superior intellect, and an amiable disposition ; besides which she was well educated, and skilled in numberless accomplishments, and last, but chief of all, she was a lady of true Christian piety.

Poor thing ! The gossips said at the time of her marriage, " What a lucky hit Mary Margetts has made in uniting herself with the wealthy Astons." Alas ! it was the worst movement she ever made in her life. Her husband, William Aston, had not sufficient moral courage to bear up against the slights and covert sneers of those professed

friends of his youth, who shunned and despised him, now they knew that he was poor ; nor sufficient physical stamina to set his own shoulder to the wheel, and work and fight his way back to the possession of his former anticipated wealth.

Worse than this, he was weak enough to allow himself to be led into temptation, and to seek to drown in dissipation the recollection of his former prospects. His friends, his *true* friends, expostulated with him, and assisted him for awhile out of the various difficulties into which he found himself plunged in consequence of his idleness, extravagance, and debauchery, but they soon became weary of striving to help a man who would not help himself.

His wife, his best and truest friend, who would have clung to him through a lifetime of poverty and trouble, pleaded with him with tears in her eyes, but all to no purpose. He sunk at length into the depth of poverty, and must have starved had not some of his wife's friends, who, casting him aside, still pitied her, and what she possessed she freely shared with him, who, however fallen, was her husband still.

At length he took it into his head to emigrate to Nova Scotia with his wife and family, having, as he said, been informed that he could there more readily procure what he deemed respectable employment, and at the same time escape from the contumely of those who had known him in better days.

He went thither, and within a year or two died of consumption, brought on by dissipation, leaving his wife and two children, Frank and Ellen, entirely destitute among strangers in a strange land.

To add to Mrs. Aston's distress, she fell sick of a rheumatic fever, brought on by sorrow and over-exertion, which for many weeks confined her to her bed, from which she at length arose a cripple for life, for her

wrists and joints had been so twisted, swelled, and distorted by the painful disease, that she was ever after unfitted to exercise them in those skilled devices which might have secured her a decent, if not a liberal income for the support of herself and her children. But she was a woman possessed of energy of character, beside religious trust, and though she could not *now* see why all this trouble and sickness had been brought upon her, she scorned to complain, knowing, as she often said, that the time would come when she would see, and, when that time came, she would learn that all had worked for the best, according to the promise made to those that fear God.

She sought less agreeable employment, and far less remunerative, and at length engaged to teach a charity school in a fishing village on the coast, for which she was to receive one hundred and fifty dollars per annum.

It was a poor place to which the widow—used to good society and the conversation of persons of intellect and intelligence—now removed with her young family. The inhabitants were mostly fishermen and their wives and children. Honest and industrious people in general, but wholly incapable of appreciating the refinement and gentle manners of the new school-mistress, and liking her less, in consequence of her native superiority, than they would otherwise have done.

In this lonesome, wild, and desert spot, employed in the irksome duty of teaching the ill-trained children of the village, the widow passed several years, until Frank grew old enough to earn his own living, and like a brave, good boy as he was, felt ashamed to remain longer a burden upon the scanty resources of his mother, who would still have his sister Ellen to support. There was nothing for him but to go to sea, since the family resided at a distance from

any place of sufficient size to boast of warehouses or stores of any consequence, and Frank had no money to travel and seek employment elsewhere; consequently, somewhat against his mother's will, but with her consent, for she felt that the boy was right, Frank engaged himself as cabin-boy on board a fishing schooner which in the winter season sailed as a collier between Halifax and some of the Southern cities of the Union. His outfit for the voyage was poor and meagre, though the best, the very best his mother could afford to supply him with, and he, the son of a lady of gentle birth and high intelligence, the last representative of a long line of wealthy ancestors, sailed as the servant of a crew of illiterate fishermen and colliers, without any prospect of ever rising above their condition. I think, then, you will allow that Frank Aston commenced life with as poor prospects as any youth of his age.

But he had a praying mother. Her holy and blessed influences had exercised an influence over him, and though, when he first left home to make his own way in the world, he thought as seriously of religious matters as most lads of his age (he was only fifteen), and though for many years after he led a wild, roving life, it was doubtless the influence of his mother's example, the effect of the answer to his mother's prayers, which in later life, when the season of trial and trouble came, caused him to be what he then was,—the hope, and trust, and stay, under Providence, of men and women,—some of whom were much elder than himself,—the example to whom, in the day of trial, all looked up to for guidance and deliverance.

It has been said that all men who have been remarkable for high moral, mental, or physical qualifications have had mothers remarkable for the like gifts or virtues. Without placing implicit confidence in this

assertion, all of us must confess that history has at least in a great measure borne it out.

George Washington's mother was a woman of sterling piety, of moral integrity, and of great energy of character. The mother of the first Napoleon was a lofty, high-minded woman, upon whose judgment her gifted but too ambitious son was accustomed to rely, even in the most important matters, and it is a well-known fact that most of the world's great poets, philosophers, men of genius, and men of sterling and active piety, have had mothers who were women of more than ordinary strength of character, whether ambitiously, intellectually, or religiously directed.

For four or five years, Frank Aston continued to sail in his humble capacity on board the fishing schooner, — visiting his mother and sister at stated periods; but developing no extraordinary traits of character beyond those of other young lads in his condition of life. During this period, however, he had become a thorough, practical seaman, and, at his mother's suggestion, had, during his often protracted visits to his home, employed himself in studying navigation and making himself theoretically, as well as practically, master of his profession; and at length, when he was nineteen years old, becoming anxious to improve his condition, and to place his mother and sister in a position more suited to their birth, habits, and education, he sought for and obtained the berth of chief mate on board a West Indiaman, which sailed from Halifax, to which city he soon after brought his mother and sister to reside.

It was about this period that a great change came over him, brought about by that which often causes a change to come over many persons, though not always of the like nature.

Frank Aston was as handsome a lad as one might meet in a day's walk, and the

peculiar nature of his hardy profession had imparted to his form and features a manliness and strength which had bid fair to be lacking in the somewhat delicate and effeminate child of fourteen. On his return to Halifax after his first voyage, he had been so highly spoken of by his captain, who was the owner's cousin, alike for his seamanship as for his gentlemanly manners and high intelligence, that the merchant invited him to his house, where he saw and loved the eldest daughter of his host, a young lady of great personal attractions, and of highly moral and religious as well as intellectual character.

The merchant, it was soon evident, did not object to the young people's intimacy, notwithstanding the vast difference in their social condition. The old man had taken a liking to the youth, and had already determined to put him in the way to make a fortune; and it was soon equally evident to the young man himself that the young lady regarded him with especial favor. In due time he took courage to ask her to become his wife as soon as her father fulfilled his promise of appointing him to the command of one of his ships.

Like a wise youth, he did not put the question until he was satisfied, in his own mind, that he was beloved, and the result proved that he was right.

The lady frankly declared her preference for him above all others, and then, with tears in her eyes, as frankly told him she could not become his wife.

Frank was amazed; for several moments he did not speak. At length he asked if she was bound by any promise to marry any other person.

"No," she said; "but I am bound by a vow to my Maker never to marry a man who is not a true and faithful Christian."

"A Christian," thought the youth. "Am I not then a Christian?" It was the first

time he had been led to put the question seriously to his own heart. Till then he had been perfectly satisfied with himself. He knew that he was not so earnest a Christian as his mother was, nor such as she would have had him become; but he had never given way to dissipation like many of his shipmates; had never been a swearer nor a drunkard; and he had prided himself upon being as good a Christian as was necessary for any essential purpose.

Was he not then a Christian in truth? he asked himself. The words of the young lady struck home to his heart. In vain he sought to change her resolve. In vain he said —

“Become my wife, and I will strive with all my heart to become all that you can desire.”

“No, Frank,” was the gentle but firm reply. “I will wait. I care not how long. And when I believe you to be a true follower of Christ, — nay, when you can come to me and say, ‘Mary, I am a Christian,’ — for I know you have too much honesty and manliness to be guilty of hypocrisy, — I will become your wife. Not till then.”

And Frank did set the matter to heart. But he could not conscientiously say —

“I am a Christian.” And she, who had studied his character with woman’s quick perception, had been quite right when she had said —

“I know you have too much manliness to be a hypocrite.”

And so passed away two more voyages to the West Indies, and Frank attained to his twenty-first year. During this period, while in port, he had been as intimate with the merchant, Mr. Danvers, and as often in the society of his daughter, as before.

Nay, Mary had voluntarily made the acquaintance of his mother and sister, and had frequently met him at his mother’s house, and had been escorted home by

Frank himself; but, though they conversed freely, not a word was said of love, for Frank knew he could not say the prescribed words with truth, and Mary knew that when he could he would, and not before, and she had a firm belief that that day would come, and that her prayers, and those of his own mother for her child, would be answered in God’s good time.

Frank’s next voyage was to the East Indies. He sailed as mate, but on his return he was promised the command of the noble Indiaman, whose captain intended to retire after the present voyage.

The object of the voyage was to carry a cargo to Calcutta, and, discharging at that great Oriental emporium, to proceed on a trading voyage to the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, voyaging as far north as the Kurile Islands, near the coast of Kamtchatka, if found advisable.

The Indiaman reached Calcutta in safety, and sailed thence to the Philippines, — leaving which, she sailed northward for Loo-choo. On the passage, she fell in with one of those terrible typhons or hurricanes, which at certain seasons ravage the Eastern ocean, and do incredible damage, not alone to ships at sea, but to the coast over which they pass. The Candia, which was the name of the Indiaman, suffered terribly. She was laden with a heavy and valuable cargo, and carried several passengers, chiefly the wives and children of traders and missionaries, who had some time previously proceeded to one of the Kurile Islands, in order to establish an European settlement, and to endeavor to Christianize the half barbarous natives. The settlement had been made, and bade fair to be successful and prosperous, and the merchants and missionaries had sent for their wives and families to rejoin them.

On the second day of the typhon, the Candia was totally dismantled in a terrific

squall, and her aged and experienced commander was killed by the fall of a spar, and washed overboard by a sea which broke on board, — six of the crew, amongst them the second mate, having been lost with him.

Thus Frank Aston, a mere youth of twenty-one, found himself, in the midst of a howling tempest, his ship a wreck, floating like a log upon the storm-tossed billows, not only the commander of the vessel, but the only officer on board, the only person among the remaining crew, sixteen in number, who knew anything of navigation.

The utmost terror and consternation prevailed on board the ill-fated vessel, and it was only with the utmost difficulty, by the exercise of stern authority, and by mingled persuasions and threats, as well as by a display of the most determined courage, that the young commander could maintain on board even a semblance of discipline. The crew, with few exceptions, were young men like himself. They gave up all hope of saving the vessel or preserving their own lives, and openly declared their intention of breaking into the spirit-room, and drinking themselves into a state of stupid intoxication, and then resigning themselves to their fate; but Frank, arming himself with pistols, declared that he would shoot the first man who made any such attempt, and, by his firm and fearless demeanor, he succeeded in bringing the crew to a sense of duty.

Meanwhile, the ladies and children were battened down in the dark cabin by themselves, with the stewardess alone to give them such assistance as the state of things permitted. For the most part, they behaved nobly, — cooking and passing up provisions to the crew through a small opening in the skylight; and, when they had done all they could, submitting themselves humbly and prayerfully, yet not without hope, to the will of God. One lady, the wife of a missionary, leading the rest in prayers for them-

selves and for the young commander and crew, — the latter of whom, inspirited by the gallant conduct of their youthful captain, were now endeavoring manfully to do their duty. All, however, seemed hopeless; for two days longer the typhon continued to rage in all its fury. Frank Aston said afterwards, in relating the story, that he at length had given up all hope, but he had resolved to do his duty to the last. During these two days, seven others of the crew were lost overboard, and the number was now reduced to nine men beside the captain. All that man could do had been done. On the evening of the fourth day, the hapless remnant of the crew were assembled on the quarter deck with the captain, — that being the only spot that was not continually washed by the waves which broke over the apparently doomed vessel with irresistible force and fury. They were waiting for the moment when the ship would founder, and carry them down into the unfathomable depths of the ocean with her. "It was," said Frank, when, some years afterward, I heard him tell the story, "an awful time. None but those who have been similarly placed can form any idea of the silent horror experienced while thus waiting, as it were, for Death, in one of his most awful forms, without the power of doing anything to avert the impending doom.

"My previous life, from early childhood, passed as a panorama before me. I seemed to recall every incident, even the most trivial. I recollected how often my mother had prayed *for* me and *with* me, and I thought how little, with all my self-righteousness and pride in morality, thinking myself in this respect so much superior to the majority of those of my profession, — how little I had profited by those prayers; still, the thought stole over me even then that they had not been given to the winds, and that they would yet be answered; and, in that hour

of dark despair, these thoughts inspired me with strange hope. I thought of Mary Danvers, and how she had urged me to become a Christian, and then, for the *first* time, there came over me a sense of the real importance of Christianity. Oh, said I to myself, if I were now a true Christian; if I had a firm hope, — a real active, living faith in the promises of the gospel, — how much more composedly could I await the moment when I shall be ushered into the presence of my Creator. I thought how much more would be required from me, the child of many prayers, than from most of those around me, who had not been blessed with my many privileges. I felt even then that I owed my early advancement in my profession to the outward semblance of religion, which had preserved me from many open vices, and from swearing and dissipation. Oh, I thought, if I was really what I have appeared before men. I resolved, if God spared my life, to turn over a new leaf, and devote myself entirely to him. I recollected with shame how many opportunities I had neglected, not only as regarded myself, but in regard to others, and I resolved *at once* to commence to do my duty to God, even though my hours — nay, my minutes of earthly existence, — were numbered.

“The crew were huddled around me. I spoke earnestly to them. I told them that, though all seemed hopeless, it was yet in the power of the God of tempests to save us; but, if our lives were doomed, we might still, even at the eleventh hour, have our sins pardoned, and be admitted as participators in his heavenly glory. My remarks were crude, for I, the teacher, was but a child in the knowledge of the doctrines I sought to impart; but my hearers were in a mood to listen, and they did listen. It was a solemn occasion, — an occasion when every word fell with tenfold its ordinary force, and the

occasion more than made up for the deficiency of the teacher. Thank heaven! I have reason to believe that from that moment at least two of my hearers date their conversion to Christ. I know that from that moment I date my own.

“While I was still speaking, there came up from the cabin a song of praise. The women had been praying below, and had afterwards united their voices in a hymn. It was one of Cowper’s.

“‘God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.’

“And as the sound of the voices was wafted away by the winds, as soon as it penetrated from the skylight, it imparted to it an unearthly character. The melody seemed to be in the air around us.

“I was silent. Every man bent his ear to listen. Then burst forth in a flood of harmony the inspiring words:—

“‘Despairing saints fresh courage take,
The cloud ye so much dread
Is big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.’

“They seemed to bring renewed hope with them. From that moment I felt that we should be spared to live a better life, and my hopes were realized.

“Ere daydawn, the force of the typhon was broken, and before noon on the following day the wind was stilled, though the sea heaved tumultuously, and our ship lay tossing like a helpless log on the waters. As soon as practicable, we rigged jury-masts, and set such sail as the crippled state of our vessel enabled us to carry.

“Where we were, we knew not, for we had not had a glimpse of the sun for five days; but I steered northward in hopes of reaching some one of the Japanese Islands. I soon, however, found that that hope was futile. The vessel made so much water that, with our diminished crew, we could

not keep it from gaining rapidly upon us. We began to fear that we should founder at sea, after having escaped the fury of the typhon; but the God who had preserved us was with us still. On the sixth morning after the tempest, we sighted land. There were then ten feet of water in the hold, and the vessel was settling fast. There was no time to be lost. A sandy beach opened before us, and I steered directly for it. It shelved gradually, and in half an hour our ship was grounded upon it, — the forepart almost out of the water, so that landing was easy.

“The women and children were put ashore in safety, and then we all quitted the vessel, and, with spars and canvass, fitted up a snug temporary residence on shore. The land proved to be a beautiful but uninhabited island of the Loo-choo group, and for six months we remained there, employing our time in getting on shore such of the cargo as we could, for the ship very soon began to go to pieces. At the expiration of six months, a Dutch vessel, bound from Japan to Holland, touched at the island for water, and took off the women and children, and all but two of the crew, who remained with me to protect the cargo of the *Candia*, the greater portion of which was saved, the captain of the Dutch vessel having promised to touch at the Cape of Good Hope, and send a vessel to our relief.”

I have allowed Frank Aston to tell his story of the loss of the *Candia* in his own words. I will now relate what was subsequently reported by the passengers, most of whom were Americans, and who, finding at the Cape a vessel bound for their native land, whose captain kindly offered them a free passage, took advantage of the opportunity to visit their friends, thinking, especially as they stood in need of material aid, they would as soon be able to rejoin their

husbands by sailing from New York to the East Indies, as by waiting for an indefinite period, at the Cape, until some captain chanced to be sailing to the somewhat unfrequented island where the traders and missionaries had established themselves.

“Fortunately,” wrote the lady whose account of the long detention on the island I have copied, “the *Candia* was well supplied with provisions, and we wanted for no comfort in that respect. But how can I sufficiently express my sense of the worth of the noble young man who was our hope, and stay, and protector during those long weary months. To his courage and seamanship, we, under Providence, are indebted for our lives. But it was after we landed on the island that we became fully conscious of his merit, and of the gratitude we owe him. By his example, his firmness and suavity, he obtained a perfect command over the nine seamen who were saved with us from the devoted vessel. Not once during those six months did I hear from their lips one single oath; not once was the slightest offence offered to us six unprotected females, or to our children; and yet I know that, during the voyage from Calcutta, those same men were guilty of swearing, and of frequent outbreaks of ill-temper and rudeness.

“Part of the cargo saved consisted of spirits in casks, but, though Captain Aston served out a moderate proportion of liquor daily, as on shipboard, there was not the slightest endeavor made to break into the stores, though, had the men been so minded, all the power of their captain, and our persuasions combined, could not have deterred them. They one and all behaved as though they were brothers of one family, of which our youthful captain was the head, and his slightest word was law. They served him with love and gratitude.

“By his good humor, vivacity, and intelligence, he kept up our often famishing

spirits, and every Sunday conducted divine service in a tent erected for the purpose ; besides which, he offered up a prayer morning and evening during our stay on the island. The men were never idle, for he always found for them some pleasant and profitable occupation ; and in the evenings we all assembled together in the large tent, while Captain Aston read to us aloud from some entertaining or improving book out of the cabin-library, which was saved from the wreck ; while the men occupied themselves in something or other for our mutual benefit, and we women busied ourselves in our own employments, or in doing for the captain and crew such labors of love as we were able to perform, such as repairing their garments, and so forth.

"In truth, we were a happy family of brothers and sisters, and the island was a paradise of earthly loveliness ; but for the sake of the beloved ones from whence we were separated, and whom we longed to rejoin, — a longing which made the time seem weary, — we could have remained on that far distant, lonely island, for the remainder of our days. I can truly say, for one, that, had my dear husband been with me, *I* should never have desired to leave it.

"Whoever are the owners of the vessel, they owe a debt of gratitude to the young captain, for it was not only through him, under Providence, that *our* lives were saved, but also that the valuable cargo, comprising, with other more bulky valuables, a large amount of specie, has been saved to them. True to his trust to the last, he remains to watch over it with two of the crew, and may God in his mercy grant them a safe deliverance and a happy reunion with their friends.

"Should it be my fate never again to see Captain Aston in this world, I hereby express for myself, and my companions in exile, our lasting and unbounded friendship and gratitude for all his kindness, and our

earnest hope and belief that, if we meet no more on earth, we shall all meet in that happier place where sorrow is unknown, and where joy is everlasting, and where there shall be no more parting forever and ever. Amen. MARTHA MAINWARING."

It remains yet for me to relate the subsequent adventures of Frank Aston, until he was happily restored to his friends. They were many and difficult, but I will be as brief as possible in their relation.

There was a difficulty in procuring a ship to sail to the island on which Frank and the two seamen had remained, and, after waiting several months, the exiles determined to construct a boat out of the wreck of the *Candia*, and to proceed themselves to one of the nearest European ports in the East, and there to endeavor to engage a vessel to sail to the island, and take off the cargo. They had little fear of its safety during their absence, for, with the exception of the Dutch East Indiaman, they had not seen a sail during their long residence of eleven months on the island ; but, in case of accident, they concealed the treasure in the sand ; and one day, at the commencement of the dry season, set sail in their newly constructed boat on their somewhat perilous adventure.

The object of Frank was to reach Manilla, if possible, and for several days their voyage was propitious ; but Frank had not yet been sufficiently tested, and yet he had to pass through the furnace of affliction before he came forth purified from the dross of his former self-righteousness.

They were in the latitude of Manilla, and hoped to make the port on the following day. The weather had been tempestuous, and all were wearied. Frank, finding that the wind had abated, resigned the helm to one of his companions, while he and the other snatched an hour's sleep. Whether the man was careless, or whether, overcome

with fatigue, he fell asleep, I am unable to say; but Frank and his companion were aroused from their slumbers, at midnight, by a cry of alarm, — given too late, — by the man at the helm. A large ship, under full sail, was bearing down upon them, not a hundred yards distant, and it was apparent that none on board had seen the boat.

They simultaneously raised a shout, and attracted the attention of the watch on board the ship, but, before her course could be altered, she was upon them; their boat was capsized, and themselves cast into the sea. Frank seized an oar, and supported himself by it, and shouted as loud as possible, in the hope of being seen and picked up by the crew of the ship, but she had passed on to a great distance ere she hove to. Then he saw that her boats were lowered, and he hoped he would be rescued; but, after remaining hove to for half an hour, he saw the boats return; saw them hoisted to the davits, and the ship's yards were trimmed, and she passed on her way, — leaving him clinging to a frail oar in the midst of the Indian Ocean. He now gave himself up for lost; but the Providence that had preserved him from so many perils was still watching over him. The long hours of night passed, and when day dawned his strength was almost exhausted; but he now perceived the boat, floating bottom upward, a short distance from him, and, quitting the oar, he swam toward it, and clambered upon it. With some of the loose cordage which floated from it, he contrived to secure himself firmly, and now found himself raised above the water, and in a position which called for no exertion on his part, and he was so thoroughly wearied that he soon fell asleep. When he awoke, it was midnight. He must have slept at least twelve hours. He felt cold and hungry, and ready to despair; but he prayed earnestly to God, and resigned himself to his will. Just as day again

dawned, a vessel hove in sight. He was seen by the crew, and picked up; taken on board, and treated with the utmost kindness; but for some time he was utterly unable to speak, to explain how he came in such a position, or to inquire respecting the character of the vessel and crew to whom he owed his preservation.

When at length he was somewhat recovered he found that the vessel was a French brig, bound on a long trading voyage on the coast of Kamtchatka, and that, probably, at least twelve months must elapse before he could hear anything of the fate of his comrades, or make known his preservation to his friends.

The vessel which had run down the boat was an American Indiaman, bound to New York. Both the sailors were saved, but the boat's crew had failed to perceive Frank floating on his oar in the darkness, and he was believed to have perished.

The sailors in due time arrived safely at Halifax, and reported the loss of Frank Aston. The young man's mother and sister grieved sorely, for he was not only dearly loved, but he was their sole support, and not less bitter was the grief of Mary Danvers, for she had dearly loved the young sailor; and now, in the depth of her affliction, she asked herself if she had not dealt hardly with him, and demanded too much from him. But she and his mother and sister had the sad satisfaction of hearing and reading the accounts of the residence of the crew and passengers of the Candia on the uninhabited island, and they knew that their prayers had been answered in God's own way, though not in theirs, and that if they met him whom they loved no more on earth, they would meet in heaven.

In the course of time, the cargo left on the island was brought off, disposed of advantageously, and the proceeds received by Mr. Danvers, the owner of the Candia, and, as the ship was well insured, he was, after

all, a large gainer by the disastrous voyage. He generously took upon himself to provide for Mrs. Aston and her daughter, and Mary became their attached and devoted friend, and all three went into deep mourning for the son, and brother, and betrothed husband, supposed to have perished in the Indian Ocean.

One day, long after all hope of Frank's return had fled, there was great excitement in the city of Halifax. The newsboys ran hither and thither, crying at the top of their voices —

“Extra! extra! Safe arrival at St. Johns of the French brig Cordelia, having on board Captain Frank Aston, supposed to have been drowned at sea twelve months ago.”

The extras were bought up speedily. The newsboys reaped a harvest, for everybody had heard of the young man's gallant conduct on the far-distant island, and everybody felt as if a long lost friend had been unexpectedly restored. But who shall portray the joy and gratitude of the mother and sister and betrothed bride. I must leave that to imagination which is beyond the power of words.

A few more days passed away, and a young sailor, embrowned by sun and wind, but as handsome and manly a youth as one could wish to see, landed from a vessel in the harbor of Halifax, and made his way with rapid steps to the house where Mrs. Aston resided with her daughter. It was just after dark, and candles were lighted in the houses, and with a beating heart the sun-burnt youth, before he dared trust himself to knock at the door, peeped through the curtained window. Oh joy! There were the mother and sister he had been so long absent from, and there too was she, the remembrance of whom had lightened many long hours of wretched woes and gloom. And they were talking of him, too. For the now smiling mother pointed to a

portrait on the wall of a boy of fifteen in a sailor's jacket and trousers, and all gazed upon it with looks of love and joy.

The next moment Frank Aston was pressed to his mother's heart, while his sister held his hands, and there were tears and smiles, and grateful thanks, and incoherent words of blessing and welcome, while, blushing and smiling through her tears, Mary Danvers stood by watching the happy meeting. But ere long the young sailor had disengaged himself from his mother and sister, and Mary and he clung in a fond embrace, for all conventionalities were forgotten at that happy moment; and then Frank spoke, and the first words he uttered were —

“Mary, I am a Christian.”

“I believe it, I know it,” she blushing replied; and the happy and grateful trio sat down to enjoy the meal which had been prepared in anticipation of Frank's arrival, and to talk over all that occurred during their long separation.

On the following Sabbath, Frank supported his mother up the aisle of the church of which she was a member, followed by his sister and Mary; not now clad in mourning garb, but in white garments, typical of their joy over the return of the long lost one.

A month later, Frank and Mary were married, and Mr. Danvers gave the youthful and happy pair a fine East Indiaman as a wedding present.

From this period, Frank Aston's career was marked by rare success. He always took care to engage good and steady sailors, who generally sailed with him several voyages. No profanity was permitted on board the vessels he commanded, and every indulgence compatible with duty was liberally granted.

The Madagascar Indiaman, Frank Aston, commander, acquired the *sobriquet* of “The Sailor's Paradise.”

After having commanded the Madagascar

for several years, Captain Aston resigned the command to his mate, a worthy young man who had married, a year before, the Captain's sister Ellen. He purchased a residence in the country, and retired thither with his wife and his mother, who, though very aged, is, I believe, still living. He did not again go to sea; but, in the course of time, became a large and wealthy ship-owner, respected alike for his social and public virtues, and for his sincere interest in the progress of religious societies.

In writing this true story, I have endeavored to show, through an example which, in part, came under my own observation, the inestimable advantages possessed by those fortunate young men who are blessed with praying parents, especially praying mothers. Of these, I believe, sincerely, it is rarely indeed that any one is utterly lost. "I have never seen the children of the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," said the inspired writer, more than two thousand years ago. The Holy Scriptures were written for all ages. The observation holds good now as it did then.

At the same time, I have endeavored to demonstrate the worldly benefits which generally accrue from a *conscientious* observance of the outward duties of religion, even when the true vitality is wanting.

Even unchristian men will far more readily entrust their property and interest to the care of those whom they believe to be actuated in all things by conscientious religious principles.

Thus religion is a worldly as well as a spiritual advantage.

At the same time, I warn the reader to beware of hypocrisy. However well it be maintained for a season, it will be detected in the end, and will lead to scorn and contempt. Almost better be an open profligate than a hypocritical pretender to virtue.

The error of Frank Aston in his earlier years was not that he was a hypocrite, but that he mistook mere morality for true Christianity; but he ever acted conscientiously, according to the light he possessed, and the earnest prayers of his mother were heard at length, to his happy conversion and his reception into the true fold of Christ.

Religion is no hindrance to honest prosperity. Some one has said that if a Christian be a boot-black he should strive to be the best boot-black among his *confrères*. He ought rather to have said he *will* be the best, for, depend upon it, let worldly people sneer as they may, religion never yet hindered any man in an *honest* calling, but has in the end tended to his worldly as well as his spiritual advancement.

THE ROBIN'S MAY SONG.

BY VIOLET.

BIRD-WIFE! the morn is dawning,—
 Dim and gray,
 I heard the lark's swift pinions go
 To meet the day.

Around the fragrant hills
 The blue air floats,
 The blooming tressy woods are full
 Of wild bird-notes.

On dew-wet, glittering meads
 The star-flower gleams;
 In beds of sedgy moss
 The wild flag dreams.

The violet hides in dim ravines
 Its purple bells,
 Near by the lowly primrose lifts
 Its golden shells.

Sweetmate, I take my morning flights,—
 Guard thou our nest;
 I leave thee where the apple blooms
 Soft o'er thy breast.

And robin left the loved nest's leafy
 Awning,
 Then mounted up to greet the May-morn's
 Dawning.

NEWSPAPERDOM.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

PASSING up Washington Street, the other day, we saw it announced on a bulletin board, that news was received from the seat of war every two hours, on the receipt of which a new edition of the paper would appear. This announcement sent back our thoughts to the days of the American Revolution, when *two weeks* was considered a rapid passage of news over an equal distance. Now, we should scarcely know how to wait so long for intelligence from the seat of war. We want to hear two or three times a day at least, although we can manage to live contentedly by hearing once.

But the newspaper is the symbol of progress—civilization. It is but little more than a century and a half since the first newspaper was established in this country, known as the *NEWS LETTER*. In size it was twelve inches by eight, about the size of a common square of glass, and was printed on one half of a letter-sheet at first. When it was two years old, the proprietor announced that it would be printed on a whole sheet of letter-paper, one half of which would be blank, so that purchasers might write letters thereon. When this paper had existed fourteen years, its circulation was *three hundred* copies, and this was considered encouraging. Twenty-five years after this we find Benjamin Franklin publishing a paper in Philadelphia no larger than a letter-sheet, yet “containing the freshest advices, Foreign and Domestick.” News was evidently rare at that day, since it could be detailed weekly in the columns of so small a sheet.

It is scarcely three fourths of a century since the first *daily* paper was started in this country — “*The New York Journal and*

Register.” It is only about half that period since the *Daily* took a start that culminates in the present marvellous circulation. There was not a *penny* paper until 1833, when the “*Morning Post*,” of New York, edited by Horace Greely, was issued, and sold at two cents each on the first week, and at one cent on the second, during which week it died a natural death. It is within the last twenty years that the power of the daily press has been developed.

Look now at the daily press of Boston. The diminutive *News Letter*, one hundred and fifty years ago, could not have contained a tenth part of the matter found in the news sheet of the present day. Yet the weekly appearance of that little paper met the demands of the age, while now the dailies, several times as large, must appear twice or more each day, to satisfy the mass of eager readers. Before the present war excitement, which has much increased the demand for secular papers, there was a circulation of about *one hundred and twenty-five thousand* sheets daily, in Boston. This number has been swelled probably, to a daily circulation of *two hundred thousand*, by the present state of affairs. At the latter rate, twelve hundred thousand sheets are distributed each week, which would amount, in the aggregate, for a year, to more than ‘*SIXTY MILLIONS*,’—enough dailies from the city of Boston alone to furnish two sheets each in a year to every man woman and child in the United States! Yet Boston has not a press so prolific as that of New York; for the former has only eight dailies, while the latter has *eighteen*, several of which are the most widely circulated journals in this country. There are eight cities

in this country having more daily papers than Boston. San Francisco stands next to New York in this respect. In that young city there are fourteen dailies. Then comes Philadelphia, which has twelve, then St. Louis, and Chicago, which have eleven each, and then Baltimore, and Cincinnati, which have ten each.

But to return to the Boston press. At the present rate of issuing dailies, we have seen that *SIXTY MILLION* sheets would be the yearly aggregate. For these, *one hundred and twenty-five thousand reams* of paper would be required, weighing, at fifty pounds a ream, *five millions of pounds*, and making *twenty-five hundred loads* of a ton each. If we should bind them into volumes of one hundred sheets each, the production of the daily press of Boston alone, would make a library of *six hundred thousand volumes*. In addition to this, there are about one hundred and forty other papers and periodicals in Boston, the aggregate matter of which must be three or four times as much as that of the dailies. Now, if all this newspaper intelligence could be brought together in well bound volumes, it would probably equal the number of volumes in all the public and private libraries in the city. And this is the annual product of the journals of one city alone! the contribution of the periodical press of Boston in 1861, to the sum total of printed matter in the land!

Let us unfold these daily papers. Suppose they average three feet in width, or one yard. Here are *sixty million yards* of newspapers, reaching over *THIRTY-FOUR THOUSAND MILES*, enough to extend around the earth, and have *nine thousand miles* left! All the product of a single year! How long, at this rate of issue, would it take Boston to carpet the earth? It is not a very difficult question to answer. Yet who could have dreamed of such a thing when the News Letter was printed for its three

hundred subscribers? Here is a very important lesson upon human progress. Its growth, numerically, socially, mentally and morally, that has wrought this change.

There are now *twenty-six* times as many journals published in the United States, as there were in the year 1800. Nor has the increase kept pace with the population merely; it has been more rapid than this. There were two hundred periodicals in the country sixty years ago, when the population was about five millions. This was one publication for every *thirty-six thousand five hundred persons*. Now there are *five thousand two hundred and fifty-three* journals for a population of *thirty-one millions*. This is one journal for every *six thousand* persons; so that the demand now, even in proportion to the population, is six times as great as it was in the year 1800. For the reason of this increase, we must look to the advancement of the people in knowledge and intelligence.

There are issued in the state of New York, *eight hundred and fifty-one* different journals, nearly twice the number published in the five cotton States together, and having a circulation, doubtless, of ten times the number in all those States. The state of Illinois issues as many papers almost as the five cotton States, with a much larger circulation. This is only a single item to show the superior value of free over slave labor. Intelligence advances most rapidly where there are no shackles on the mind or limbs.

It would be quite impossible to furnish all the newspapers required at the present day with no facilities for printing them beyond what was possessed twenty or thirty years ago. When the "*New York Sun*" was established, in 1833, the proprietor, with the aid of a boy, performed all the labor. He wrote his editorials, set up his type, and worked his paper. No steam power came to his aid, and not one of the modern facilities for turning off papers with marvellous

rapidity. When Applegarth's press was introduced, and the London Times was able to turn off *nine thousand papers* in an hour, it was pronounced by Dr. Ure, "one of the most miraculous inventions ever made." But even this invention has been cast into the shade by that later one, Hoe's Cylinder Press, by which *twenty-four thousand papers* have been printed in an hour. These inventions have been made as the public wants have demanded them, that no check upon human progress might be experienced.

The man who first suggested, in a printing office in New York, that a successful penny paper might be established, was laughed at for his folly. But suppose he had said that, in less than thirty years, we should have such papers issued, a hundred thousand daily from a single press, and that these issues would contain the President's message, and be circulated in the streets of Boston, before the Speaker of the House of Representatives had finished reading it at Washington, what then, would people have said of him? Yet this has been realized. By the aid of reporters and the telegraph the President's inaugural address has been going through the process of printing in Boston, while he was delivering the same at the National Capitol. His words have been caught up by the electric wires, and sent forward with the rapidity of lightning, so that the beginning of his speech was printed in Eastern cities, by the time its close was reached at Washington. Here is progress stranger than fiction. The wildest imagination did not conceive of this a quarter of a century ago.

It is said that the Congressional Globe at Washington, which gives extended reports of the debates in Congress, employs a corps of about twenty reporters. While a debate is going on, these reporters change places every five minutes, and not many minutes elapse after the debate is closed, before the whole

discussion is in print, to be sent all over the Union. Before a tenth part of the debate is gone through, the compositors are putting it in type, in a neighboring printing office.

These things show that the newspaper is a wonderful institution. Nothing indicates more unmistakably the progress of the age, and the capacity of the human mind. So many inventions belong to its history, so much of science is involved in its conception and improvement, that journalism becomes an exciting and deeply interesting study. The hand of God is conspicuous in it as clearly as the ingenuity of man.

It is an interesting fact, that the first newspaper ever printed had its origin in a time of civil war, as now we realize its great value in a season of great civil commotion. The first paper, called "THE ENGLISH MERCURIE," was originated by Queen Elizabeth, for the purpose of sending abroad reliable information. False reports were very common, and her enemies delighted in circulating them, and sometimes they proved a great detriment to her majesty's cause. In order to prevent disaster from this source, she established said paper, in 1588, which was not issued statedly, but at such times as the circumstances of the country seemed to demand. The receipt of important news concerning the enemy, or the communication of necessary instructions relating thereto to her subjects, were the occasions for printing it.

In the present crisis, who does not appreciate the value of the press? How long and lonely the days would be without the telegraph and the daily paper to minister to our wants! We must be in receipt of intelligence from the seat of war every night or morning to satisfy our deep and deepening interest. Without the press, and its numerous incidentals, in such a period as this, we should not be the same people that we are now. All should stop and consider well the blessing.

GONE!

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

JUNE lay in the Summer's sweet velvety
lap,

As the moonlight lies on the river ;
But she faded as quickly as last night's
dream

That passed from my thoughts forever.

Her pale-eyed lilies which looked at the sky,
Are bowed with their pearly weeping,
And the song that she sang seemed an angel
chant,

Hummed close to my ears when sleeping.

Her roses will never be sweet any more,
The dew from their hearts is shaken ;

Their flush and aroma went out with the days,
Which the last year's June has taken.

For a phantom came then to my young heart's
feast,

And sat with its shadows dimming
The sparkle and tint of life's chalice of wine,
Which fate for my lips was brimming.

I wove from thy sunbeams and blossoms, the
juice,

Such innocent happiness then !
But the questionless faith of those summery
days
Will come to me never again !

TIME.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

THOU fleeting messenger, from heaven's
bright gale

Still rushing onward, to eternity, —

Pause ! while we gather up the golden claws
That flutters from thy ring, *priceless* its worth,

A moment ! 'tis the sparkling treasury
Of everlasting joy, upon it hangs
In spangled links our highest hopes of heaven,
A moment, used for God, eternity, —
In seed-plot, where are trained by angel
hands,

Flowers immortal, which shall burst in light,
And drop their balm upon our heart from
heaven,

As time speeds onward, o'er the Christian's
head,

O may it bear to listening seraphim
The message that shall music wake above !
That he, all lowly, by a Saviour's cross,
Is clinging to the promises, or patient skill,
The burdens bearing, of untired love,

Let it tell, the dawning found him by the
lowly couch

Where death was sculpturing its marble, —
Or tell how poverty in smiles of Joy,
Engraves his name, deep in a grateful heart.
Such are the labors, which time loves to tell,
O'er deeds of love, he joyful hurries by,
And, with the signal of eternity,
Rules *immortality* upon them there,
And bears the record to the feet of God.

Christian awake ! and hasten on thy way,
See, o'er thee, spans a galaxy divine,
Of stars transcendent, which thy faith has won,
They deepen, thicken, as you onward press,
And weave themselves in many a flashing
crown,

Each syllabled with zeal, and love on earth,
And they shall settle, on thy love-lit brow,
And shed eternal raptures on thy path, —
When *time*, no longer rushing to the tomb,
Shall fold its wing beside the throne of God.

BENEFIT OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

IN a previous number we spoke incidentally of the fact that a divine blessing has rested upon the Maternal Associations in this and other lands. Wherever mothers have associated in this interesting capacity and persevered in their efforts to impart and receive good, there we have the most unmistakable proof of the divine favor. A report of the London Maternal Association in 1836 says:—

“One result of these monthly meetings has been, to increase the sense of parental obligation; and as this conviction has been deepened, mothers have been roused to greater watchfulness, and have been led to implore with more fervency those supplies of divine grace which alone can fit them for their important work.

“Another advantage has been, to strengthen the spirit of Christian love and tenderness. The oneness of their object and its endearing character, have united the members to each other; and the frequent comparison they have been led to make between their privileges and the sad condition of many others has increased their compassion for the whole family of mankind, and a proportionate desire to turn their influence, whatever it may be, to the best account.

“A third benefit connected with these meetings has been that of bringing important topics before the attention which had been too superficially regarded. Many have become better acquainted with their own resources and with the talents committed to their care. Others have detected the cause of failure in their past efforts; and, not unfrequently, suggestions have been made and encouragements offered, which God has gra-

ciously overruled as a word in season to those who were weary.”

In the year 1836, the Maternal Association of Moriah, N. Y., reported “the hopeful conversion of fifteen or twenty belonging to the association, twelve of whom have united with the visible people of God.”

In the following year the association connected with the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, N. Y., reported “that eleven of their children had publicly professed their faith in Christ, and several more had become hopefully pious.”

The association in South Berwick, Me., had the following in their report of 1835: “Of those children who had become hopefully pious, fourteen have connected themselves with our church. Of these, three or four are looking forward to the ministry, two are already somewhat advanced in their course of theological studies, and two are in college. One has entered upon the responsible duties of a minister’s wife, and others are prepared to occupy, and doubtless will occupy, important and responsible stations in society. A few others are indulging hope. The whole number who have become pious since the formation of the association (ten years) is between twenty and thirty.” The same report records the case of a mother, a member of the association, whose anxiety for the conversion of her eight children always brought her to the monthly meetings, and she was frequently heard to say, “that whether she lived to see it or not, she confidently believed that all her children would be brought into the ark of safety.” All of her children, with a single exception, became Christians, before and after her death.

Of her five sons, three became ministers of the gospel.

The report of another association says that, "a few weeks after the formation of the society, our directress began to feel the importance of training her little ones for God, and had an unusual spirit of prayer for the salvation of their souls. Nor did she wait long for an answer to her petitions. A few weeks only had elapsed when *ten* of her family, including her husband, were hopelessly converted to God."

The Surry Chapel Association of London reported the following interesting fact in 1839: "One of the members had a son who was the occasion of bitter grief to her; and he bid fair to ruin both character and soul. She presented his case to the sisters at one of their regular meetings, and it was at once

resolved to spend the time in prayer for her prodigal son. Nor did they pray in vain. It was not many weeks before that mother 'came with a countenance beaming with joy, and stated that she believed the rebel son was converted to God; and she attributed it to the fulfilment of that gracious promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my father which is in heaven.'"

Many such facts and statistics are on record for the encouragement of Christian mothers, and they are worth all the theories that were ever conceived by man relating to this subject. "Facts are stubborn things," and we have cited the foregoing to show that they who have no faith in maternal associations are not posted in regard to their fruits.

PARENTAL INSTRUCTION.

BY MRS. M. A. OSGOOD.

It is often remarked that there is much less religious instruction given by parents since the establishment of Sabbath schools. This is not universally true, for there are always some who take a just view of their own responsibilities as parents, and feel that there are duties devolving upon them which cannot be delegated to any one. They welcome the Sabbath-school teacher as a useful ally in the great work of training up their children for God, but do not feel that their own duties are lessened.

But with a large class the case is different. The command in Deut. vi. 7, to teach the word of God "when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up," they regard as obsolete. The result is a great deficiency of thorough biblical knowledge. The Sabbath-school teacher

has but one hour in the week in which to instruct his class; and many teachers occupy but a small part of that time, merely the few minutes which are necessary to ask the questions from the book, and then they consider their task as done. There is probably no Sabbath school in which there are not some teachers of this kind; and what wonder? Can you expect a stranger to feel more interest in imparting religious instruction to your children than you feel yourself? Of course, such cannot be called faithful teachers, but you cannot expect all teachers to be faithful when there are so many unfaithful parents.

I would not for a moment be thought to underrate the Sabbath school. I think it one of the most blessed institutions of the age, one of the most successful fields of Christian effort, and one of the most fa-

vored instrumentalities for bringing souls into the kingdom of heaven. But I do not think it was ever intended to take the place of home instruction. It was originally established for those neglected children who would otherwise grow up in entire ignorance of religious truth. Multitudes who would otherwise have become nuisances to society have here been trained up for usefulness, and many who might never have heard the name of Christ have here become his true followers. This is the legitimate sphere of Sabbath schools.

But this institution, so beneficent in its plans, so glorious in its results, can never supersede the necessity for diligent, faithful parental instruction. God has entrusted to parents the future well-being of their children, and you cannot throw off the responsibility. The teacher may enforce the Scripture precepts during the brief hour of the Sabbath school, but the child looks to its father and mother for a practical illustration of these precepts. The teacher tells him of the dreadful danger he incurs by delaying to give his heart to God, but the child may reason: "If I were in such great danger, I am sure father and mother would have told me. They don't seem to be much concerned about me."

Christian parents who feel their responsibilities aright, should train their children from their earliest years to regard the Bible as the great rule of conduct, — the ultimate appeal in all cases of conscience. Its precepts should be familiar as household words; its narratives should be the staple article of nursery literature; by its examples they should be taught to regulate their own conduct. Their intellect should be strengthened by familiarity with its ennobling truths, for though the greatest finite intellect can never comprehend its heights and depths, yet the child's heart is expanded and ennobled by its life-giving truths.

The Saviour's character should be constantly held up as the model for imitation, and the conscience kept tender and sensitive by continual appeals to the only unerring standard. A child who has always been accustomed to ask of any action, "Is it right?" will not grow up the creature of impulse, or swerve from his integrity when the temptations of manhood press upon him. It is to be feared that many even among professors of religion, have a very superficial knowledge of Bible truths. Too often it is read in a formal manner, just to discharge a duty; and the daily chapter gone through with, it is laid aside for some more congenial employment. How different from Jeremiah, who said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Do we meditate on it as David did, or "hide it in the midst of our hearts" as Solomon advises? If the Old Testament saints meditated in God's law day and night, when they had only the writings of Moses and Joshua, how much more should we. In no other way can we attain "to the stature of perfect ones in Christ Jesus." May not this neglect of God's word be the cause that there are so many "weak and sickly" Christians among us.

Mothers! there is verily a fault in this matter. Cannot you rectify it? Would you have your children grow up in the fear of the Lord? Then feed them abundantly while they are yet babes with the sincere milk of the word. Let the Bible be emphatically *the home-book*. Let your children see that it is with you above all other books, — that you love it, revere it, live by it. Lead their young feet into the same "green pastures," so will they linger lovingly beside its "still waters," and when the cares and temptations of riper years press upon them, they shall "walk in the way safely, and their feet shall not stumble."

SONG OF THE EXILE.

BY REV. J. J. HATLINGER.

THE author of the following beautiful words is a Hungarian exile. The piece was written seven years ago when the writer scarcely understood our language. He was the youngest of that noble band of patriots who were banished with their governor, Kossuth, in 1849. For two years he was imprisoned in Turkey with Kossuth and his companion in arms, and was finally released through the intervention of the English and American governments in 1852. He was but sixteen years old when he came to this country; and he is now prepared to return to his fatherland, or Turkey, as Providence shall direct, as missionary physician. He has heartily espoused the cause of our government in the present crisis, and enlisted as surgeon in the Hungarian company just organized in New York. Dr. Hatlinger has now a multitude of friends in this country, who esteem him as a scholar, gentleman, and Christian. He is now speaking to congregations on the subject that lies near to his heart, and some of our readers may have listened to his stirring words. We bespeak for him a cordial welcome wherever God in his providence may direct his steps. Let no one who has an opportunity to hear him fail to improve the opportunity. He may not remain long in Boston, but until called into the service of our country, or to Turkey, or his fatherland as missionary, his services may be had by addressing him at 41 Blossom Street, Boston. — Ed.

I'm a lonely orphan exile,
 With kindred friends at home;
 I can hold no sweet communion,
 'Mong strangers all I roam;
 No endearing tones of gladness,
 That erst I used to hear,

To beguile my heart of sadness,
 Nor greet my wistful ear.

Thoughts of the old familiar faces,
 Whose smiles have answered mine,
 Of the free and fond embraces,
 That kindred hearts entwine;
 Of the words of love from dear ones,
 Wherein such potency lies,
 To wake the finer feelings,
 And stir the sympathies.

Oh! for these my heart is yearning,
 For friendship pure and true,
 Of mother dear, and sisters tender,
 Whose sweetest ones I knew;
 Oh, my fatherland, bright centre
 Of blessings dearest me!
 Where'er I in exile wander
 I shall "aye" remember thee.

Ah! how great is my bereavement,
 With blighted hopes, and fears,
 My heart is desolated
 Of all that earth endears:
 Oh, hapless fatherland of mine!
 Beloved Hungary!
 Thy name awakens recollections
 Of thrilling memory!

I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
 Grief-burdened and oppressed,
 Through earth's wilderness a ranger,
 I seek the land of rest;
 I'll cling to this promise precious,
 To illumine the toilsome way,
 "I'll ne'er forsake nor leave thee.
 Thy strength is as thy day."

I am travelling to that country,
 Beyond the bourne of time,
 Where the peace is pure and perfect,
 A holy, heavenly clime;
 There will be a blest reunion
 On that radiant, blissful shore,
 With dear friends I'll hold communion,
 And be exiled never more.

Editorial Paragraphs.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

It has hung there for years, without a particle of dust or a cobweb to dim its brightness. Its frame is neither carved work nor gilt, and yet more beautiful than the skilful hand of art ever wrought. It is a mosaic of sunny recollections, more precious and beautiful than gems and pearls, curiously wrought together as with fairy fingers, and hung on the wall, a fadeless, life-like picture. How fresh and fair is every lineament of that familiar face! The living smile that used to light it up with a soft and gentle radiance is there, and the round tear-drop that often started from deep solicitude for a loved one's waywardness still wets the cheek. A speaking likeness, truly; not suspended from parlor ceilings, or exhibited in spacious halls where artists vie for glory; but a FAITHFUL MOTHER'S PORTRAIT HUNG ON THE WALLS OF MEMORY!

There it hangs, year after year, the best and truest work of the Great Painter, who has ordained that devoted mothers shall live in blessed recollection. Behold that wayward son, turning his back on home and kindred, to wander a thoughtless prodigal in the world of pleasure. The grave of his sainted mother cannot hold him back. A father's earnest counsels have no power to break the enchanter's spell that is on his heart. Away he goes, we know not where, — far, far he wanders, we know not whither. But the picture still hangs on the wall. The mother's face does not fade from recollection. Ever and anon he stops in his career and

gazes upon her portrait as it hangs on the walls of memory. For go where he may, "the house he lives in" is so constructed by the great Architect, that it *must* hold the speaking likeness. Oft as he turns within to reflect, that mother's angelic face meets him to rebuke his sins. Though her dust has mingled with its native earth a score of years, and home has lost its early charms, the picture is still on the wall, and it may yet beckon him back to virtue.

A FACT OF THE REVOLUTION.

The sudden and mighty uprising of the North, at the call of the President, and the rapid concentration of troops at Washington, has been the theme of general remark by the northern press and people; and it is worthy of all praise, expressive as it is of profound loyalty to the Union. But when it is said that it surpasses even the patriotic devotion of the revolutionary fathers, it is not quite in keeping with the facts of history. For when the first blood of the revolution was shed by British soldiers in the streets of Boston, the battle-cry went forth with the speed of lightning over New England, and within a single week *twenty thousand Americans* surrounded the city. They came from their farms and workshops at a moment's warning to defend their liberties, resolved to win the day or die. There were no telegraphic wires on which to send the thrilling appeal "To arms! To arms!" There were no railroads over which thousands of willing

soldiers could be borne in a day from the hills of Berkshire and the shores of Cape Cod. And yet within a single week, by sending couriers on horseback through the country, *twenty thousand* patriots surrounded Boston, which was then held by the British troops. This was moving more rapidly than even the patriot Yankees of this faster age. Men did not stop for uniforms or even to house their ploughs and spades, but seizing their muskets, they hurried away, some on foot and some on horses, to the conflict. It must be remembered also, that the population was sparse, there being not more than one sixth part as many inhabitants in the country as there are now. Yet *twenty thousand* were marshalled in a single week. We must yield the palm of rapid military movements to the ancient patriots who achieved our independence. We have money, men, facilities of transportation, and a hundred other blessings on our side, while they had poverty, hard roads, poor equipments, and other discouragements to encounter.

WHO GIVES MOST?

It is grand to witness the generous loosening of purse-strings in the Free States, and the cheerful contribution of thousands and millions to sustain the government. Twenty or even ten thousand by a single donor to the cause is a noble offering to lay upon the altar of freedom. But what is this compared with the gift of many a poor mother and wife, who have tearfully yielded up their sons and companions to battle for their country? The other day a clergyman went to condole with a poor widow, whose only son was suddenly called to the war, with the military company to which he belonged. "It is trying to give him up," said the widowed mother, "but I cheerfully yield him to my country, trusting to a kind Providence to return him safely when the conflict is over. He is all I have to give, my hope and staff

on which to lean in age, but I give him to the cause of liberty."

Here is patriotism worth possessing. Thousands of gold and silver by the famous millionaires of the land is a small gift in comparison with this. They have given dollars to the cause, but the poor widow has given her own flesh and blood, — a son of more value to her than a thousand Californias. Truly we may say of her, "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all."

It is worth while to ask, Who gives most? Possibly money is receiving more than its share of credit in this great struggle. Perhaps some brave men are not so brave after all as the patriot mother who gives up her boy to the perils of war, in full view of the fact, that his hands may not earn her another loaf of bread, nor his filial smile ever again send sunshine through her humble dwelling. Ah! many a poor woman who knows the sweetness of maternal love is fighting hard for her country, though she remains at home. It is not the exposures of the camp and field that she endures, but a large draft upon her tender love, and conflicts with a hope deferred, and the hardships of want and sorrow. Let us not forget her patriotism. He or she gives most to the cause who gives some dear friend and kindred.

TO AGENTS AND OTHERS.

With this number we begin another volume of the magazine. Let those of our local agents who have not canvassed their fields yet do it at once. Let other persons who are interested in the circulation of our work exert themselves to increase our subscription list. Form clubs of five, at \$1 60 each, or clubs of ten, at \$1 50, and receive a copy gratis for your trouble. Speak to your neighbors of the work and show them samples of it. If any person wants specimen numbers for canvassing, send for the same and we will forward them. If our work is

worthy of circulation, in the estimation of our patrons, then the best advertisement we can have is a good word for it by those who read it.

THE CHANGE.

The reader will notice that a change of proprietors is announced upon the cover. Instead of STONE, RICHARDS & Co. it is now D. W. CHILDS & Co., and to this latter address, or to THE HOME MONTHLY, letters should be directed. No. 11 Cornhill is still our office. Rev. C. Stone has ceased his connection with the company. If letters are addressed to the editor at Boston, they should be directed to the care of THE HOME MONTHLY. It is better to direct all letters for him to Franklin, Mass.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Some of our exchanges fail to send us their works regularly and we shall be obliged to discontinue the exchange unless there is an improvement in this respect. Some of our country exchanges, whose subscription price is less than that of our monthly, are expected to notice each number from month

to month, and some have failed in this respect also. This is intended for nothing more than a *hint*.

LEWIS NORMAL INSTITUTE.

Dr. Lewis has had a Gymnasium in this city for some time, where he has applied his theory of physical culture to the satisfaction of all who have become his pupils. He proposes to open an Institute on the Fourth of July "to educate guides in physical culture," the term to be nine weeks long. He chooses this season of the year to inaugurate this first school of the kind in our country, because schools are not in session much at this time, so that teachers and managers of schools can attend with less inconvenience. The Doctor has won a high reputation in this department, and we are inclined to think that his gymnastics will cure some diseases that defy medicine. At any rate, we have known some persons who were sinking under Dr. Pill's care, but they have rallied under the care of Dr. Skip and Hop. We advise teachers to attend for the sake of their pupils.

Health Department.

SHADE-TREES.

BY DIO LEWIS, M.D.

SECLUSION from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized modes of life. The pale face, which comes from living in the shade, is but a faithful daguerreotype of the paleness within.

No one has failed to observe potato-vines growing in a cellar. They may have moisture and air enough, but still are pale and feeble. The pale girls reared in our city parlors are white and sickly, in great part,

for the same reason that these potato-vines are white and sickly. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and soon they begin to show color, health, and strength.

In this regard the same law which presides over the vegetable, presides over the animal.

In London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in

which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the secret of success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed, and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each one provided with lounge, washing apparatus, etc. The patients on entering, each his little apartment, removed all his clothing, and exposed himself *nude* to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge and turning over from time to time, each and every part of the body was thus exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun. Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases which seemed waiting only for the shroud and funeral ceremonies were galvanized into life and health by this exposure to the sun.

Many years ago a clergyman who had for years been a perfect victim to dyspepsia, who had earnestly prayed for death as the only door of escape, came at length, through the advice of a mutual friend, to consult me. After a long conversation and examination I advised the disuse of all medicines, the generous use of cracked wheat and good beef, and much exposure to the sun. To secure the last-mentioned item I directed him to build a close fence covering a space twenty feet square in his garden, and plant the earth within to something which would occupy his mind and time. Then when the weather was warm, shutting himself in, he was to occupy himself, quite nude, with the cultivation of his vegetables, from ten to sixty minutes each day, always indulging in a thorough bath, and vigorous friction before dressing. *He was speedily and radically cured.* If a friend could have joined him, and the time had been devoted to sparring and fencing, the cure would have been still more speedy and satisfactory.

One of the greatest misfortunes of our climate and fashions is the necessity to keep

the entire body covered from the rays of the sun.

I was practising my profession in Buffalo, N. Y., during 1849 and 1851, those memorable cholera seasons. I saw at least five cases of cholera on the shaded side of the streets and houses, to one on the sunny side. One eminent physician in New Orleans reports from his own practice eight cases of yellow fever on the shaded side of the street, to one on the sunny side. Who has not read Florence Nightingale's observations in the Crimea in regard to the typhoid fever, as between the shaded and sunny sides of the hospitals? In St. Petersburg the shaded side of the military hospitals was so notoriously unfavorable to the sick soldier that the Czar decreed them into disuse.

I have said thus much that I might say with the more effect a word against shade-trees as grown about our houses. Is it not enough that our women should have placed between them and the great fountain of life and light six inches of brick wall, without the addition of twenty feet of green leaves? In New England the houses with their blinds make the shade and dampness within quite as much as our constitutions can bear. To surround the houses with dense shade-trees is surely an unnecessary infliction.

Trees ought never to stand near enough to our houses to cast a shade upon them; and if our blinds were removed, and nothing were used but a curtain within, with which to lessen on the hottest days the intensity of the heat, it would add greatly to the tone of our nerves and our general vigor.

The piazzas which project over the lower story always make that story inferior to the upper story, especially for sleeping purposes. I speak quite within the truth when I say that I cured, during my professional career, one hundred cases of rheumatism by advising the patients to leave a bedroom shaded by trees or a broad piazza, and sleep in a

room and on a bed which were constantly dried and purified by the direct rays of the sun.—*The Gymnasium.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND REGULAR HABITS.

BY WM. M. CORNELL, M.D.

PERHAPS no man ever lived, in our days, who was more regular in his habits of exercise, study, dress, and in eating and drinking, than Mr. Adams. It was our lot to reside eight years in the town of his nativity, and where he usually spent his summers, and within a mile of his mansion-house. We have heard him relate his course of life, his habits of study and exercise, and trust have been somewhat benefited by that recital.

When engaged in teaching we once visited him with a pupil of ours, who was anxious to get an appointment at the West Point Military Academy. Mr. Adams remarked: "I suppose I have the privilege of recommending a candidate from this district, and (turning to the young man, said) I shall be most happy to recommend *you*, sir, from this my native town. But there are some things to be considered. The last young gentleman from this district took the first part in his class, and I should very much regret to recommend one who should fall off from the standard which he has erected. I do not mean, however, that you must take the first part, but that, at least, you should be among the first ten; and your success, or failure, will depend, mainly, upon *your habits of study*. The hill of science is climbed by steady application alone. Regulate your habits of study by a fixed rule, and conform strictly to that rule."

This was Mr. Adams's course in everything. No man could be more regular in his exercise than he, and this exercise he usually took upon his feet. Up to nearly the last year of his life he was accustomed

to walk to Boston, a distance of between eight and nine miles from his residence. The habit of walking he always practised from his youth. We recollect meeting him one summer morning, before the sun had arisen, more than two miles from his residence, on foot, in a shady lane; and the most remarkable feature of the case was, he was then, at that early hour, on his *return* from his morning walk.

He was equally regular in his bathing. This he practised daily for many years. In a word, regularity in all his habits, and punctuality in all his appointments, characterized that wonderful man, and as a result he was very rarely indisposed, and continued, to a good old age, active at his post, and "standing in his lot." His vigorous bodily health and mental energy were the legitimate fruit of his regular life. They flowed as naturally from that course, as the blossoms of spring betoken a fruitful year. Hundreds of sedentary men, long since in their graves, might have been now living and active, blessed and blessing society, had they partaken of his habits. That his mental vigor remained up to his last sickness, is evident from the following lines which he composed for and gave to Miss Edwards, of Springfield, but a single day before his sudden attack:—

"In days of yore the poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered,
Perhaps from goose, but now and then
From Jove's old Eagle sundered.
But now metallic pens disclose
Alone the poet's numbers;
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the poet slumbers.

"Fair damsel! could my pen impart,
In prose or lofty rhyme,
The pure emotions of my heart,
To speed the flight of time;
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear,
To stamp with corresponding worth
The blessings thou should'st share?"

Housekeeper's Department.

SILVER DOOR-PLATES.

WE notice the following item in an exchange, and we would make a suggestion not contained in the paragraph,—namely, that the ammonia should be very weak,—about two teaspoonfuls of ammonia to a teacup of water.

Housekeepers will, without doubt, thank us for informing them that the black sulphide of silver, which forms on plated and silver wares, door-plates, and knobs, may at once be removed by wiping the surface with a rag wet with aqua ammonia, and without the trouble of rubbing and scouring with polishing powders.

It may be well, also, to inform them, that this black film, which forms on silver exposed to sulphide of hydrogen, is no evidence that the silver is impure, for it forms as quickly on fine silver as on that which is alloyed with copper. We have known instances of good silver plate having been returned to the manufacturer, because it had been wrapped up in flannel, and we had occasion to explain that the sulphur came from the flannel, and would act with equal readiness on the finest silver.

After rain, much sulphide of hydrogen is disengaged from the soil of our streets, and it then blackens silver door-plates very quickly. This black film, as before observed, is most readily removed by means of aqua ammonia. The same agent will be found very useful in cleaning gold chains and jewelry.

TO PREPARE RENNET. — Take a calf's stomach, take out the curd; wash it clean; salt it thoroughly, inside and out, leaving a

white coat of salt in every part; now lay it in a jar for three or four days, where it will form a pickle; then drain it for two days; re-salt and put it again in the jar; cover it with paper pasted over the jar, and let it lie for twelve months; it may, however, be used within a few days, but is not as strong as when left in the brine for a long time. When used for curds, the rennet is soaked in cold water, and the water is used for forming the curd.—*Housekeepers' Encyclopedia.*

WHITE BAR SOAP.—Eight quarts of water, 4 lbs. common bar soap, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb sal soda, 2 ozs. alcohol, 2 ozs. saltpetre, 1 oz. borax. Put all into an *iron* kettle, stir till all is dissolved, then boil ten minutes.

TO BOIL SLICED FISH.—To every pint of water put a teaspoonful of salt; when boiling add your fish, of whatever kind it may be, calculating that a pound of any sort of fish will take from fifteen to twenty minutes; but ascertain if the bone separates easily from the flesh. Halibut and sturgeon will take longer than other fish, plaice less than any. Any fish cut in slices will always eat firmer and better if rubbed, previous to boiling, with the quantity of salt you otherwise put in the water; therefore boil the water plain, adding the fish and salt at the same time. Mackerel will take from fifteen to twenty minutes; trout and haddocks of the size of a mackerel, a little longer; herrings, from ten to twelve minutes; a skate, a trifling time longer; adding a drop of vinegar in the water to any of the above fish is an improvement.—*Soyer.*

HOW TO MAKE TOILET SOAP.—TRANSPARENT SOAP.—One pound common bar soap, 1 pint alcohol, 15 drops citronella or other perfume, half oz. spirits of hartshorn. Have your soap cut very fine, put the material in a clean *iron* kettle, stir it slowly until all is dissolved. Let it just come to a boil, then take it up in any shape you please, in molds or bars.

Boys and Girls Corner.



NAUGHTY TOM.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

TOM SLACK was certainly *slack* by nature as well as by name. He worked only when he was obliged to work, and then only half performed what he had to do. A more lazy Tom never lived. There was a large streak of naughtiness too in his heart, and Mr. Marston, a neighbor, said, "it ought to be whipped out of him." Among the naughty things he did, was to rob birds' nests. Sometimes he would take away a whole nest full of eggs and leave the birds to cry over their loss. But this was not so cruel as it was for him to trouble the father and mother birds by roughly handling their sweet little children. He delighted to find a cosy nest full of birdlings

just ready to fly, for then he would take them out and cause them to cry loudly, whereupon their parents would come flying about Tom, and snap at him with their bills, sometimes almost touching his head as they darted towards him. He called this "real fun" when it was great cruelty.

There was a robin's nest close by his father's house one summer, and Tom waited rather impatiently for the eggs to hatch that he might have some fun with the young ones. Almost every day, after the little robins were born, he went into the tree on purpose to cause the old ones trouble. He thought it was sport to see them flutter about and cry on account of his

presence. When they were just ready to fly, his cruel pleasure was at the highest pitch. They were large enough to cry lustily, and this was all the more pleasure for him, cruel boy that he was. The old robins seemed to understand how naughty he was, for they would begin to express their anxiety and sorrow as soon as they saw Tom come out of the house. He had been to the nest so often that they expected what his errand was every time they saw him approaching the tree. He was no friend of theirs, and they knew it.

We hope there are no cruel Toms among our young readers,— boys who rob birds' nests and torture their young ones, just to plague their parents. We have no doubt that the neighbors would have called this boy by his real name, Thomas, if he had been good. But he was so naughty that *Tom* was as respectable a name as they could give him. We have noticed that bad boys are likely to have some not very pleasant name given them.

We know not what has become of Tom. We have little hope of his making a good man. Cruel boys are not likely to make true men. There was the notorious traitor, Benedict Arnold, who became the enemy of his country in the days of Washington,— he was very much like Tom, when he was a boy. He loved to destroy bird's nests and inflict pain upon any animal he could catch. It is a bad sign, then, when we see a boy troubling the robins, and let all the boys remember it. Be kind to the birds and kind to every living thing.

THE CHILD AND THE SCEPTIC.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

A LITTLE girl was sitting beside a cottage door,
And with the Bible on her knee, she conned
its pages o'er,
When by there passed a traveller, that sultry
summer day,
And begged some water and a seat to cheer
him on his way.

"Come in, sir, pray, and rest awhile," the little maiden cried,
"To house a weary traveller is mother's joy
and pride."

And while he drank the welcome draught, and
chatted merrily,

She sought again the cottage door, the Bible
on her knee.

At length, refreshed, the traveller, a sceptic,
he uprose :

"What! reading still the Bible, child? Your
lesson, I suppose."

"No lesson, sir," the girl replied, "I have no
task to learn,

But often to these stories here with joy and
love I turn."

"And wherefore do you love that Book, my
little maid, I pray,

And turn its pages o'er and o'er the livelong
summer day?"

"Why love the Bible, did you ask? How an-
gry, sir, you look!

I thought that everybody loved this holy, pre-
cious Book!"

The sceptic smiled, made no reply, and pon-
dering travelled on;

But in his mind her answer still rose ever and
anon,—

"I thought all loved the holy Book." "It was
a strange reply;

Why do not I then love it too?" he whispered
with a sigh.

He mused, resolved, examined, prayed; he
looked within, above;

He read, acknowledged it the truth, and wor-
shipped Him with love.

A nobler life from that same hour the sceptic
proud began,

And lived and labored many a year, a Bible-
loving man.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

LAST winter a little girl teased her mother
for a sleigh-ride one day, when she heard the
merry bells jingling. "We have neither horse
nor sleigh," replied her mother, "and besides,
your father has no time to carry you."

"Well," answered the little girl, "if you
will only let me go, I *would just as soon go in
a wheelbarrow!*"

Are there any other children who would like
a sleigh-ride in a wheelbarrow?

TAKING LESSONS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

"O FATHER!" exclaimed Frankie, his eyes glistening with delight, "see the little birds up there; what a parcel of them!"

"They are learning to fly," said his father. "They are just big enough to try their wings now."



"Do birds have to learn to fly?" inquired Frankie. He evidently thought they could fly without learning.

"Why, yes," answered his father; "just as you had to learn to walk. You could not use your little feet until you learned how. Sometimes fathers and mothers set their little boys or girls on their feet in the middle of the room, or in the corner, and then stand off a short distance, holding out their arms, and tell them to 'come,' 'come.' In this way they learn to use their limbs. At first they make hard work of it, and tumble about the floor, sometimes getting serious bumps, but all the

time improving. It is so with the robins up there. They are taking lessons to-day, I think, and they will soon be able to fly as well as their parents. Look there! See the old bird fly out a little way, and back again, to encourage her young ones, and show them how. How anxious they seem to have the little ones leave their nest."

"There! there!" exclaimed Frankie, "one is flying now; how glad the old birds are."

"Yes," continued his father; "it is a happy day in the robins' family when the little ones learn to fly, just as it was in our family the first day you walked a step. It made your

father and mother happy to know that you were beginning to walk."

Frankie looked rather surprised that anybody was made happy by the first step he walked ; but his father went on to say —

"The eagle is a more wonderful bird than the robin to teach its young to leave the nest. The eagle builds its nest in very lofty places, where men will not be likely to find it. When the young ones look out from their home so high, and turn their eyes down from the dizzy heights upon objects below, they shrink back timidly. But the old ones do not indulge their fears. They stir up their nest, and make it uncomfortable for them, and, if that does not suffice, they push them out, so that they are obliged to fly, or fall and be dashed in pieces. When they are fairly out upon the wing, the mother flies around them, and often bears them up upon her own back when they are weary, all the time teaching them to launch out upon the air without fear."

This account of the eagle filled Frankie's eyes with wonder, and well it might, for God has marvellously endowed birds and beasts with instinct to provide for themselves and their young. A little bird's body is very wonderful. God only is wise enough to make an animal that can fly. Man can make machinery, but he is not able to make a pair of wings that will carry the smallest bird.

WILDGROVE CAROLS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

CAROL VII. — JULY.

A NEW carol again, for another fair queen
From the throne of the months looks forth on
each scene,
Leaves her breath on the air, her look in the
sky,
Sways her wand over earth, lifts her sceptre
on high ;
With a pouting lip and an oft-frowning brow,
She's a queen to whose passions her subjects
must bow.

She has a proud flashing eye, yet its fitful
gleams
Oft sparkle with the light of love's ardent
dreams,

There's warmth in her heart, and kindliness
too, —

As a friend she is gen'rous, devoted, and true ;
Pleasant fruits and bright flowers she bears
in her hand,

And scatters with each wave of her regal
wand.

She looks on the currants till in clusters they
blush,

To the cheek of the cherry she sends a deep
flush ;

Each child with a basket she calls to the field
Where bushes and shrubs their rich treasures
yield,

And she smiles at the joy, in the sparkling eye,
While forward and back the busy fingers fly.

Blueberries, whortleberries, both black and
blue,

Raspberries red, white and black, and black-
berries too

Are waiting in groups of some hundreds or
more

To be borne with some glad-hearted gather-
er's store,

Stained hands and dyed lips are the gleaner's
sure signs

Of the trophies he has won from bushes and
vines.

Would you see our new queen in her merriest
play ?

Come to the fields and the meadows of new-
mown hay,

With the bright gleaming fork she measures
the time

To the tune of the scythes and their grass-
bending chime ;

No incense so welcome as the aroma there,
And she sniffs with delight the sweet-scented
air.

She gives her warm glances to hill-side and
plain

Where stand in their beauty waving fields of
bright grain,

For where rip'ning harvests turn more golden
each day,

'Tis her pleasure to track her sun-lighted way ;
To store-house and garner she's a favoring
queen,

Though often her temper be far from serene.

Then a carol, a welcome to sultry July,

Though sometimes she hangs blackest clouds
in the sky,

And heaven's artillery in fierce contest engage
When her anger excites the wild elements' rage;
For the lightning's keen flash and the thunder's loud roar,
More lovely is nature when the conflict is o'er.

CULLED FLOWERS.

DON'T TATTLE.

Children, don't talk about each other. Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, another stingy, another cross, behind their backs. It is the meanest sort of sin. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults; it makes you uncharitable; your soul grows smaller, your heart loses its generous blood when you tattle about your friends. Tell *all the good* you know about them, and carry the sins to your own heart; or else tell them to God, and ask him to pardon them. That will be Christlike. If anybody says to you, "Oh, that Mary Willis did such a naughty thing!" call to mind some virtue that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her praise. For your own sake learn to make this a habit.

THE INFIDEL AND THE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

"Uncle Bob" was a great scholar. He had taken degrees both of "physic" and "divinity," and was a student of many books besides those handled in colleges. He could quote texts from the Scriptures, as well as from the infidel writers. I am sorry to say that he preferred reading the infidel. His little niece Nettie, about twelve years of age, was a Christian, and she felt truly sorry for her Uncle Bob, and for all the people who do not love God.

She said to him one day, "Uncle, why don't you love God?"

"I do love *my* God."

"Who is that, uncle?"

"It is the beautiful, — beautiful objects in nature and art."

"Do you mean the Falls of Niagara and the Crystal Palace?"

"Well — yes."

"Who made the Falls, uncle?"

"I don't know, Nettie."

"If you could see the one that made the Falls, uncle, would you love him?"

"If that could be, I should adore him."

"I love him, uncle," said the little girl, "just as well as if I could see him, and I love all who love him. You must read about him in my new Bible."

"I know the Bible, Nettie. It is nothing but a piece of Jewish mythological history."

"Are there any *prophecies* in other mythologies, uncle?"

"Well — no."

"All the world knows, uncle, that the Bible prophecies have been fulfilled, and I should like to know if any kind of mythology has ever been spread all over the world, and created love, and peace, and joy in people's hearts, like the history of our Saviour's?"

Uncle Bob made no reply.

HOW LITTLE PATRICK LOST HIS NEW SHOES.

It was nothing new, — the very same thing, or something very much like it, is of daily occurrence wherever the idol Rum Jug-gernaut is worshipped. A gentleman took a fancy to a barefooted little Irish boy whom he often met, — the little fellow was a match-merchant. One cold, sloppy morning, last November, the gentleman took Patrick into a shoe-store, and gave him a stout pair of shoes. They were no sooner upon his feet than he ran toward the door. "Stop," said the gentleman, "you have not even thanked me for the shoes." "I'm sorry, sir, I forgot, but I wanted to show them to my mother." "Oh, well, if that is the case, run along; I believe you are a good boy."

A few days after, the patron met his little acquaintance trudging along with a jug in his hand. "What, my little man, barefoot again!" said the gentleman. "Ah, I suppose you have put by your new shoes for Sundays, eh?" Patrick hung his head, and was silent. "What have you got in your jug, my little fellow?" "Rum, sir, for father." "How much money did you pay for the rum?" "Didn't pay anything, sir." "Was it given to you?" "No, sir," said little Patrick, as he brushed the tears from his eyes, "father gave the shoes for the rum."

Editor's Table.

BOOK NOTICES.

ROBIN NEST STORIES. By Madame Leslie.

This is a nice little nest of juveniles about the robins, and the boys and girls will be much interested in all of the six volumes, and they will derive valuable lessons therefrom. The books are illustrated with beautiful cuts, two of which you will find in the "Boys and Girls Corner." These two will show you how finely the books are illustrated, as they are a fair specimen of the whole. The artist has done himself credit in making these pictures.

TIM, THE SCISSORS-GRINDER: or, Loving Christ and Serving Him. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie, author of "Home Life," "Juvenile Stories," etc., etc. Boston: Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill. 16mo., 232 pp.

This is a very interesting little book. It is a happy illustration of the power of religion in trying circumstances. TIM was no common boy, and his example is worthy of imitation. Girls as well as boys will find it a profitable volume to read, and they will read it too with eagerness.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Hoyt, on the second page of the cover. Persons who visit the city will find his store an inviting place to go for books of every description for the family and Sabbath school. Mr. H. spares no pains to furnish the public with a safe and entertaining literature. Those who wish to order books by mail or express, will find their orders as faithfully attended to by Mr. H. as if they came in person to make the purchase.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.

The last two numbers of this fine serial have been received. It is progressing rapidly, keeping up the high character of the illustrations, and promising to be a princely work when completed.

SANCTIFICATION, OR GROWTH IN GRACE.

By Rev. J. Q. Adams, Pastor of the Antioch Baptist Church, N. Y.

A little book in paper covers, for five or six cents, containing food for hungry saints; and

suited to create a spiritual appetite in those who have none now.

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW. Edited by Charles Hodge, D.D. April, 1861.

It contains six elaborate articles. 1. Physical Training of Students; 2. Mode of Baptism; 3. Covenant Education; 4. Rawlinson's Herodotus; 5. Apostolic Benediction; 6. The Church and the Country.

LITTLE MARY. An illustration of the power of Jesus to save even the youngest. With an Introduction by Baron Stow, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

A charming little book, containing the life and death of a little Christian. Parents will be gratified and profited by reading it, while the young will be interested in it, and derive excellent lessons from it.

We call attention to the New England Carpet Company below. Their store is 75 Hanover Street, where they sell all styles of goods in their line, at the lowest rate. Buyers will find it a good place to suit their tastes, and that, too, at reasonable rates. We saw beautiful tapestry carpets there, having imperfections so slight that we could not detect them, selling for 75 cents a yard.

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Real full frame Brussels, Velvets, Three plys Tapestries, Kidderminsters and a variety of low-priced Carpets, now opening from the great trade sales in New York, and for sale at much less than the usual prices, by the

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,
75 Hanover St. (op. American House,) Boston.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED. — "Memory" — "Tell Hannah" — "Morning Thanks." — "A War Sketch." — "Hymn for our Country." — "Lillie's Grave." — "A Leaf." — "The Betrayed." — "Little Walter." — "Little Charlie's Anniversary." — "Encouragement."

FREAKS OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

"How queer children are!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy to her neighbor, Mrs. West, who had called. "I never was more amused than I have been this morning to see Freddie playing 'Daniel in the lion's den,' as he calls it."

"Rather a difficult tragedy to play, I should think," responded Mrs. West, "though children are competent for almost anything of that kind. How did he succeed?"

"Admirably, I think, and for that reason I was the more amused. He constructed a den in that corner of the room (pointing to the same), by laying down a chair, and into it he put Dick (the old cat) for his lion. Then he readily imagined that Hattie's great doll was Daniel, to whom he uttered the strictest commands, for the violation of which confinement in the lion's den was the penalty. He entered into it as if it were a reality, and no adult could possibly exhibit more interest than he did."

"That is characteristic of children," said Mrs. West. "No adult could make such demands upon his imagination as to convert a cat into a lion, or a doll into a Daniel; but children can easily do it. But it strikes me that there is an important lesson in this incident. How came he to think of such a play?"

"Why, just as children come to think of a thousand other queer things, I suppose," replied Mrs. Hardy. "There is no telling why they think of many of the freaks they perform."

"I cannot agree with you on that point," added Mrs. W. "I think his attention must have been called to the Scripture in-

cident in some way. Have you not related to him the history of Daniel, and his experience in the den of lions?"

"Certainly; his father has spent many hours with him in narrating Bible stories, and I have spent not a few. The story of Daniel has appeared to interest him deeply, and he has never tired of hearing it."

"Then we have the key to his sport this morning," continued Mrs. W. "That Bible narrative made a deep impression on his mind, so that he incorporated it into his plays. It is a very interesting and valuable fact to show mothers that Bible stories are singularly adapted to arrest the attention of children, and impress their hearts with good lessons."

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Hardy, "but I can see now that it is so with Freddie. There are no stories that he loves to hear so well as he does those of the Bible. I remember that he had a sport some time ago, which he called 'playing Noah's Ark.' It was just after he had become familiar with the building of the Ark, and the saving of Noah and the animals. He has a toy house, and a box of various little wooden objects, such as tea-cups and saucers, birds, men, etc.; so he easily imagined the house to be an ark, and the box of miscellaneous objects became the creatures to fill it up and be saved. He put them together by twos, and pushed them into the ark with considerable ceremony, though he did not carry it out quite so zealously and naturally as he did the play of 'Daniel' this morning."

"It is very interesting indeed to observe this ability of the young to imitate," added Mrs. W., "and parents should avail them-

selves of this quality in the education of their children. What a lesson it is in respect to the character of what we teach the young! Nothing should be presented which we would not have them imitate; nothing said, nothing done, which we would be afraid to have them copy. Now, there are many fathers and mothers who never think of telling a respectable story to a child. It must be some silly affair that is utterly destitute of truth, and suited to deceive or mislead the child as to actual facts. There—"

"Pardon me for interrupting," said Mrs. Hardy, "but your last remark reminds me of a scene that transpired at Mrs. Munson's two or three months ago. I was spending the afternoon there, and got into quite an altercation with their little boy. In reply to some remark I made, he said —

"'Mother used to do so when she was a little boy.'

"'Ah, that indeed!' I exclaimed, laughing; 'you mean when she was a little *girl*.'

"At this he became quite indignant, being touched by my merriment, and he stoutly persisted in saying —

"'No! I mean when she was a little *boy* like me; she said so, didn't you, mother?' and with this question he turned to his mother to vindicate his cause.

Mrs. Munson was obliged to explain, though she first managed to turn the attention of her son to something else. She said that she had been accustomed to tell him that she did so and so when she was a little boy, in order to interest him the more in obeying her commands. She did it without thinking of the consequences to the child, never dreaming that it would make any difference whether he believed she was once a little boy or a little girl."

"I can scarcely see how a mother could be so thoughtless," replied Mrs. W., "as to want to make a child believe what is not true. If Mrs. Munson's boy really believed

what she said of herself, how could he continue to repose confidence in her when he found that she was once a little girl, and not a little boy! It is at this point that the danger lies, and I wonder that any parent should fail to see it."

"She evidently felt perplexed," added Mrs. H., "when she saw how firmly her child believed that she was once a little boy. I have no doubt that she saw her error, although she did not acknowledge it. Her silence in regard to it was enough to convince me of this."

"But let us return to Freddie and the den of lions," said Mrs. W., "I am really glad to have my attention called to this subject. I have long been persuaded that the Bible contained a valuable treasury of stories for the young beyond anything that is found in uninspired volumes. I think that even Christian parents have underrated the Scriptures in this regard. I believe that the most ingenious tales which fiction ever created are not so well suited to make lasting impressions upon the mind as these truthful, inspired histories. Then, what indispensable lessons are found here to be carried up into manhood and womanhood! These amusing devices of children, which you have seen in Freddie this morning, and which some parents call the 'freaks of children,' are an index to character. They are incidents that ought to teach us who are parents, that we may more successfully train our little ones for usefulness and heaven."

"You are right, Mrs. West, though I confess that I have not hitherto viewed the matter in this light. I see clearly now that many of these so-called 'freaks of childhood' are developments of juvenile character which we ought to study."

"And the more you examine the subject," continued Mrs. W., "the more you will be satisfied that little children have fewer 'freaks' than their fathers and mothers.

They are trusting, believing, whole-hearted, and honest in their plans and pastimes, and these qualities are not very closely allied to freakishness. Depend upon it, what are frequently called 'freaks' in children are the very best guides that we can have to their culture, if we will but exercise discrimination in studying them."

"I believe it all now," responded Mrs. H. "I have been thoughtless heretofore, but I see that this power of imitation, so marked in children, may become their greatest blessing or curse. Freddie was only reducing to practice, this morning, what he had been taught, and that is certainly a good symptom. We ought to desire that our children should practise what we teach, and hence we should be careful to teach only what will go to build up a substantial character."

"That is it," answered Mrs. W. "Children are 'creatures of imitation,' as really so as the parrot, and since this is a fact of their being, parents cannot safely ignore it in educating them. It must be recognized as an important element of their natures, regarding which we can more easily regulate their companionships and choose their books. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners;' and why? Simply because children are imitators. How quickly they catch the words and demeanor of others! A little boy who cannot talk plainly, will nevertheless catch the vulgar and profane word which he hears in the street. It was only yesterday that I heard a little fellow, not more than four or five years old, swearing at a fearful rate. I was astonished that one so young should be able to command such language. But he learned every word of it, doubtless, from the lips of older persons. He was not the *originator* of such a dialect, — he was only the *imitator* of the same, far less to blame than the thoughtless persons who cursed and swore in his presence. Perhaps he had dissolute parents, from whose guilty

lips he took his first lessons in blasphemy. But suppose the lesson were changed, and words of wisdom and truth were dropped, instead of those of profanity, and the young heart opened to appropriate them, and they fall like costly pearls from the ruby lips,—how precious and lovely! Here is the great encouragement for parental fidelity."

"Yes, I see it," said Mrs. Hardy. "I never saw the responsibility of parents as I see it now. You have given me new ideas upon the subject, and I trust that I shall profit by them. It would seem that there are no trifles about our children. The little cunning and amusing things that we see in them, and laugh at, are important in their place, and become keys to unlock their hearts with. And then how interesting to trace the meaning and bearings of all these little acts of theirs, to learn of what use they may be in training them! No! I shall see no more 'freaks' in children as long as I live."

Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. West are the representatives of two classes of mothers, both of them good and well-meaning, but the one devoid of discrimination, which the other possesses in an eminent degree. Mrs. Hardy has not been wont to regard the doings and sayings of little ones as of much consequence, any way. Indeed, the whole matter of training her children has been treated rather lightly, although she did not mean to be remiss in maternal duties. It has not been her custom to think much about the greatness and solemnity of the trust committed to her. But Mrs. West has opened her eyes, and her heart, too; for Mrs. W. is a real Mrs. Wesley as a mother, and the great question of her life is, how to train her children. Then she is very discriminating, and turns every development of childhood to some good account. Nor does her serious view of parental duties diminish her domestic joys. The most careless parent, in respect to the

training of children, is not the one who enjoys most at the fireside. Rather the parent who feels with Mrs. West is the happiest in the family relation. Such a mother can respond to every line of the following beautiful poem by Mrs. Sigourney.

" Oh, homefelt bliss! — so passing sweet,
The cheerful fire beside,
My baby creeping at my feet,
Who oft with glance of pride
Looks back elate, and pleased to show
How fast his tiny feet can go.

" And closely seated at my side,
My little daughter fair,
Whose doll upon her knee doth ride,
Essays a matron's care, —
While many a lesson, half severe,
With kisses mixed, must dolly hear.

" There lie my volumes, closed and still,
Those chosen friends of old;
The pen, regardless of my will,
Lurks in its bronzed hold;
High joys they gave, but not so dear
As those that gild my fireside here.

" Where harp and viol carol sweet,
'Mid youth's unfolding hours,
And gladness wings the dancer's feet,
That seem to tread on flowers, —
I've shared the cup, — it sparkled clear, —
'Twas foam, — the precious draught is here.

" I've trod the lofty halls, where dwell
The noblest of our land,
And met, though humble was my cell,
Warm smile and greeting hand;
Yet she doth feel a thrill more blest,
Who lulls her infant on her breast.

" Strong words of praise, — such words as gird
To high ambition's deed, —
The impulse of my mind have stirred,
Though all unearned their meed:
Yet what of these? — they fleet away,
Like mist, before affection's ray.

" Though many a priceless gem of bliss
Hath made my pathway fair,
Yet have I known no joy like this,
A mother's nursing care, —
To mark, when stars of midnight shine,
My baby's bright eye fixed on mine.

" Even she, of beauty's brightest ray,
By fashion's throng carest,
If from that pomp she turn away
To build a hallowed nest,
And hoard the jewels of the heart,
Like Mary, finds the 'better part.'

" Might woman win earth's queenliest rose,
Yet miss that wild-flower's zest,
Which by the lowliest cradle grows,
'Twere but a loss at best;
Pass on, great world, in all thy pride,
I've made my choice, and here abide."

KISS THE ROD.

BY MRS. E. H.

In sinful paths I went astray,
Content to wander from my God;
He followed me the live-long day,
Then sent the rod.

Still unsubdued I trod once more
The paths which oft before I'd trod;
Unwilling still to give me o'er,
He sent the rod.

Now clouds of gloom o'erspread my sky;
In all I see an angry God;

I droop and wish in vain to die,
T' escape the rod.

Severer grow the well-earned blows;
And now the flowery paths I'd trod,
No balm afford to heal my woes,
But whet the rod.

Oh! 'tis enough! I ask no more;
My smitten soul bows low to God,
And now my sorrows all are o'er,
I kiss the rod.

'T WAS FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

He died amid a stranger band,
 Though in his native clime, —
 The fever smote him, and he fell
 In his fresh morning prime ;
 A strong and stalwart youth was he,
 Reared 'mid the hills of Maine,
 And in his wild, delirious dream
 He saw those hills again.

No care of kindred soothed his pain,
 Or watched his sleepless night,
 Or cooled the burning lips that verged
 Into the deadly white ;
 But unknown hands in haste prepared
 The narrow coffin bed,
 And a small funeral group drew near
 Where holy prayers were said.

But ere the coffin-lid they closed,
 An ancient woman prest
 Forth from that group, and laid her hand
 Upon that pulseless breast,
 And with a solemn fervor kissed
 The forehead cold as clay, —
 "'Twas for the mother's sake,"* she said,
 And mournful turned away.

And so that mother's friendship-seal
 Down to his grave he bore,
 Who never to his cottage home
 Shall greet their darling more ;
 While many an eye unused to weep
 Felt lingering moisture break,
 To hear the aged woman's words, —
 "'Twas for his mother's sake."

A LOST DAY.

BY MRS. —

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Phillips, as she seated herself just at dark one cold winter evening in a rocking-chair before the fire, "Oh dear, there is no use in my trying to accomplish any sewing; this day has been completely lost, and yesterday it was just the same; I do wish" — but before she had time to finish the sentence, merry little voices were heard in the hall shouting, "Papa has come home," "Papa has come home," and the next instant, the door was opened, and Mr. Phillips came in followed by the children, Charlie pleading, "Please, papa, let me see your knife, I will not cut myself;" "Please, papa, lend me your pencil," and even baby Willie's voice, "Please, papa,

tum tandy." Mr. Phillips noticed that his wife did not come forward to meet him, and looked rather graver than usual, so stopping only to say, "Softly, softly, children," and to dispatch one for his dressing-gown, another for his slippers, and a third to draw his arm-chair to the fire, he inquired anxiously, "What is the matter?" "Oh! nothing," she answered, "only I have lost another day." "Lost another day!" he repeated in some surprise; but he had not time to ask for an explanation, for just then Bridget brought in the tea, and the children returned with the things they had been sent for. This was the happiest time in the day for the children. Papa was home, and would be home all the

* This incident took place during the fever in New Orleans in 1853.

evening, and after tea they were sure of having a fine play before they were sent to bed. This evening was no exception to the general rule, and it was not until the door had closed upon baby Willie, who had come back for just "one more tiss," that Mr. Phillips had an opportunity to ask his wife what she meant by "another day lost." The cloud which had been driven away while witnessing the children's happiness settled again upon Mrs. Phillips's face as she answered, "There are so many claims upon my time that it is impossible for me to accomplish any sewing; all last week I was trying to make a dress for Anna, but it is not finished yet. I will just give you a history of one day, and then you can better understand how my patience is tried. This morning, after I had given Bridget the orders for the day, and the children had gone to school, I sat down to my sewing, but the baby was fretful and would not stay with Jane, so I had to amuse him till it was time for him to take his nap. Scarcely had I laid him in his cradle when Miss Payne called. She was in deep affliction to-day, having just received the sad news that her only brother had been lost at sea as he was returning home for a visit. She came to tell me of her sorrow, as she knew I would sympathize with her. I sat down beside her, and did all I could to comfort her. Before she left, however, the baby awoke, and I had to attend to his wants, and then the children came from school. Johnnie had hurt his foot, so I kept him at home this afternoon, and as Jane was out, I had both him and the baby to take care of, so you see how much sewing I have done; the day has been completely lost."

"Rather say redeemed," answered her husband.

Mrs. Phillips looked up in some surprise, but Mr Phillips repeated, "Rather say redeemed. Who would have supplied a

mother's place to Willie if you had neglected him? Who but yourself could have quieted and controlled Johnnie's impatience at being kept in the house? What would the other children have done without mother to come to? How much more keenly would Miss Payne have felt her affliction, almost friendless as she is, if she had not you to confide her sorrows to? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." How can you call this a lost day? You have accomplished more, much more, than if you had finished Anna's dress.

"I never looked at in that light before," said Mrs. Phillips, as her husband concluded, "but I see now where my great error has been." I have attached too much importance to things that are really of little value, and have thought too little of those which are really of great consequence. I have not been willing to do cheerfully all of life's work, but in my selfishness have wished to select those things only which in my blindness I have considered my duty to regard."

In after years Mrs. Phillips looked back upon many such days, but she no longer grieved over them as lost. Not that she was less conscientious than she had been, but, keeping the end steadily in view, she turned aside upon the journey of life to render those wayside civilities that cost so little and yet are of so much value to those upon whom they are bestowed. A few minutes spent with Willie at the gate before he leaves for school, a kind word to the old man who saws the wood, an appreciation of Bridget's endeavors to "plaze the misthrers," a piece of bread and an apple to the little boy who stands shivering at the door. True, it was often very wearisome, when engaged in some pleasant occupation, to hear, "Ma'am, won't you step in the kitchen

and see this poor old woman," or "Mother, please untie this knot in my kite-string. Jane says she must break it, and I have not any more string;" but she was amply repaid when she heard the fervent "God bless you," from the poor people whose wants she relieved, and saw how much confidence the children had in her, and how their patience and forbearance was daily cultivated by smoothing all their little difficulties for them, instead of exclaiming, as she had hitherto done, "Oh, dear! I have not time now, go to some one else."

Mrs. Phillips had no more lost days; though the work-basket was almost as full Saturday night as it had been on Monday morning; still work had been done that would last when those garments were worn out and forgotten, ay, even through eternity. As Mrs. Phillips more fully comprehended what a fearful thing it is to live, what a heavy responsibility rests upon all those who have an immortal soul, how earnest she should be to save and encourage all those who came under her influence, she prayed Heaven to spare her the agony of looking back upon a lost day.

A SELFISH MOTHER AND WIFE.

BY A. MINARD.

"Be careful, careful, Charlie. Mamma's nerves are all unstrung this morning. Do go out of doors or into the nursery and play, or I shall be killed outright."

"But, mamma, it is wet in the yard, and Bridget says I mustn't go there and soil my clean pants, and she is so cross if I get in her way in the nursery, as she says I always do, making the other children cry, and turning things upside down. Is it her nerves that make her so cross, mother? If it is, then I hope I shall never have any nerves."

"Hush, child; go into the nursery and take your book and keep quiet, and Bridget will find no fault."

"But, mother, I have learned my lesson, and how can I keep still until dinner? Fred Johnston rolls ten-pins and plays at marbles in the nursery, at his house, and nobody says any thing against it."

"Go away to the nursery, Charlie, or you will kill me. Nobody has such children as I have, — always wanting just what they should not have, always unwilling or tardy

to do as they are bidden, — *any thing but children.*"

Thus addressed, the naturally good-hearted Charlie sought the domain of Bridget, and the frowning face of Mrs. Lee assumed a more placid expression.

She betook herself to the sofa, and reclining amid its soft cushions, composed her mind to finish the exciting novel that occupied her attention the day previous until past the hour of midnight, and caused her really painful nervous headache.

Mrs. Lee was a handsome, delicate, fashionable wife, with undeveloped character it may be, but tenderly reared in early life in a home of luxury, unaccustomed to physical exertion or domestic care, in assuming which she as readily wilted as the house plant when exposed to the life-strengthening rays of a mid-day sun.

She was not a true, noble mother, who could *afford* to be unselfish, make sacrifices, and be the light and joy of home, not a minister of good to her family, but one to be

petted, ministered unto. She was one fashionably, not rightly educated.

The family dinner-hour arrived, and Mr. Lee came from his counting-room. Charlie ran to greet him, and looked very happy as his father stooped to kiss him, and extended his hand to lead him up the lawn.

Mr. Lee entered the parlor, and, stroking the ruffled hair of Mrs. Lee, "hopes dear wife is better."

She carries no pleasant face to the dining-room, and, as the children enter, wonders that nobody can remember her dreadful headaches, and keep quiet.

Dinner finished, the kind husband sought by making passes over the forehead and temples of his still loved wife to allay the nervous pain, then kissed a good-by, frolicked a few moments with his children in the nursery, and was gone.

All would be right in that richly furnished house if but its *mistress* were true to her high position.

A sickly, nervous, complaining wife will dim the light of the happiest home, and ultimately distance from her the hearts that would love her most. Woe is unto her whose surly face, and fretful brow, and untidy dress send an affectionate husband or fragile child to seek happiness outside her true domain.

Mrs. Lee did this, though years passed ere she accomplished her unconscious work. We shall see. These years have sped. Mr. Lee is doing a heavy and increasing mercantile business, which has demanded nearly all his time and attention. His children have therefore developed under the misguided, unrestraining rule of their mother, and are far from being as interesting as their early years promised. With every year Mrs. Lee's fretfulness and nervousness has increased, until her once happy husband has been driven from his own home to seek the happiness and recreation in his brief leisure

which that no longer offered him. He hence began to frequent the club-room, and to love the stimulus of intoxicating drinks.

A system of unnecessary money drainage had been going on in his home since his marriage, because of his indolent, thriftless wife, and a corps of wasteful house servants. This his large income could easily sustain; but when business at the store began to be neglected, and credit began to wane, the path to pecuniary ruin was natural and easy.

He no longer looked happy, or stopped to kiss the still fair cheek of his wife when he left her for his store, as was formerly his wont. His affairs were becoming every day more and more embarrassed, and his countenance wore a more and more troubled expression.

Obliged to leave town to transact some business, Mr. L. took the cars at evening, and there met his melancholy fate. He had been riding scarcely an hour, when, without a moment's warning, a frightful collision occurred, which sent him with many others into the presence of their Maker.

The tidings being broken to Mrs. Lee, she went into repeated convulsions; but at length learned calmly to contemplate her responsible position. Herself a widow, her three children fatherless, and her husband's estate nearly insolvent, she rallied all her sleeping energies, and proved herself stronger to bear the great than the petty ills of life. Not before did she realize the part she had been acting in the drama of life, that the cup God's creatures fill for themselves, though it be with gall and wormwood, they must drink it, unless he in his great mercy avert. Many a time did her developing powers almost refuse to rally, and she was nearly faint by the way as new emergencies presented; but the Spirit of God was moving upon the deep waters of her soul, and, learning at last fully to trust in a wise, heavenly Father, she awoke to new life, learned

that it was more blessed to *dispense* happiness to those around her, than selfishly to receive or demand it from them as her right; that it was most noble to deny self and make sacrifices for the good of others. Her husband's estate settled, through the kindness of friends her home was spared her, and enough besides, with prudent management, for her own and her family's maintenance.

Most deeply did she mourn when she reviewed her selfish life, saw the weak, sinful woman she had been, the wreck she had made of her husband's happiness, and home and fortune; but in the discharge of present duty she daily thanked God for new life and strength in him to rear her children truly and nobly to meet the great ends of

life, and to grow herself "into the stature of" a true and perfect woman. At first she would not hear the voice of God, but in tones of thunder; hence his wrath upon her head whom he loved and wished to have walk in paths of pleasantness and peace.

Many a wife and mother is now bedimming the light of home, making it an unpleasant retreat, a hated spot, instead of a little heaven below. Fearful indeed is your responsibility while the anathemas of high heaven rest upon your head.

Oh, let pure and gentle ones within your ark
Securely rest!

And blue be the skies above,—your quiet bark
By kind winds blest.

MADOLIN.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

SAW you ever Madolin?
Where the first spring birds have been, —
Where the crimson maple blossoms
Laughed above the lakelet's bosom, —
Where the singing brook went by;
Where gleamed the bluest summer sky
Through the opening in the trees,—
Where the wooings of the breeze
Whispered to the nodding rose,
Dallied where the myrtle grows,
Trifled with the cowslips golden,
Told its love-tales, quaint and olden,
There lived Madolin.

Not of clay seemed Madolin,
But of purest kaoline.
Threads of amber were her hair,
And her lips and cheeks were fair
As the morning's rosy dyes.
Like the violets were her eyes,
Ever changing in their hue,—

Tearful, smiling, always true;
And her tiny tripping feet,
Like the fawn's, were light and fleet.
Where the blue bells rang their chime,—
Where the black-bird sang its rhyme,
I wooed Madolin.

By my side sits Madolin,
True and loving has she been,
Through life's busy changeable years,
Through its gladness and its tears,
Ever flitting by my side,
Beautiful as when a bride.
Yet her amber locks are gray,
And the rose has died away,
But the violet in her eyes,—
Changeable still as April skies,—
Lovelier to me they seem,
Than when a boy I used to dream
Of girlish Madolin.

GOD'S PROMISES

"EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS."

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

Who hath measured, who hath weighed them?
 Or their priceless value told?
 Far above Golconda's treasures,
 Or the choicest mines of gold;
 Legacy supremely richer
 Than the highest kings bestow, —
 Honored is indeed the being
 Who doth e'er their fulness know.

Promises of life eternal,
 Of a crown that never fades,
 Of a kingdom full of glory
 Which no sorrow e'er invades, —
 Of a city all transparent,
 Glittering with gems and gold,
 Where, on every side for entrance
 Massive gates of pearl unfold.

Promises of meeting prophets,
 Martyrs, and that host of old,
 Who endured earth's sore afflictions,
 And whose names were all enrolled
 In the book of life, to meet them
 Clothed in robes of purest white,
 And with them in that new anthem
 Of deliverance unite.

Promise that the Lord of glory
 Shall be king for evermore, —
 That the saints like unto angels
 Shall be made, to "die no more!"
 Oh! how glorious and precious,
 How "exceeding great" indeed!
 Truly did their bounteous Giver
 Know and feel our utmost need.

TEN YEARS AGO.

BY M. A. DEAN.

TEN years ago the winter blocked the lane,
 The "top-knot" jay came o'er the moor,
 The squirrel, *bolder* than before,
 With robin *red*, sat near the door,
 Hard by a crib of grain, —
 Ten years ago.

Ten years ago the spring had *wond'rous* balm,
 The early blue-bird tuned its throat,
 A *baby* listener caught the note,
 And sung so sweetly, all by rote,
 She did the *angels* charm, —
 Ten years ago.

Ten years ago a *direful* shadow fell
 On the dear household wall;
 Just as the tiny bud and bee
 Were coming forth once more to see
New life and gladsome liberty,
 Was heard a *whispering* call, —
 Ten years ago.

Ten years ago, one Sabbath *dawn* —
 The room it shone with dazzling light —
 Was seen a small foot train in white,
 And *gently* from our *tearful* sight
 The *singing* babe was drawn, —
 Ten years ago.

FIRST THINGS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

THERE is a decided passion in the human heart for *first things*. The first book ever published, — what a curiosity it would be! The first newspaper ever issued, — what a price it would bring at auction! The first year's file of the Boston News-Letter or Courant would bring enough to pay for scores of papers of modern date. Such relics of the past are choice possessions to most people. In many an attic where the same family has held right and title thereto generation after generation, there might be found antiquities, in the shape of old books, pamphlets, almanacs, letters, etc., that would be of priceless value to the historian. Bits of history that could be found nowhere else, might be gathered here occasionally. Not long ago the librarian of Harvard College saw a man stuffing some bags with old pamphlets and papers in a Boston auction-room, when, to his surprise and delight, he espied among them a pamphlet for which he had been looking for eleven years, in order to complete the volume of a valuable periodical. The purchaser of the old wares relinquished it willingly, and the librarian bore it away in triumph. The same librarian says that he has known a journey to be made from New York to Cambridge in a storm, just to consult an old funeral sermon, the only copy in the country. It was wanted in a law case in which a half million of dollars was involved. Thus the old attics of our land, if we could empty them of their contents, and bring these contents together, would be found to contain precious treasures of information and curiosity. Perhaps some old barrel might hold what would sell for a little fortune, though the occupants

of the house had not thought the whole worth a farthing.

A last year's almanac is of little worth, but the *first* one ever printed would be deemed a treasure. How many would be curious to examine it! What a lecture it would be upon the past, and the art of printing! How much of history it would contain! It would furnish a thorough-going antiquarian with much food for his mind, — a breakfast, dinner, and supper in one dish.

It is so with other things. We love to hold on to these old relics of former days because they seem now so far back that they are among the first things. The wedding suit of our grandparents, from the sharp-toed shoes to the peculiar dress and bonnet, is an heir-loom that is carefully preserved. When it is donned by some young couple of to-day, at a Fair, what a crowd gather to behold it, eager to part with their ninepences for the sight! That wedding suit is a teacher, book, and school of itself.

But how is it with first things of to-day? Some of the *first things* are very precious, are they not? Let me ask that fond, doting mother, upon whose bosom angel hands have laid a bud of life, — how is it with the first sweet baby smile? Does it not send a thrill of joy through the maternal heart? Ah yes! She has a deal to tell her loving husband, when he comes home at night, of that first-seen smile. She is quite sure it was a smile, although he is almost too young to perform such a feat. However, this difficulty is easily disposed of, since he is an uncommonly smart baby. That first smile brings a new era with it, and sets another bright

planet in the firmament of life. It makes the parental heart beat quicker, more tenderly and joyously. It is an advance to have a baby far enough along to smile.

Is it not so with the *first word*? Let those little rosy lips open, and drop but a single word, "*pa*," "*ma*," what a moment it is to the listening mother! If never before, her face is now all full of the mother, and she folds the little creature more closely to her breast. Yes, the gift of speech, that wonderful boon of God to man, is beginning to manifest itself, and a new era dawns upon the household. That word, which possibly no one but a mother could perceive to be a word, renders his babyship a more important character. He is now a *speaker*. The first word has passed his lips, — he soon will be a man.

That *first pair of shoes*, — do you remember when you bought the same, Mr. A., and carried them home for the baby? Was it not an ever-to-be-remembered act? You have purchased many pairs since, but you have never felt as you did then in the heart-region. Going to the shop for the first pair

of little shoes for the "wee thing of a baby" is what only very forgetful papas fail to remember. So with the first frock, or pants, and other incidentals, all the way up to manhood and womanhood.

But the most remarkable illustration of our subject is the *first baby*. This newcomer is always the *last best*. He is destined to bear off the palm in all comparisons. His advent converts man and wife into a family, — a household. They are elevated thereby in the scale of influence and importance. How many hopes, too, they hang upon this first-born! How much they are willing to do for him! What a wonderful person they are going to make of him by and by! The best of everything is none too good for him. The least whimper puts a period to all labor, and turns the whole attention to the little one. The mother looks careworn and pale, and her whole frame seems to cry for relaxation, rest. She is her *first baby's* slave, although it is a very silken cord that holds her in bondage. Thus the first baby's life is signalized by excess of parental care, anxiety, hopes, and fears.

THE GROUP.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

"And that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures." — 2 *Tim.* iii. 15.

BEHOLD the group: — An elderly matron o'er whose visage plays a light of heavenly origin, a middle-aged woman, apparently her daughter, with a countenance equally radiated from above, and a little boy whose every lineament bears the impress of the spiritual. The younger woman holds in her hand a large scroll, which she carefully unrolls and reads therefrom portions that are made the subject of conversation, and which

absorb the entire interest of the trio. Let us listen to their theme. It is of Jesus they speak; they talk of the prophecies concerning his coming and mission, and of the exact fulfilment of those prophecies in the life, teachings, suffering, and death of the great teacher, who from day to day wrought such wonderful miracles in the sight of astonished multitudes. The good old grandmother Lois, and the mother Eunice, are familiar

with the Holy Scriptures ; they are believers in the promised Messiah, and their hearts wax warmer and warmer as they continue their mutual discourse. Eagerly young Timothy's quick ear catches every word, and his ardent soul drinks in their sacred theme ; he has been taught to read those same Scriptures, to memorize portions, and the glorious truths of a Saviour and salvation have been burned into his heart.

They review the instructions of the chief of the apostles, they dwell upon his clear and forcible exposition of *Christ and him crucified*, they refer to the prophecy that Jesus shall carry the lambs in his bosom, and then they fondly turn to the beautiful scenes to which they have heard their preacher allude, when he would awaken the hearts of his hearers to a realizing sense of their Master's tenderness, and would fully impress upon their minds the truth of his care for the little ones of his flock. How lovely seems that Saviour blessing the children who are led into his presence ! The heart of the boy is touched by the finger of God, and warmed by a living coal from the divine altar, and from his young spirit there comes welling forth the deep, earnest feeling, "O that I could have been one of those favored children who were led to Jesus, that I could have stood before him and felt his soft hand gently laid upon my head in blessing, that I could have looked up in his lovely face and heard his sweet voice as he uttered, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' "

"My son," says the mother, "I have endeavored to lead you into his spiritual presence, where by the eye of faith you might gaze upon his holy countenance, and where in your heart you might hear the sweet words from his lips, and in that heart feel their wondrous power ; yea, I would have his hand laid upon you, would have

your soul feel the gentle pressure of his soft fingers moulding it into his own image.

"I have instructed you from these sacred Scriptures, 'which are able to make you wise unto salvation.' I have put them into your hands that you might read of Jesus both in prophecy and in history, and might study his own great teachings. And once more, my dear boy, do I counsel you to make these same Scriptures your daily study and guide ; open them ever with the earnest prayer for divine light, for the Holy Spirit to lead you to the truth, and influence your heart to its practical reception."

Blessed training ! blessed counsel ! and God blessed them to that inquiring boy ! He was made wise unto salvation, and in after years faithfully did he labor for the salvation of others. Associated with the chief of the apostles, he went from place to place lifting up his voice as a preacher of God's truth, an exhorter to righteousness and an expounder of the great doctrines of the Cross.

Happy mother, as she beheld her son spiritually versed in scriptural lore, happy as she saw him devoting his life to the good work of bearing the gospel to perishing souls, and remembered that for this she had trained him !

Faithful Timothy, — a good and efficient minister of Christ was he, because that from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, had drank therefrom heavenly wisdom, and God had given him that unfeigned faith which taketh hold of *Eternal Life*.

OLD KING JOHN, the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, took it into his head to found a library, and he began with — what do you suppose ? — *ten volumes*. But he knew what he was about, for that library — the Royal Library of Paris — is now the most magnificent public library, and contains 700,000 volumes.

WORDS FOR YOUNG MEN.—No. VII.

BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIAL LIFE.

MONKS and hermits apart, Selkirk and Crusoe left out, as exceptions, man is a member of society. The individual man cannot be developed, in any symmetry or completeness, except as a social being. I propose, therefore, in this paper, to speak to you of the outlines of what may be called a new science,—a science not recognized in any circle or classification, not embraced in the syllabus of any institute, or the curriculum of any university. I define it as *the science of being a member of human society*.

By society, in this treatment, let me make haste to say what I do not mean. There are some gregarious herds of creatures in human form, endowed originally with human faculties, which yet do not deserve to be called *social*. I do not mean by “society” a hap-hazard assemblage of persons in the same neighborhood, selfish or careless, nor yet any formal set of men and women, classed together by some conventional rule of money or birth,—meeting at prescribed times, moving under artificial conditions, and yoked by domineering fashions,—bowing, and laughing, and grimacing, and flattering, with one another,—“presenting their compliments,” on handsome note-paper, when they have nothing to present but spite or contempt; “very much regretting” they cannot attend, where they secretly rejoice with all their hearts *not* to be; “requesting the honor” of company which they know will prove a hateful infliction; and “renewing the assurance of their distinguished consideration” for persons whom nothing but self-interest keeps them from insulting to their

faces, or slandering behind their backs. This society of etiquette, hypocrisy, ceremony, and diplomacy, is not what I mean. To be a member of that, sharing in all its doubtful honors, does not involve the dignity of a science, but only the cunning of jugglery. The four preceptors of *that* training are policy, effrontery, imitation, and appetite. Nor does such an intercourse merit the other terms in which I have stated my subject; for it is not *human* companionship so much as a mixture of the foxish, the crocodilean, and the apish, with some dash, I am afraid, of the satanic.

The society I speak of is a far nobler and a far holier thing. It is society collected by common sympathies, grouped by real and reciprocal affinities, and seeking a liberal and harmonious development of all the rational powers of man. It is society as existing under the majestic laws of intelligence, freedom, and charity. It is society organized by the principle of beneficence as much as by the instinct of affection. It is the beautiful balance of individual peculiarity with a collective unity,—carefully respecting the liberty of each, and guarding the order of the whole,—encouraging a racy variety of persons, while it binds the entire diversified yet orderly world, by the centralizing quality of good faith. In a word, it is a Christian society, rooted in Christian convictions, expanding by a Christian culture, culminating in a Christian commonwealth. The welfare of the lowest is of more significance than the pleasure of the highest; and it is the glory of the strong to bear the infirmi-

ties of the weak. Of course this social life is divine in its institution, while it is intensely human in its experience, — having for its eternal Head that wondrous Soul who blends both these elements in the simple mystery of his mediation. It is a society born of God, and inspired by Christ for the perfecting of mankind.

Such a fellowship as this is not to be limited, on either side, as to the numbers that compose it, nor, except in a very small degree, as to any external conditions environing it. It exists, in its essence, wherever the orderings of Providence, the hopes of learning, the emergencies of enterprise, or the sacrament of marriage, may gather two or three together. The one essential characteristic of it is that different hearts touch, — different lives have points of contact, — different hopes and wills strengthen and stimulate each other. You find it realized in homes, in neighborhoods, in schools, in clubs, in parties, in parishes, in legislatures, and in nations. The germ of it is the family. The full unfolded crown and completeness of the growth, — the living dome, encompassing flower and fruit and leaf and bough, — is the universal Family of the race. When you are associated as schoolmates you have it in one shape. When you scatter, and become the intellectual servants of villages and cities, you take it in shapes distinct, yet just as real.

But it is time to refer more directly to the science itself, — as to the nature and method of its culture, by some analysis of its parts, and some notice of its difficulties.

I begin, then, by reminding you that the best companionship requires a restraint of self-assertion. Indeed, we shall find no one thing that stands more in the way of a free and cordial intercourse between persons, than a constant effort of one or the other to maintain some sort of superiority. A secret and almost impalpable disgust begins to

draw people apart, the moment they find they are engaged in a disguised competition to outdo each other in the brilliancy of display, or to get the start of each other in the admiration of the company. That is a dismal picture Doctor Johnson gives of Goldsmith, sitting all one evening at a supper-party of eminent wits, sullen and sulking, because he had no chance to get into the conversation, and shine. It has its counterpart, however, in our every-day gatherings of men and women. Self-seeking crowds out all spontaneous, natural manifestations of character, and destroys the life and spirit of genuine sociability. It stiffens manners. It chills hospitality. It spoils talk. It petrifies humor. It paralyzes sympathy. Nobody can have a good time, because somebody in the company wants to be distinguished. There can be no genial, uncalculating cheerfulness, because Mr. A. or Miss B. has come on purpose to be admired. There is no foe to enjoyment like this surly or pert self-consciousness. What smiles it has are smiles for effect, and so are meaningless and hollow, — a ghastly grimace. It chokes down laughter, when it has come half-way up the throat. True mirth is self-forgetful. It is not plotting all the while for a compliment, an envious glance, or a vote. It bubbles up, and flows over, and gladdens the dry wastes of small-talk with its nutritious drippings, — let other people say what they will, and think what they will, and admire whom they please. Here is one of the differences between humor and wit. Pride and ambition may be witty; but only sympathy and benevolence are humorous. In fact wit, aimed at persons, has it for a favorite exercise to humiliate, to satirize, to take down, to sting; and these are not processes that assimilate and harmonize people. Hence wit is not a social creature, while humor commonly is. Wit is cold; humor warm. Wit sneers, and humor laughs. Wit,

self-promoting, sets us apart, and may set us to admiring, or may set us to hating; but humor, which regards more the gladness of the party or the essential comicality of the thing, creates a common feeling, and diffuses a common exhilaration. I have seen a man of bright parts enough, so greedy always for the first place, and so pursued by himself, that whatever circle he entered, he never relished a pleasantry, simply because he did not make it himself. He watched the conversation only to catch a chance to say something smarter than the rest. There was always a sense of relief when this dull, talented fellow, so vulgar in his gentility, went out of the room, much like taking off a blistering plaster from the chest.

Again, self-assertion damages companionship, and stupefies society, in another way. It drops an invisible but very effectual veil of disappointed vanity between one heart and another; and thus throws over social commerce an awkward constraint. Did some of you ever meet an instance something like this? A young girl, by family circumstance or some other peculiarity, had but few social opportunities. She fell into habits of excessive self-inspection, and a morbid sensitiveness to criticism. With good gifts, and refined tastes, and careful culture, she began to grow conscious of a kind of superiority to most of those about her. But the absence of lively sympathies fostered reserve and taciturnity, so that few found out or appreciated her real attainments. While her own standard of character was rising, others ceased to care what so indifferent and haughty a spirit might know or be. Presently a sense of injustice began to spring up in her. Each new acquirement only seemed to separate her more and more from her neighbors. Even her equals failed to appreciate the hidden merit. Gradually, as years went on, a silent resentment was kindled. Temper was a little soured. Speech grew sarcastic. Judgment

grew bitter. She revenged herself for neglect by withdrawing farther and farther from the world. Those of her own sex were alienated. And as to those of the other,—to tell the truth, as you, young men, will confess,—they were a little frightened. Very few men value criticism enough to marry it. And so, every way, society loses, in the person of this fine, capable young woman, an ornament and a strength. Her existence forfeits its beauty, and misses the glorious charm of making others happy. A more unselfish beginning,—a genuine love for making somebody good or wise,—the oversight of a few poor children,—anything that would have expanded the heart and turned self out of doors, would have made this whole treasury of talent and education a noble contribution to the living wealth of society. I think you will be more likely to appreciate this example, for its being taken from the other sex. Besides, I have noticed that young women are apt to read articles and listen to lectures written for young men, as it is right they should, and I am willing to drop a line for them by the way. But the truth illustrated belongs to neither sex exclusively.

Again, it is contrary to the science of good companionship, to be always laying out the field of conversation into roundabout paths for bringing forward your own strong points, hobbies, pet accomplishments, or past honors. It is pretty well authenticated, that a clerical couple of Boston, in the last generation,—by a clerical couple, I mean of course a clergyman and his wife,—remarkable for their brilliant talking, used to prepare and rehearse their parts regularly before they went out of an evening, arranging all the surprises, interruptions, incidental suggestions, and unexpected questions, beforehand. The price of this stage-effect was not cash, but the astonishment of the company.

We have all heard of the invariable re-

source of the traveller who had but one story, which turned upon some matter of a gun. He had only to rap the side of the carriage with his stick, say "What's that?" observe that it was almost as loud as a gun, and thus, having established a link of connection between nothing and his slender ammunition, carelessly say, "Speaking of guns," go on to fire off the old anecdote. This is just the method of some egotists who contrive to make everything suggest an allusion to their own high repute, their fine friends, their great demand, their extensive acquaintance. They are apt to conclude by boasting of their humility. I have in my mind a person who shows ingenuity enough in this way to stock with inventions a second crystal palace. Begin where you will with him, you are sure to end with hearing two things, — first, how somebody has flattered him, and then how entirely he despises flattery. Self-criticism, of all sorts, is one of the least creditable coins in our currency. Of people who talk about their faults before company, you may generally conclude one of two things, — either that they touch their weak points only to bring out the strong ones into bolder relief by the contrast, or else that they have inverted the facts, and read their own characters backwards. I never hear a person advertising aloud his frankness, and informing all comers that he always speaks what he thinks, — without concluding that he is largely given either to lying or impudence.

A similar violation of the law of companionship occurs in the pertinacious pushing of opinions. Some people are not satisfied with proving that they are right and you wrong; they must keep reminding you of your mistake, and humiliating you with your defeat. It is the meanness that continues bruising the very wounds by which an antagonist has been smitten down. Or if you have not been convinced by an argument, then you

must be only the more remorselessly goaded *because* you have not been. I am afraid we must confess to an enormous amount of this offensive insisting on mere dogmatical notions. It is a great mistake if you imagine all the dogmatism is in ecclesiastical councils and sectarian newspapers. There is a dogmatism of the parlor, the ball-room, and the breakfast table. Nay, there is a *cathedra* of the kitchen, and an inquisition of the toilet. Associates that are appointed to live together fret and provoke each other's patience by this petty persecution. They push one another to the metaphysical wall, and chase one another into logical corners, and spear one another with taunts, and take a savage satisfaction at the writhing of a sensitive victim under this indefatigable assault. No social peace or confidence can survive it. One of the first maxims in the political economy of a profitable companionship is a sacrifice of non-essentials.

And this leads to another principle in the same science, viz: the necessity of striking a just balance between individual consistency and a toleration of differences; *i.e.*, between independence and courtesy, or honesty and charity. I refer to all the questions, trifling in their separate forms, but important by the frequency of their recurrence, that come up between neighbors, housemates, and friends. The satisfaction of life depends surprisingly on the management of this distinction. How to be sincere without being censorious, — how to stand fast in every issue of right and wrong, and yet not torture people with pragmatical controversies, — this is one of the problems which the wisest and best disciplined souls among you will be taxed to solve. A practical answer will be one of the noblest graces of a Christian education. If we could only come, once for all, to make up our minds to be content with it, — that nature has not made us all exactly alike! The moment persons who are thrown much together

conclude to maintain a hearty respect for each other's deliberate and honest opinions, they enter larger, and freer, and more beautiful relationships.

Another principle in the science of true companionship is the forgetfulness of things that do not need to be remembered. To this I might add the ignoring of things that disturb. It is almost frightful, and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common on-going of domestic and social life, which deserves nothing but to be instantly and forever forgotten. Yet it is equally amazing how large a class seem to have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. That is the vocation of gossips, — an order of society that perpetuates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt together. You may have noticed how many speeches there are which become mischievous only by being heard a second time; and what an army of both sexes are sworn to see to it, that the fatal repetition shall be had. Blessed is that man or woman, that can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up, and fastening them on to the next passenger! Would we only let the vexing and malicious sayings die, how fast the lacerated and scandal-ridden world would get healed and tranquillized.

A great deal of unpleasant friction between acquaintances comes about from an excessive demand for sympathy. We ask too much, and give too little, — which is *not* the way to be happy. We get tired of those people that are always going about the world appealing for compassion, — insisting that nobody understands them, talking dolefully about uncongenial surroundings, difference of spheres, and all that sentimental whine of constitutions too self-conscious to be satisfied, and too lazy to work, — discontented, poetical Byrons, — male and female, — only with the poetry left out. Not that we feel

absolutely hard-hearted at real suffering, or grudging of a Christian pity. But we want a chance to *give*, sometimes, before the beggar petitions. And when our neighbors inform us, morning, noon, and night, that they are wretched, and then complain that nobody can measure the refinement of their sensibilities, we are irresistibly moved to tell them to go about some honest business. You remember Robert Hall's allusion to a man who went through the world with an air that seemed to be offering a perpetual apology for the unpardonable presumption of having been born; what a trite essayist calls "supplicating manners." There are individuals who bewail their insignificance and unworthiness, with a tone and air which inform you very distinctly that they are responsible for none of it; mankind have conspired to underrate, and hinder, and crush them; ten to one you are in the conspiracy: so they continue to charge others with their shortcomings, just as those who abuse their opponents do it, half the time, only because they have got angry and disgusted with themselves. If we would help give to society a free and natural play, we must resolutely refrain from pushing too hard for its special consideration, or exacting too much from its charity; for that always clogs and compromises the more spontaneous and beautiful impulses.

A deeper disturbance yet creeps into our social intercourse through its falsehoods, — the radical vice of society as it is of man. Who is the prophet that shall uncover the abysses of our acted lies, and pour adequate shame on our mutual impositions? Smiles on our faces, with envy and jealousy underneath; cordiality in our grasp, with no connecting nerve between the fingers and the heart; deference in our professions, with no suitable esteem, no genuine respect, no sacred sincerity; invitations issued with a fraud lurking in their politeness, getting the

company together by one falsehood ; greetings of indiscriminate and extravagant welcome, receiving them with another ; fashions made up of composite illusions, ornamenting them with another ; ceremonies of elaborate make-believe, sustaining their mock-dignity with another ; and dishonest regrets at the farewell, dismissing them with another, — who will dare to affirm these do not enter appallingly into the staple of what we call civilized and elegant life ? When is the rugged, truth-speaking, Christian time coming, which shall tear open and rend apart these guilty illusions, plant the communion of soul with soul on some pure and just foundation, and restore the social world to its primitive and upright simplicity ? For the radical cure of our social coldness, alienation, falsehood, we need a more drastic medicine than defensive quarrels with our inferior propensities. We want some strong and commanding passion, casting the demon of insincerity and hatred out, lifting us at once to some clear Alpine air, possessing our souls with the aggressive majesty of that new and righteous affection. This is the Christian love of man ; pure, absolute, independent, unconditional. Not of man by woman, nor of woman by man ; not of beautiful people, or accomplished people, or refined people ; not of the amiable, the rich, the powerful, or the congenial. I know the harmonizing force of certain natural inborn affinities ; but they are all superseded by the broad and holy philanthropy of Christ. A great principle of the social science is that each separate soul in the social system be occupied and exalted by great objects of life, — and so be a whole and organic creation in itself. Would you study wisely ? Fill your mind with those capacious designs which at once give equipoise, and balance, and breadth to character ? Would you teach successfully ? Teach by what you *are* more than by what you *say*. Impress yourself by your own

daily heart-beat, and breath, and being, more than by your articulated words. Forgetting self, live in disinterested communion with the sublime spirits of history. Renouncing ambition, bend every energy and hope to unmercenary labor. Climb, by leaning forward to the nearest work. Take fortune *into* your hands, by spreading them open to bless your kind. Conquer fate by conquering yourself.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
“ Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

And if acts are angels, then you can surround yourselves with a heavenly host, right where you stand. Every counting-room can be a bethel, or house of God ; every home a bridal-chamber of purity and peace ; every company you enter, an outer court of the church of the Son of man. Contentment will be your patronage, — a good conscience your promotion, — the benediction of the Spirit your crown.

SECRET OF GREATNESS. — It was a noble and beautiful answer of Queen Victoria that she gave to an African prince, who sent an embassy with costly presents, and asked her in return to tell him the *secret* of England's greatness and England's glory. The beloved Queen sent him, not the number of her fleet, not the number of her armies, not the account of her boundless merchandise, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth. She did not, like Hezekiah, in an evil hour, show the ambassador her diamonds and her rich ornaments, but, handing him a beautifully bound copy of the Bible, she said, “ Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness.” — *British Workman*.

GROWTH OF THE HOLY CHILD.

BY REV. E. N. KIRK, D.D.

“And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom ; and the grace of God was upon him. . . . And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.”—LUKE ii. 40, 52.

THEN our Lord and Saviour, now king of heaven and earth, was once a child ! The Divine, the Unchangeable, the Infinite, the Eternal Son of God became a little child ! He did not become a sinful, fretful, wilful, selfish, disobedient child. But he did become a weak, dependent infant, just as each of us has been, and as every human being once is.

And, to make the fact more impressive to us, the Scriptures distinctly mark his gradual growth. He grew bodily ; in “stature.” He grew mentally ; “waxed strong in spirit.” He grew morally ; “increased in wisdom.” He became more and more lovely ; growing “in favor with God and man.” And his human nature depended, like ours, on more than its native strength, more than the influences of education ; for his growth is ascribed to the fact that “the grace of God was upon him.”

We may then look upon Jesus as one of us, while, at the same time, he is infinitely above us. His growth was a holy thing ; so should ours be. His growing was all up toward maturity of physical excellence, mental and spiritual completeness ; so should ours be.

It will then dignify the processes of our education, and encourage all on whom the responsibility of them rests, to compare our growth to maturity with that of our Lord.

I. *He grew bodily.*—The growth of infancy into childhood and manhood profoundly interests our race. And it is deeply affecting to us to contemplate the Redeemer

as accompanying us thus in the entire pilgrimage of life. He came among us to enter into all the essential elements of our condition. We are allied to the rocks, the soil, the plants, the birds, and the beasts, by the materials that compose our bodies. So was he. They furnish our food, our clothing, our shelter ; so they were needful to him. We are under many of the same laws as the vegetable and animal races. So was he. We began our existence with them, in a state of infancy and weakness ; and then gradually ripened into a mature state. So did he. We are dependent on air, food, light, heat, and tender human care. So was he. We are first placed under tutors and governors. So was he. He grew as we grow.

Some ancient sects denied that he had a true body ; others, that he had a human soul. Both of them are corrected by the text before us. The mysterious growth of the bodily frame he experienced as we do, — from the feebleness of tottering infancy, to the vigor of manhood. That growth demanded the same solicitude and care on the part of Joseph and Mary, which all other good parents feel. He waxed in stature ; being once a perfect infant ; then, a perfect boy ; then, a perfect man. So that his alliance with us was complete. He depended on parental care. He depended on air and sunlight and food, as we do. If any one thinks this dependence of the nobler being on the inferior orders of creation a degradation, let him see here how consistent it is with the loftiest form of character, and the

highest moral position. There has been in every age of the world a tendency to believe we should refine our spiritual essence by denying and disregarding our connection with matter. Whole systems of religion have been founded on this notion. But it is not our natural dependence on material substances and forces that degrades us. It is only our enslavement to the appetites, and our love of the lower forms of gratification that debase us. Our Saviour had a complete experience of all that is involved in a child's feelings. And if any one is lacking in reverence for humanity, even when seen in an infant, let him just remind himself that the Lord once went through that very stage of existence and experience. Sometimes children are impatient of restraint, vexed that they cannot do as they please; sometimes they long to become men; sometimes they wish to remain children always. Let all such think of the Lord. He was a child, and not impatient of restraint; not anxious to be a man too soon; not anxious to remain in childhood forever. He was a child; but he grew from childhood into manhood. So do we. Observe then this feature of our existence. The child has a body; a delicate, complex, wonderful structure. It is to grow; but to grow into what? Into a companion of the spirit, it may be, for ten, or fifty, or a hundred years; into an instrument of the spirit, through which it shall receive and impart truth or error, good or evil, joy or grief. Set this fact fully before you, that you may learn to look with reverence upon even the body of the child. You reverence a wooden structure dedicated to the service of the eternal God. Reverence a human body, for he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost. Impress on your mind the importance of a right development of that body. You may contribute to make it either healthful or sickly and feeble. In fact, I do not doubt that at this day, between

parents, teachers, children, and injudicious friends, the majority of children grow up deteriorated, enfeebled, crippled, deprived of half the enjoyment life would furnish them naturally; deprived of one half their power to get good and to do good, simply through ignorance or contempt of the laws which the Creator has imposed upon the animal economy of man. Almost every body studies the adornment of the body and the gratification of its appetites. But its vigorous, harmonious growth into a complete fitness to be the companion and servant of the spirit, comparatively few have sufficiently considered.

When Christianity shall have come to control society fully, the laws of health and of physical education will be found to be all under its cognizance and control, and claiming serious attention. There are two views of bodily training or culture, which should be distinctly perceived, that there may be a judicious apportionment of the care bestowed upon it. There is an inferior branch; the specific education of the organs to the particular branches of handicraft, which, though highly prized by all classes, is not yet as well done as it might be. But as a Christian teacher I am not now called to enter upon that; for the body is wanted, not merely for muscular strength or mechanical skill. These man needs as a mere animal, as an inhabitant of a passing world. But, as an accountable, social, and immortal being, he has other needs connected with his material frame. Look at one instance illustrating the connection of mind and body. A boy enters college a dyspeptic. Half his four years are consequently spent in a discouragement that paralyzes his heart and his intellect. Half his hours of study are spent in vain endeavors to lash the mind up to its task. He never sees clearly, nor thinks calmly, through his whole course. But how comes he to be a dyspeptic? His mother

pampered his appetite to unhealthful cravings. He was guided in the use of food, not by God's laws of nutrition, but by a fond mother's mistaken notions of making her boy happy. Is this a stretch of fancy, or a solemn reality in human experience? If the latter, surely even the pulpit cannot be silent on the laws of health. This view might then be expanded indefinitely, to show you what seeds of misery are sown in childhood while the body is growing. The intellect, the social affections, the religious affections, the conscience, the will; in a word, the whole intellectual, social, moral, and active life in manhood are profoundly affected by the manner in which the child's body is trained. A shrewd observer has said, "It is the man of robust and enduring constitution, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott, with his manly form; it is Brougham, with his superhuman powers of physical endurance; it is Franklin, at the age of seventy camping out on his way to awake the Canadas to war; it is Napoleon, sleeping four hours, and spending the other twenty in the saddle; it is Washington," so nobly, so harmoniously developed in his entire manhood.

Much religious gloom has been occasioned by a deranged state of the nervous system. Who, then, does not admit that we should lay on God's altar the best we can bring; not the lame and the halt, made so by our negligence and folly?

This is not the place to give instructions in hygiene. But it is the place to say, — "Thou shalt not kill." Take away life when justice demands it. Lay your life down at the stake when he who died for you asks for it. But martyrdom at the shrine of ignorance, appetite, or of foolish conformity to a vain world is quite another thing.

Wise parents inform themselves fully in regard to diet, air, clothing, sleep, exercise,

cheerfulness; in fact, every thing that pertains to the growth of the child's body into a healthful, vigorous maturity.

And a word may here be spoken to children and young people. You must remember that if you lose a finger now by carelessly handling a knife, you will never have a complete hand as long as you live. In one careless hour you cut off a finger; in ten thousand hours of your future life you will vainly regret the loss of that finger. So you may eat an unripe fruit, or lie down heated on the damp ground, or begin to put tobacco into your mouth, then never, through life, recover from the bad effects of it.

But the Lord Jesus also grew

II. *Mentally*. — He "waxed strong in spirit; filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him." Here is expressed his intellectual and religious growth. His human mind expanded gradually. His human heart grew to maturity day by day. In this, too, he was at once our brother and our pattern. The probability is, that his intellectual training, however, in the detail of its processes, was no more a model for us, than his training to the carpenter's trade. He studied no classics, nor mathematics. But this was not designed to disparage these branches of learning. It was rather to place the spiritual culture of man at the summit, and to make all other branches subordinate. Yet it must be remembered that a Jewish education did necessarily embrace much real, though indirect, cultivation of the judgment, imagination, memory, and observation; still, his growth was chiefly in heavenly wisdom.

And now, in turning from him to ourselves, we are led to propose these inquiries: Who is responsible for the right mental growth of childhood, and how can it be best secured?

1. *On whom the responsibility of training the young rests*. — On every one; though variously apportioned. All of us

are daily educating others, intentionally or unintentionally. Parents, teachers, preachers, and authors occupy the most prominent and responsible positions in this work. But even children have much to do with it themselves; for no one can force a child to be learned or good. His own will comes in for a large share of the work. Whoever comes to a right apprehension of this subject will find it reacting powerfully upon his own character; for children are like the plates prepared for the daguerreotype machine. We stamp our own moral image on them quickly, indelibly. But besides this unconscious influence, to discharge the high function of cultivating or educating children demands the highest qualities of humanity in ourselves. We need to retain the simplicity which belonged to our own childhood; for this is the only avenue to children's hearts. We need to possess a deep sympathy with the wants of childhood; a keen moral insight into the workings of the childish heart; a knowledge and full appreciation of its perplexities, sorrows, hopes, fears, and longings. In a word, we need to have a profound respect for the human soul, even in its yet undeveloped state.

2. *How, then, shall this mighty work of education be conducted?*—Let us look at its aims, methods, and instruments. First, the true end to be aimed at. The child Jesus was brought up at home, in perfect simplicity of purpose; not for display, but for obedience to God, for love to man, to work, to suffer, to sacrifice himself, to be earnest in life's great work. You have not a Christ to train, but a servant of Christ, an imitator of Christ.

Education is not so much putting any thing into the soul as drawing the soul forth. I know not whether the Latins understood that; but their word *educio* means just that. We are not to fill a child's mind with notions, but to bring the child to think, and

feel, and act aright. The first intellectual faculty to be cultivated is observation; then, curiosity. Some parents suppress curiosity, some admire its workings too much, as if they were peculiar to their pet. When a child proposes the question, "Who made God?" the parent or teacher has need of as much wisdom as in any position he is ever placed in. Bluntly to silence the child may be to extinguish a bright light through the whole course of its mortal existence. To answer carelessly or falsely, may do an irreparable mischief. To meet the child's mind just where it is; to lead it off from a false track of inquiry; to encourage it to think on lofty themes; to show it how to think,—well might an angel be willing to come down to earth and perform the task. To scold a child, to ridicule him, to silence him, does not require much head or heart; but to give a right guidance to his curiosity is to educate him; and it demands in his educator the highest kind of culture. The next intellectual faculty to be trained is the *imagination*. On its right culture depends much of life's happiness or misery. What is to be done with the imagination? It must be cherished. "In wonder all true knowledge begins." But you need not draw on your imagination to enlist a child's imagination. Reality is sufficiently wonderful. Life, matter, mind, God, man, time, eternity, space, goodness, sin, redemption, perdition, all are wonderful enough to give full scope to this faculty. The imagination must be balanced by the understanding equally matured. But these are all subordinate to the character, or the moral and religious state of the soul. The first aim in moral education is to develop the *individual*. Many parents and teachers and preachers try to make every one they instruct just like themselves. If they succeed, they fail; for they miss the true end of education. Every one has an individual life. He must be him-

self. To be anything else is not healthful. Every teacher and parent is liable to have a one-sided preference for certain temperaments and certain intellectual faculties. A sprightly, brilliant boy may command the prizes of the school, while a dull, careful, slow-thinking boy, always toward the foot of his class, shall take away the great prizes of after life. Teaching does require great breadth of view, great knowledge of the world. How few parents strive to educate themselves for their high vocation!

Conscience must be cultivated; but not alone. A person who is merely conscientious, is deformed. Conscience represents a foreign authority. It tells you what you must do, and not do; and is therefore indispensable. But *love* not only tells you what you must do, it does it. Therefore love and conscience ought to be the earliest developments of the human soul. They are to be brought to perfection together. In other words, it is always better to have a child do right, than simply not do wrong. It is always better to act right from a spontaneous desire of benefiting, obeying, or rendering another happy, than from a mere desire to do right.

Self-respect and humility must be cultivated together. No child is holy in God's sight; and every child should know the fact. Every child is made in the image of God, shares the nature adopted by the Son of God, and is called to be a child of God; and this equally he ought to know. What wisdom it requires to steer his little bark between these opposite reefs of Pride and Discouragement! A parent once bluntly charged his son with a lie. It was the fatal moment of discouragement to the boy; for he had not intended to deceive. And yet the charge confounded him; for his peculiarly delicate respect for himself was now crushed. He thought it was not so, that he meant to tell a lie; and yet his father said he did. Therefore it might be so; and if it

was so, he did not know what to do. For him to have told at that moment just what he felt would have been an unspeakable privilege; but he did not dare appeal to the tender heart that was now veiled by that stern brow. He therefore sank back upon himself, a disheartened soldier on life's battle-field. More parents, however, perhaps err the other way.

Patience is to be acquired. Jesus waxed in spirit, he grew by successive steps into patience; waiting thirty years, in every one of which he was becoming more earnest to do his great work for mankind, and this growth reached its maturity in Gethsemane. He grew into meekness; that is strength. He became filled with wisdom, which is neither knowledge nor talent. The man Christ had immense energy of will. But it put on no violent forms. It showed itself most in firmness and patient meekness. "He learned obedience in submitting to his human parents in little things; to his heavenly Father in all things. He learned wisdom by studying nature, lilies, birds; by listening to his parents and their wisest friends; by studying the Scriptures, by prayer; by consulting the ministers of God, the first opportunity he had.

Submission tempered by love and gratitude must be formed in the child's heart. To produce this result the parent or teacher needs to have a high and delicate sense of honor. The children must be governed. Authority must be there, and felt to be there. But it must not be authority exercised to gratify a love of power or self-will in the parent. This is often seen; and its effects are most lamentable. The poor child knows not what is crushing him. But it is a bigger animal than himself, amusing itself by overbearing treatment of him. A child must breathe in an atmosphere where light and heat, or love and a wise authority blend their sweet influences. Jesus in-

creased in wisdom. A wise child is not one whom the parents hold up to the admiration of their friends for its smart sayings. He excels in obedience, kindness, and thoughtfulness. Jesus went home to be obedient to his parents. If he had not, he never would have come up to Jerusalem to save the world. Education aims to make the child a *believer*. Faith must be developed early, and chiefly under the parental roof. That is the very birthplace, home, and school of belief in testimony, and confidence in persons. In manhood, credulity is weakness; but in childhood, it is beauty and power. The infant must at first trust implicitly, or he cannot live. If he waits to have it proved to him that fire will injure him, he will perish by it. No child ever began to live by scepticism and distrust. That comes in afterward, by the desire to hate; which is partly justified by the discovery that so few are found to be worthy of confidence. There are classes of truths in the Christian system, as in natural science, which are not designed for children, and should not be inculcated on them. But the great cardinal facts of Christianity they should be taught to believe. And they should be drawn to confide in Jesus as soon as they can comprehend that a great and good being, though they see him not, loves them very much, and wishes them to love him. In regard to the facts presented in the word of God, children should not be taught that they are to believe nothing which they do not fully understand; for, in that case, they and we would believe very little.

The *spiritual affections* must be cultivated; that is, the child must be taught that he is to be more affected by what is unseen than by that which is visible. It is a beautiful spectacle to behold the child Jesus going up for the first time from the quiet village of Nazareth to the great metropolis of Judea. How the attention of a boy is seized

by every new object in such cases generally! But Jesus passed by every other object and place to find the Temple. He sought nothing in Jerusalem so eagerly as religious instruction.

The child must be trained to *worship*. To a worldly observer it may be an important fact that that mother morning and evening teaches her little ones to pray. Wait twenty years. Go into eternity, and see what momentous issues have come out of it. He must be trained to be *unselfish*. Carry him out of himself and the narrow sphere of his own wants, if you would have him filled with wisdom and the grace of God, as he increases in stature. Have two contrary examples before your mind; on the one hand, the holy child Jesus; on the other, a pampered child; one full of ambition, self-will; or one petulant and vain; one growing up only to look out for itself.

A word now on the method and means of accomplishing this. I will not here insist on the power of example and daily conversation as most fully uttering the real sentiments of parents, and as most powerfully affecting a child. But I would just suggest the important topic of children's literature; the books to be written for children, and the books to be selected by parents and teachers. If children are to wax strong in spirit, full of wisdom like Jesus, and to have the grace of God resting upon them, there is to be yet a great improvement in our books for children. Progress we have made, immense; and no sign of the age is more hopeful. But we are not yet arrived at a stage of sufficient heartiness, unsophisticated genuineness and individuality, for that perfection in children's literature which is needed. The Bible is, of course, a perfect book, even for children. Our hymns are very good. Our other poetry for children admits great advances. But amid the vast number of children's books now issued a judicious selection

must be made. If the book aims only to amuse, it must hold the place of a toy, and be resorted to only when any other toy would be in place. Its tone must be elevating. Its fiction must be truthful. It must give no false or exaggerated view of life, nor create a disrelish for its realities. Its good children must be children, and not aged ministers. They must not all necessarily die early. Its bad boys must not be any worse than many who will read the books, or than some they know. And, to secure the fullest benefits from reading, it might be a good custom for children to repeat at table their recollections of their reading in previous hours of the day.

We particularly need to have the minds of children brought into closer communion with nature; with this wonderful globe, full as it is of the riches of God's creative power; the monuments of human art, and the monuments of the heroic ages of the human race. Books for children ought to be museums in which Christian guides shall lead them to look aright on this wonderful world in which they live.

And a word more in regard to the method of training. There was, in the culture of the child Jesus, nothing forced, intellectually, physically, or morally. Mary did not complain that her boy was to grow up in that obscure village; or that his father was a country-carpenter that could not afford him many ad-

vantages. For his bodily growth his heavenly Father provided free mountain air, plain garments, simple food, the calm life of a retired village; for his intellectual growth, no modern hot-beds, but the synagogue, the Old Testament, the lilies, the birds, and the sower; for his spiritual culture, a godly father and mother, the sacred influences of home, where the seeds of a mighty future were planted, not displaying merely flowers, nor forcing precocious fruit.

Jesus increased in wisdom as he grew in stature. Dear children, are you like him in this? Wisdom is knowing God, and what he likes and dislikes. It is liking what God likes, and hating what he hates. Wisdom seeks communion with God. It seeks to imitate Christ. It seeks to become like him. Are you, then, growing in wisdom? Do you know more about God than you did a year ago?

Parents, is it your aim to set the Lord before your children and yourselves as the Pattern? That is Christian education which looks to him both as model and helper. Even the holy child Jesus needed "the grace of God" to be upon him. How much more do all other children! Mary met her solemn responsibilities, we do not doubt, by the most absolute dependence on that grace, and a constant supplication for its bestowment on her and her sacred charge.

INVISIBLE GUIDES IN THE PATH OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY REV. C. FOSTER.

To man is committed a fragment of the scroll of Time, on which he is to record his own destiny. The pen is carried along the life-page by the hand of the responsible human agent, while the traces it leaves are the exact transcript of the divine decrees. Yet

there are ever influences from finite sources swaying hither and thither the human purpose. The hand writes not steadily on, but it moves by impulses begotten within us and without us.

Life appears as a series of causes and

effects;— event is ever resulting from and ever producing event. A single circumstance of to-day, while depending upon some past contingency, may render fixed and certain an act of our own far in the future. It is this intertexture of events that constitutes the web of human destiny.

Motives of every kind may be regarded as guide-posts in each one's experience. They may point in a right or wrong direction. But they exist every where, — in the visible and in the invisible world; in external associations, and deep within the soul. They are often as mysterious and inexplicable as the causes of the various operations in nature. "Why did I do this?" is a question that has puzzled the strongest as well as the weakest minds. As the philosopher in his scientific investigations, so the student of human nature, who seeks to trace even voluntary acts to their source in the secret chambers of the soul, will often labor in vain. There are influences beyond the ordinary reach of thought which do much to make man what he is. It is well, indeed, that hours of self-examination sometimes come, — that the smoke from the altars of countless world-worshippers occasionally clears away, and reveals to the creatures of impulse the chains that bind them to the world around, and the star that is to guide them heavenward.

In the physical world, the invisible often rules and controls the visible. The most powerful agents in nature are seen only in the effects of their operation. This is the case with the mysterious principle, or subtle element, that gives vitality to the expanding germ or that shivers with a stroke the full-grown tree. The same truth holds good with reference to the domain of mind, which is itself invisible. There are imperceptible agencies ever at work, and ever exerting a wonderful influence on the destiny of each rational being so long as he tarries on earth.

Who is he that, poisoning the unstable balance of doubt and hope, shall dare deny that these moving impulses in the soul are sometimes expressions of the sympathy of those higher intelligences who execute the good pleasure of God, and who attend at his bidding? Space, limitless and vast, is the playground of the imagination. The wandering fancy meets there no real forms, save worlds whose paths may be calculated and shunned. Since, then, we shall not thus be in danger of encroaching upon preoccupied ground, let the air be peopled with unseen beings, let them hover about our pathway, and even influence us, not by mysterious sounds and cabalistic signs, but by a still, small voice which shall become familiar by its oft recurrence. When man is wearied with business and social activity, and goes forth to converse with Nature, though he would have it that the genial sun and heavens, and rural delights lure him thither, it may be the voice of a guiding angel, who speaks through these objects and calls him away from temptation, and bids him hold communion with his own heart and with his God. "Are they not all ministering spirits?"

Long ago, in a city of refinement and luxury, lived a man who believed that a guiding genius of the higher order of beings ever attended his steps, prompting him to the performance of the good. As years passed on the man obeyed, as if by habit, the instructions of this silent monitor, and though the wisdom of the present day may term it nothing but a sensitive conscience, the *daimonion* of Socrates might have been to the devout philosopher, in some sense, what he believed it to be, — a guiding spirit sent from above.

Poets, painters, and sculptors have moulded and clothed with artistic life bright images of the unreal, with a power which seems almost divine, or at least the result of a supernatural guidance. Coleridge's un-

finished poem is the offspring of a midnight vision, gliding, light and gay as a beautiful phantom, into the chambers of the soul, and then vanishing away as the waking consciousness of the author dispels the charm. Mozart was a visionary, and with sure presentiment composed his own requiem. To poetry and music these unseen influences become the breathings of an enraptured enthusiasm. They arouse the affections and the mental energies. They infuse into a cold and inanimate humanity a living fire.

But these are not the only forms of this mysterious working upon human life and human destiny. The mission of the unseen is not always a philanthropic one. There sometimes appears to be a power binding men to evil and destruction. Such is the strange influence that oftentimes urges a person into the very jaws of danger, and keeps him there as if in bravado; that power which Poe has so graphically termed, "the imp of the perverse." It is a fiend, who lurks about the summits of giddy heights. It keeps midnight vigils beside dark waters, and paints therein a heaven for the despairing. It bids a man play with death, and while caution is blinded and fear silenced, it slays its victim with his own weapon. Is it an unwarrantable superstition that leads us to *personify* such influences as these in speaking of them? Have not the Scriptures a Satan of whom they declare he leadeth men captive at his will? Judas, the self-murderer, was hurried on in the way of treachery and violence by the unseen agent who entered into him at the Supper. Surely the bad and the good, an innumerable host, attend the steps of the pilgrim, though he perceives them not. They wait, and press at all the susceptible points of the human heart. What a mystery is life!

There are certain unrecognized influences upon conduct and destiny, not to be con-

founded with personal agency, but which are so light and airy, so like phantoms existing only in dream-light, that it may be better to describe them as such. The *imagination* seems almost like an ideal spirit, which keeps by the side of man and is continually urging him to action. It joins company with the pilgrim of life before the understanding has ripened, and when experience has not yet added her sombre tints to the prospect of the future. It is the architect of air-castles, the enchantress of illusive visions, — only at times a true and faithful witness. Says Bishop Butler, in a sweeping declaration, "imagination is the author of all error." Yet this is one of the guides which men every where follow unconsciously. Every scheme for business or pleasure has for its basis some creation of the fancy; it may be good, it may be ill. The province of this spectral guide has often been thought to reach only to certain departments of art, but its domain is more extended. Its claim to the homage of the palette, the chisel, and the pen may have been oftener recognized, but it is not the less the omnipresent genius, and an impelling power in the workshop, the counting-room, and the public mart. It awakens dormant susceptibilities, stirs up human passions, and thus leads or drives men forward.

There is another indistinct moving agent that seems in a great degree to control our acts. The ghost of childhood reminiscences constantly haunts our later years and makes our destiny strangely subservient to it. The *ghost* of reminiscence, I say; *reminiscence* it is not, for the mind is conscious of no effort in thus recalling the past; it may not even perceive the impression, which is yet strong enough to modify the present act. Metaphysicians would call this the power of association. Thus the past comes in a shadowy form to mould the present. Youth has a silent, directing force upon every step

of advancing life. The pebble dropped in the stream of childhood has given to the current its peculiar direction and velocity.

There is a guardian power, a sister-spirit to the last; one whose presence is felt in many a lonely hour, and through whom, by lessons conveyed to the heart, the life is greatly modified. It is the messenger of affliction, who bears to the living sweet remembrance of the dead. Oh, thou mourner, in days long since gone, the angel with the sable wing has made thee in part what thou now art! Silently and imperceptibly has the work been done, not by deliberate and solemn reflection, not by posthumous communications and revelations to the outward sense, but by the impressions which the dear lost ones made on thy heart when they were with thee. If the spirit of man were to die with his body, his influence would yet remain. It would be felt by the living. The child at the dead mother's shrine may vow not, but the tear that falls on the cold marble is the seal to many an act yet unregistered upon the page of that opening life. The death-angel takes whatever is good and lovely in the life of the departed and bears it before, — a precious burden to be left for the pilgrim who comes after. It binds together in the soul of the survivor the mortal and the immortal, uniting the seen and the unseen world, as if by the patriarch's ladder, and so suffering the angels to ascend and descend.

These are some of the invisible powers which are concerned in the movement of that pen by which the record of individual destiny is made. Let it not be thought irreverent that we have given these influences a personality. Are not the conscience, the imagination, the memory, messengers of God? Do they not, as faculties of the mind, point back to a Sovereign Power whose agents they are? It was an act of divine providence that first subjected the soul in

its immortal destiny to these subtle yet far-reaching influences, and every step which man takes amidst this sentinel host of good and bad is watched and controlled by the God of providence.

Let the mythology of the ancients give a lesson to the Christian, who sometimes forgets the special divine act in the operation of these multiplied causes. There existed in the fabled Olympus, not alone a Jove who hurled the thunderbolt, but an Apollo who directed the swift shafts of pestilence. Minerva taught her votaries wisdom, and Ceres lent her valuable aid to the husbandman. Every department of action had its secret ministration. Propitiatory service characterized not only the public temples and shrines, but every fireside was an altar with its guardian penates, every grove and stream a sanctuary of rural divinities. Among the companions of man's thoughts were two genii who presided over his acts. The one disposed him to wrong conduct, the other inspired in him virtuous sentiments, and taught him what is excellent in action. The recognition of a supernatural influence over the most trifling human act thus held a place in the heathen philosophy and religion. We are not to deify means, but we may behold Deity working through these. Man should grapple with the evil in his circumstances, relying upon the divine arm for strength; and he should at the same time yield to the influence of the good, with full confidence in the assertion of the apostle, that "God is not far from every one of us."

The theoretical Christian is like a clock fully wound up, but with motionless hands and unswung pendulum; who would say to the Lord at his coming: "You see I am not run down, as *some* of my brethren are!" but whom the quick ear of the Prince of Darkness might never catch ticking!

PRINCESS ALICE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

It was only a geranium, with a single bunch of bright flowers nestled among the round green leaves.

"I brought you this," Maggie Burns said, as she sat it down beside her well-filled basket on the table. Mrs. Cameron glanced up from the sewing, upon whose endless seams she could afford to make but little delay when a visitor came in.

"Had you forgotten," said she, with a half smile, "that poor people must keep too busy in providing the necessities of life to find time to enjoy such little luxuries as this?"

A blank look came over the ripe cherry face of Maggie Burns. She had an intuitive perception that Mrs. Cameron, in her lonely and overtasked life, had a craving for the beautiful things of this world. Her mother had sent her to market that morning with the serving-man John, who was to bring home the materials for their own dinner; telling her to take a small basket for herself, and fill it with some of the fresh vegetables the season was pouring in, and take them round to Mrs. Cameron; and to bring with her, on her return, the roll of work which was probably finished by this time. When Maggie Burns went to market she always bought vegetables on the side where the flower-stalls were, so that she could have a good chance to look in upon the stalls and see if there was any beautiful thing there for which she could possibly find room on the crowded flower-stand on the back porch, or in the few little beds in the back yard. On this morning, as she passed up among the gay stalls, looking with a longing eye among the roses, and fuschias, and pansies,

and geraniums, this little gem of a "Princess Alice" caught her attention.

It was of exquisite shape, and the one bunch of soft pink flowers lay in the very centre of the convex surface of green it presented. Now Maggie had a "Princess Alice" at home, whose bright flowers she made love to every day, and she had also two or three finely growing slips that she had succeeded in starting for her friends, to whom she felt that she could convey no greater pleasure than to present them a geranium of this particular variety. So that there was no possible reason why she should buy this one, but still it was the loveliest she ever saw, and so cheap. But while she tried to tear herself away, a happy thought struck her. She knew that Mrs. Cameron loved flowers, and then the name was the same as that of her little girl, Alice. Yes, that was just the thing. Princess Alice, — she certainly never had seen a child in so poor a home who looked more like a princess than did little Alice Cameron. So the flower was bought, and added to the lettuce and asparagus, and the bowl of strawberries which she had already laid on the altar of charity, or, to speak less flightily, in the basket her mother had directed her to take to Mrs. Cameron. When the flower had been purchased, it occurred to her that the conveyance of it was not a very easy thing. When she bought flowers in the market for herself, she sent them home in one of John's baskets; but now John must go home at once, for it was time the dinner was in the cook's hands. It would not do to take him with her, and there was no other way but for her to take the plant herself. The pet was

rather large, and young ladies who wear dainty gloves, and are obliged to hold their dresses out of the streets, cannot afford to burden themselves very heavily. But Maggie Burns was not over dainty in any respect. She sent John home with an injunction to hasten, and asked the flower-woman to wrap the damp, mossy pot in a paper, and pressing it to her side with one arm around it, and her basket of vegetables on the other, she set off with as much independence as any market-woman in the land. To be sure there was danger of her meeting some of her fashionable acquaintance, and so she did. She had scarcely turned the second corner when Miss Penniman leaned from her carriage and bowed with a peculiar arching of the eyebrows. And when she drew herself in, she remarked to her aunt who sat beside her, that that Maggie Burns was so common and coarse in her habits. She lowered herself to such a degree that she thought she should really have to drop her acquaintance. Maggie's cheek flushed slightly on returning the recognition, for though she did not hear the remark that was made, she felt what would be the substance of it. But still she did not value the acquaintance of Miss Penniman sufficiently to let it interfere much with her own way of minding her own business. She felt no special delight in carrying heavy plant pots through the streets, but she was sure that if Mrs. Cameron admired the plant half as much as she did, it would more than repay her for her trouble. When, therefore, Mrs. Cameron met the gift with the remark about poor people's luxuries, Maggie felt some dampening of the ardor with which she had brought her offering. Mrs. Cameron saw this, and hastened to do away the impression she had made. "Do not think me ungrateful," said she, "for your beautiful gift. It only differs a little in kind from those with which you and your mother are always adding to my already

heavy weight of obligation. But you know that those who bring me work for charity would hardly approve the culture of useless luxuries among the needy. The basket of strawberries would come under the same head, but it will not last as long either for enjoyment or a reproof to me as the plant."

"Do you really think any one could object to your possession of a little plant?" said Maggie. "I am sure no one was ever so contemptible."

"Some of your friends might differ from you, my dear," said Mrs. Cameron, whose spirit had been roused that morning by one of the specimens of overbearing which people in her circumstances are so accustomed to meet. "A lady was here just now who refused to pay me full price for my work because she was sure I had too much, — I had made myself very comfortable with it, she said, and she knew it was too much."

"That was one of those who send you work in charity, I suppose," said Maggie. "There's a great deal of charity in that. I don't think it is any more of a charity for them to bring their work to you than it is for them to trade at Stuart's. Do you think Stuart calls that a charity?"

"It is a very different thing, my dear. I have no marble palace to command and control custom. It is a charity to bring me work as long as I have not obtained all that I need for my support."

"But you have all that you can do, haven't you? and it is poor charity to ask you to toil away over these garments for a less price than they would have to pay any where else."

"I have now all that I can do," said Mrs. Cameron, "but some of my present customers came to me when I had not. I ought not to have mentioned this, however. I shall nurse your plant without any reference to the remarks ill-natured people may make."

"Allie will take care of it," said Maggie to the little girl who had crept up to the table, and who stood on tiptoe looking eagerly at the plant. "Won't you Allie? You can fill your little mug and water it every day. It is named for you. That is why I bought it. It is 'Princess Alice.'"

A flash of light came up from the child's blue eyes into Maggie's face, but the look of keen delight was her only reply. Mrs. Cameron laid down the busy needle when she heard the name of the plant, and drew it towards her with a fond look. "It is very beautiful," she said. "What a kind thought it was of you, Miss Maggie."

"If I were you, I would put it out of doors," said Maggie. "Just there where you can see it from the window. The earth seems moist and soft. I had one last summer that covered two or three feet before the summer was out, and was a mass of bloom all the season."

Mrs. Cameron belonged to a family who, for two or three generations, had possessed more of culture than of wealth, and more of quiet respectability and excellence than of worldly friends. She had been known to Mrs. Burns for many years, in times when circumstances made them equals in the social scale. But fortune had smiled abundantly on the one, while the other had grown familiar with the storms of adversity.

When Mrs. Cameron was left a widow, with no possession but the little cottage she now occupied, and the small plot of ground about it, and burdened with the debt incurred from her husband's long sickness, and subsequent funeral expenses, people advised her to sell her house and pay off the debt. But the little home she claimed had been finished almost wholly by her husband's own hand during his leisure hours. Here she had sat beside him, while he contrived ways of doing a carpenter's work with his own hands. There he had fitted up every-

thing with loving care for her convenience. And in other places she had assisted him herself, painting the sashes of the windows or laying putty carefully over the nail heads, while he did heavier work. And both had been as happy as the robins are in fitting up their nests. She could not sell her home. The mere suggestion seemed like a blow to her, — almost as if they had asked her to sell her child. And, then, how could she take her precious Alice into a single poor room in a tenant house; for that was what she knew these people expected her to do. She could never pay off these debts and support herself from her wages at plain sewing, they told her. But Mrs. Cameron meant to try, and would only give up the attempt when a thorough effort had convinced her that it was impossible. There had been many hours of aching eyes and aching side since then, — to say nothing of the heart-aches that came to the lonely and weary woman, — but the debts were paid. The lot which had been originally destined to hold the body of a comfortable house, when prosperity had sufficiently smiled upon them, (for that now occupied was intended only for a wing,) she had rented to a German gardener, who raised cabbages and early cucumbers and tomato-plants thereon. It had been made into a vegetable garden during her husband's life, serving them in this capacity until it was called upon to bear the prospective dwelling. There had been a little flower-bed along the side of the house, but during her widowhood it had fallen into utter neglect, and the season before, Hans had spaded it up for the packing of surplus plants, but now it was empty, and on the evening after Maggie Burns's visit, Mrs. Cameron turned out the handsome geranium into it, planting it just under the window where she was accustomed to sew.

It grew to an enormous size, as Maggie Burns had said, and was a mass of bloom

all the season, and the delight with which Alice hung over it, fondling, without plucking the flowers, was a daily happiness to Mrs. Cameron.

One morning, as she sat down to her sewing, she observed that some one in passing had broken off a small stem from the plant, and it lay wet with the morning dew upon the walk. Pretty soon Hans came along, and stopped when he saw the sprig of geranium on the ground. He looked up till he saw Mrs. Cameron, and then holding up the stem to her said, "Good for nothing," in his chattering, broken way. Mrs. Cameron nodded, and Hans took out his knife, and cutting the end very smooth, and trimming off a part of the leaves, went and set it carefully in the hot-bed at the lower end of the yard.

"What is he going to do with it?" said Alice, who was standing by her mother's chair.

"I suppose he is going to make a new plant of it," said Mrs. Cameron.

"Will that grow? It hasn't got any roots to it, mamma."

"That is why he puts it in the hot-bed. He is going to make roots."

Alice was a child of few words, but there was a great deal of wisdom packed away under the wavy locks of her chestnut hair. The information that was given her she kept, and as she kept it it grew, for she was in the habit of turning it over and over in her mind, and, like a snow-ball rolled on snow, it accumulated.

She went out into the yard, and taking hold of a sprig of the geranium, similar to the one Hans had made into a slip, said to her mother, "May I have this?" "Yes," said her mother, and she broke it off, and going up to Hans, who was at work in the lower part of the garden, she handed it to him saying —

"I want you to put roots on this for me."

"Ha? He? What?" said Hans, chattering and bowing, for he was much better acquainted with the language of flowers than he was with the English language. Alice repeated her request, and now catching the full import of what she said, he burst out into a chattering laugh, and started off, gayly saying, "Yes, yes, yes; Hans put roots on, — Hans make roots."

"For me," persisted Alice.

"Yaw, yes, for you, — make roots for you," said Hans, putting it beside his own slip in the hot-bed.

In a few weeks he came to find the pot in which the plant had been brought from the market, and carrying it off to the hot-bed, he placed Alice's slip therein, and passing it to Mrs. Cameron, at the window, said, "It will grow all *weenter*," and so it did. When the frosty weather came, and the original "Princess Alice" began to feel the cold, Hans spoke to Mrs. Cameron about it.

"Him die!" said he, taking hold of some of the leaves as he passed the window. Mrs. Cameron nodded.

"Give me?" he continued. Mrs. Cameron saw what he wanted, and gave her consent, and the plant was taken up and cut into as many pieces as there were joints to form new plants, and before the winter was over Hans had a fine stock of fresh, thriving plants, growing in tiny pots in the little pit where he kept the things he had prepared for the spring sale.

Maggie Burns was informed of the fate of her gift, and had seen during her occasional visits the little plant that Allie Cameron had made *roots* for, from the original Princess Alice. And thinking that plants thrived well with the Camerons, she one day brought a couple of packages of seeds as a present for Allie. They were Carnations and Pansies, and had been sent to Maggie as rare seeds, but she had room

for only a few of them, and on giving them to Allie, she told her that they were very fine seeds, and that, if she would take as good care of them as she had done of the geranium, they would give her an abundance of beautiful flowers. Mrs. Cameron took them up, and seeing what they were, said that she believed they were somewhat difficult to manage. She remembered having tried to raise them when a girl, but she never had fine ones, and sometimes lost them all. She thought this was the case usually unless people understood them. "Perhaps Miss Maggie can tell you something about them," she added to Allie.

"Why, to tell the truth," said Maggie, "I don't know anything about the management of them. Sometimes we have fine ones, and sometimes not, and though I love them exceedingly, papa takes most of the care of them. But I remember to have seen an article on the care of pansies in papa's horticultural journal recently, and I will bring it down for you, if you will read it, Alice."

Alice's eyes sparkled. Something new to read was always a treat to her, and something about flowers was particularly attractive.

The magazine was brought, and, with its finely colored cuts, proved so interesting to the child that she read not only the article pointed out, but nearly everything else in the number. What she did not understand she read aloud to her mother, and the matters that interested her particularly, she also read aloud. And so great was her delight that many other numbers of the magazine also found their way to Mrs. Cameron's, and Allie, before she knew anything about arithmetic and grammar, was better posted in floral literature than many people who have *tried* to cultivate flowers for years. She had to wait some little time for her pansies and carnations to come into bloom, but her

"Princess Alice" was still charming her with its beauty, and when the new flowers came out, they proved so well the care they had, and were so very fine, that they well repaid her for waiting.

Hans was accustomed to have his "vrow" come round, and fill her baskets with the plants he raised, to sell about the streets or in the market. The first time she saw Allie's pansies she stopped, in great delight, and holding up her hand, exclaimed, "Goot, goot! Oh-h, much goot! — big, like Chermany." And after a day or two, she took hold of one of them, and by her gestures and broken speech, asked if she might put it in her basket to sell.

Now every plant differed from the rest, the seed having sported into a thousand varieties of shade and veining, and Mrs. Cameron and Alice had a special fondness for each one, but Hans had done a good many little jobs for their flower-bed, and Mrs. Cameron took up the plant for which she asked and placed it in her basket. When she came back the next morning, she stooped again over the pansies, and separating the single plants with her hands, motioned that she should have more to sell. "Much goot," she said. "Two shillings, every one."

Mrs. Cameron was working among the pansies, and she looked up at this.

"Did you get two shillings for them?" she said.

"Yes, yes; want more."

Mrs. Cameron looked over the bed; there were a hundred or two of them; she thought how long it would take her to earn with her needle as much as her bed of pansies would bring at that price. Then she took Hans's trowel, and removed three or four more of the plants to the woman's basket.

"You some monish; me too," said the Dutch woman, with a shower of queer, short nods back and forth. Mrs. Cameron smiled,

and went back into the house thinking how much her health had improved since she had had these flowers to call her occasionally out of doors, and how much easier it must be to bring money from such flowers than from the endless stitching to which she was subjected. If there could only be any considerable market for them at such a price; she wondered if there was. While she thought the matter over, she remembered that, in some of these horticultural magazines, she had seen it stated that the seeds of pansies were difficult to save, and that it was well to tie a bit of thin muslin over the pods when they were set, and, without scarcely knowing why, she went out and tied up in this manner such seed-vessels as she found; and then she tied on her bonnet, and went to market, for some of her stores were exhausted. She passed a flower-store, with a stall in front, just opposite the market, and, just as she came near, she saw that Hans's "vrow" was at this stall selling her plants. "How many of these flowers can you bring me?" she heard the man ask, as he removed the pansies to his stand. The Dutch woman had just discovered Mrs. Cameron's approach, and appealed to her for an answer.

"Do they belong to you?" said the man. "It's a pretty good price to pay for them," he continued, after receiving her answer; "but they are fair pansies, and I think I can sell what you will send me. We usually buy them for a much less price, but she (indicating the Dutch woman) knows how to make a bargain."

Mrs. Cameron never would have thought of asking this price for them herself, but she was sure the man would not pay it unless they were worth as much to him, and she replied that she could send him more the next morning at the same rate.

When her little marketing was done, she returned the same way, and seeing that one or two carriages had stopped at the flower-

stall, and that a crowd of ladies were about it, curiosity prompted her to make her way through the crowd. She paused a moment, and saw a lady, who had descended from one of the carriages, take up a pot containing one of her pansies, and inquire the price.

"Three shillings," replied the man promptly.

"Isn't that high for a pansy?" said the lady.

"Not for *such* pansies," was the reply. "Did you ever see such a pansy in your life?" and he raised the flowers between his fingers, and exposed them fully to view.

"Well, I'll take what you have," said the lady, casting a sweeping glance over the stall.

"Those two are sold?" said the man, setting aside two of the pots.

"Are they?" said the lady, with a frown.

"When can you send me some more?"

"To-morrow morning, ma'am."

"Well, send me a dozen just as fine as this, and a good variety of colors."

"Yes, ma'am, yes; to-morrow morning."

And, lifting up her sweeping robes, the lady returned to her carriage, and Mrs. Cameron went on her way wiser than she was before in matters pertaining to the flower trade. "Just as in other things," she said to herself. "It is only necessary to have *the best* to make them pass at any price."

The next year Mrs. Cameron reserved half of her little garden-plot for her own use, and let Hans have the other half rent free, in return for the assistance he gave her with her flowers. She made "the best" her motto, and spared no pains to get at a thorough understanding of what she was about, learning lessons daily from Hans's hot-beds and pits, and from the rain, and the sunshine, and the prosperity or the casualties of her flowers.

It was only a few years before the men at the flower-stores learned to send their orders to "Cameron's" to be filled, and their best customers were directed to the place to make their own selections. The greenhouses on the north side of the garden had crowded Hans entirely off the place, but he had now a little place of his own, just out of town, where he was doing very well, and he had secured a very good gardener, who was permanently in Mrs. Cameron's employ.

By the time that Alice Cameron began to show the stately grace of womanhood, her fingers had learned to be very busy in putting up bouquets for grand occasions, and in nursing and selecting the rarest flowers for the conservatories of the rich. There are always carriages in waiting before the doors of the greenhouses, and many of the young men who come there to procure bouquets for the ladies of their acquaintances have discovered that there is a "Princess Alice" presiding in the greenhouse at "Cameron's," more beautiful than even her favorite geraniums, and more attractive than all her stores of flowers.

Mrs. Cameron looks through the glass doors when she sees the same faces return more frequently than she likes, and thinks "This will never do; this is one of the evils of 'trade' for women. She must take Alice out of the greenhouse, although no one else will ever understand the plants so well as she. She cannot suffer her to be exposed in such a way." And, with this thought in her mind, she watches her daughter very carefully. But it needs little watching to show that Alice has listened well to her mother's cautious training. Let but one flippant remark be addressed to herself, and all the blood of the Camerons is in her cheek, while the clear, level glance of her eye cuts off all thought of familiarity before it has had time to show itself. Her mother sees this, and is satisfied, and as the months

pass on, she is convinced of what her early education taught her to doubt, — that even a young lady can enter into the more quiet avenues of trade, and not be contaminated. Alice knows that the acquaintances she forms in the greenhouse are only greenhouse acquaintances, and if any of them attempt to offer her a recognition or a compliment elsewhere, her manner reminds them at once that her knowledge of them extends not a whit beyond the purchase of a rose or a daisy.

Among the carriages that are accustomed to stop at "Cameron's," is that of Mrs. Wayland, whose maiden name was Maggie Burns, and whose conservatory is always filled with flowers which might well enough be called descendants of her "Princess Alice," since that plant has been the originator of the fine greenhouse from which they come.

When there comes a rainy day or a time when she thinks Alice can be spared from home, she sends the carriage for her to spend the day, for she thinks she and her children can find few better companions than the young lady she has known so well from childhood. It has been rumored, of late, that a young man of excellent Christian character, and good business connections, has really managed to place himself on a footing of permanent friendship with the stately and reserved Alice Cameron. Whether he did this through the intervention of the Waylands, or in what way, we cannot tell, but we believe Mrs. Cameron has removed her daughter almost wholly from the greenhouse, and is wondering whether she shall ever succeed in fitting any one else to fill her place. The young man in question suggests that the greenhouse shall be sold, but Mrs. Cameron dislikes to part with that which has been the source of so much happiness and prosperity to her. Yet we should not wonder if, when Alice removes to another

home, she should feel that she must take her mother with her ; and if any of our readers are wishing to obtain a well-established business of this kind, we think they

cannot do better than to rent or purchase the establishment of Mrs. Cameron, if they can obtain it.

OUR OLD DISTRICT SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY REV. I. N. TARBOX.

ALL, hail ! thou lowly house of learning,
Where girls and boys for knowledge yearning
(Though quite as much for frolic burning)
 Used to assemble,
And, o'er their books and papers turning,
 To sit and tremble ?

Our master, Mr. Jones or Brown,
Great man, because from out of town,
Would bring his foot and ferule down,
 In style most smashing ;
Threat'ning, with wild terrific frown,
 To rogues, a thrashing.

There love first fired our boyish fancies,
As we indulged in stolen glances,
Among the pretty Janes and Nancies,
 That sat around us,
Whose eyes, the while, shot fiery trances,
 To hit and wound us.

But who can paint the rare delight,
When on some clear cold winter night,
By aid of feeble candle-light,
 We met for spelling ;
Filling the neighborhood with fright
 By dint of yelling ?

Then, oh, what glorious racing, tumbling,
Shouting and groans and threats and grum-
bling,
Chairs, brushes, tables, rolling, tumbling, —
 The snowballs flying,
Girls chased by tyrant boys, now stumbling,
 Then mad and crying.

Now for intellectual fight ;
The chosen sides to left and right,
Like hostile armies full in sight,
 Stand face to face ;
Let glory on our side alight,
 And not disgrace !

Hard words, like bullets fly about,
Putting the blockheads soon to rout,
A sturdy few still stand it out
 And hold their ground :
At last, one lucky champion stout,
 Waits to be crowned.

I tread this sacred ground once more,
And little children, as of yore,
Crowd in and out the open door,
 In mirth and play :
My thoughts are in the years before
 Far, far away.

In these soft faces, I can trace
The forms and looks of other days,
The Johns and Susans of my plays, —
 And this is why,
I stop in silent thought to gaze,
 With moistened eye.

And so roll on the flying years,
Bringing new heirs to joy and tears, —
To share the old hopes with the fears :
 So life moves on ;
And soon the night of death appears,
 And we are gone.

THE SYROPHŒNICIAN WOMAN.

BY A. S. BROWNE.

MARK vii. 24-31.

THE orient sky was ruddy with the tints
 Of morn, for gloriously the sun had spread
 His herald rays, and they were flashing back
 From Sidon's walls and Tyria's gilded turrets
 Beauty and newborn gladness everywhere.
 Upspringing from his downy rest,
 How many a buoyant heart, refreshed
 By "Nature's sweet restorer," bounded forth
 To toil, to love, to happiness, in fair
 Phenicia's borders, — in the princely halls,
 And in the humbler cot; for nature finds
 Her lovers and admirers in all walks
 Of life. But there was one, — one pleasant
 home,
 Where the morn brought but weariness and
 woe.
 Though the day broke and filled the rooms
 with light,
 Dimly the night-lamp burned upon its stand,
 Forgotten and unminded all by her
 Whose pale, fair face, and troubled brow
 Bespoke a tireless watcher. All night long
 Had she been wrapped in anguish; anguished
 prayer, —
 Her last resort. For days, and weeks, and
 months,
 Till hope had gone away, had her proud
 heart, —
 Her *mother*-heart, — been racked with woe
 and care
 For one, — oh! young, and beautiful, and
 loved, —
 An idol daughter, whose fair mind was gone,
 And in its place a foul, black plague-spot lay.
 Wild, hideous, and fearful were her words
 And acts, impure, and loud, and impious.
 One fragile arm alone could stay her wrath,
 And 'gainst *that* arm full oft her rage was
 spent,
 Till the poor mother, with her wearing woe,
 Sank down, helpless and hopeless in despair.
 That night the unclean spirit had assumed

Another and a darker phase. Morn broke
 In glorious beauty and in gladness,
 Sending its happy cheer to all, — but *she*,
 Pale, hope-wrecked one, — lay on the ground,
 watching
 And moaning by her raving child.

There was a gentle tap upon the door,
 And then a hasty footstep ushered in
 The kind intruder.

 "Neighbor — poor Lydia —
 Rouse thee! and haste to come with me! —
 Jesus,
 Whom they call CHRIST, hath come to us, and
 lodged
 Last night within my father's house! He seeks
 For rest and secrecy; the multitudes
 Have thronged and followed him, till he is faint
 For quiet and repose; and I perhaps
 Am wrong to publish his retreat, — but I,
 I thought of thee and thy poor child, and
 thought
 No more."

 "God bless thee, Isara! Stay thee
 But one small moment by her side."

 She sped —
 She flew — winged by the mother's heart, nor
 paused
 Until she knelt at Jesus' feet, praying
 The Sovereign Healer for her child.
 The blessed Jesus looked upon her face
 With sterner eyes than the warm gushing up
 Within his heart reflected; but he sought
 Thereby to try her faith, and veiled himself
 With a cold brow and silent lip. Yet prayed
 She earnestly, more earnestly, — "Mercy,
 Jesus — have mercy on my child, — mercy,
 O Lord, thou son of David, upon me!"

She had been wakened from despair, — was it
 That she might plunge the deeper there?
 No, no,

She could not — *could* not fail! She *could*
not sink!

The promised Christ, the messenger of love,
Of mercy from forgiving God, was *there*, —
And he *must* hear her, for she had no help
Beside; His was the power, — she could not
stay

Her words, she must still plead!

And at his feet

Closer she clung, with clasped hands, upraised
In holy reverence and worship due.

Her earnest eyes forgot to weep, but beamed
With trustful love, as, more subdued, but not
Less earnestly, again she cried, "*Help me,
Lord, help me!*"

The Master bent his searching glance
Full on her pallid face, with less, perchance,
Of sternness than before, as low he spake, —
"It is not meet to take the children's bread,
And cast it unto dogs! Shall chosen Israel
Be defrauded, that the Gentiles may be fed?
Let God's first chosen first be healed!"

Meekly

She answered, still with pleading hope, "Yes,
Lord!

Yet the dogs under their master's table
Eat of the children's crumbs!"

In tenderness

And marvelling, the Saviour answered her, —
"Great is thy faith, O woman! Go thy way,
And be it unto thee even *as thou wilt*."

The overjoyous mother wept her thanks, —
Then weak with sudden hope, tottered her way
Back to her sunny cottage dreamily.

Isara met her at the door in tears
Of sympathetic joy; — for on a couch
The raving maiden lay, smiling and calm,
No longer face-distorted and *so* wild,
But sleeping quietly with even breath,
As if an angel's lip had whispered peace
Unto the troubled waters of the soul.
Glad Lydia knelt in ecstasy, but ere
Her trembling lip had touched the sleeper's
brow,

The closed lids opened, and the folded arms
Were wrapped about her in a close embrace,
And a sweet voice she had not known for
years

Came back murmuring, "*Mother, — mother!*"

FUNERAL CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS AMONG THE NEGROES IN JAMAICA, W. I.

BY REV. A. M. RICHARDSON, LATE MISSIONARY.

IN sketching some of the heathenish rites, still practised among the more ignorant and degraded portion of the colored population of Jamaica, a word of explanation is due. These customs were imported from Africa, whence many of the old people were stolen, long years ago, and sold in the West Indies for slaves. And the practice of these rites, in their more revolting forms, is mostly confined to these native Africans, and those of their descendants, who have not been brought under the influence of religious instruction, or felt the saving power of gospel truth. Nor do *all* these absurd and wicked practices obtain in any given locality; but they pre-

vail to a greater or less extent, as ignorance and superstition abound.

When a person dies, the friends present often give way to the most noisy and frantic expressions of grief, — shrieking, groaning, wringing their hands, embracing the lifeless clay, calling upon the spirit to return, and reproaching it for having left them. Calabashes and other vessels in the house, containing water, are emptied of their contents. The reason assigned is, that *death has cooled his dart in them*, and if the living drink of them, they too will die.

The burial, in that climate, usually takes place within twenty-four hours after the de-

mise, and often at evening or in the cool of the day. In the country districts, it is the uniform practice for each family to bury in its own yard, as the country is so mountainous, and the roads (or paths) so steep and rugged, that the transportation of a corpse is almost impossible. A grave is dug, by the near relatives, and under the shade of a cocoa-nut or mango-tree, and a rude coffin made from boards of red cedar. The night that intervenes between death and interment is spent by a large company in feasting, drinking, singing, and carousing, much after the fashion of "*Irish wakes*," of which we have all heard or read. A candle is kept burning at the head of the corpse, to keep away the "*Duppees*," or spirits.

They imagine that the spirit of the deceased does not immediately leave the body after death,—some say, not till the *third* day, others not until the *fortieth*,—evidently borrowing the dates of Christ's resurrection and ascension, and mingling them with their crude, superstitious ideas. They often act as if their deceased friend were present, and conscious of what was taking place at his funeral,—will pretend to consult him, and receive intimations, respecting the place and manner of burial, and the disposition of his property, and worldly affairs. Each member of the family is expected to take formal leave of the departed, "and shake the cold hand," as they term it. Little children are sometimes passed to and fro over the coffin, to allay the spirit, that it come not back to trouble them. I have frequently heard them, holding imaginary conversations with their departed friends,—asking 'why they went away?—were they not well treated? and the like. Or extolling their good qualities, thanking them for favors, and sending messages by them to the spirit-world.

When they are ready to proceed with the body to the place of burial, the bearers will take it up, and lay it down repeatedly, before

carrying it away, in order to quiet and reconcile the spirit to its body's change of place. The scene often becomes exciting and revolting in the extreme. "In proceeding to the grave they sometimes run with the coffin, as though the occupier of it were anxious to arrive at his last home, or make a sudden halt, under the notion that he refuses to proceed. Or, running from side to side, they will pretend to gather some intimations about the restlessness of the deceased, on a variety of points." Such occasions are sometimes taken advantage of, to enforce the collection of debts due the deceased, or for purposes of exaction and fraud. If the funeral occur in a village, the corpse, borne on the heads of two men, is carried from house to house,—ostensibly, "to take leave" but in reality, to make drafts of money, provisions, or rum, on the superstitious inmates. And there is no resisting the dun of the dead man! For his remains are left at the door, or in the house, of the unfortunate debtor, and he obstinately refuses to be removed, or buried, until his demands are satisfied! And such is their superstitious dread of incurring his displeasure, and receiving a supernatural visitation, that no one dare remove the body, save those who brought it. Nor are *they* likely to undertake, unless bribed by liberal potations of rum, or other "creature comforts."

While their external manifestations of grief are often wild and extravagant, they are frequently mingled with those of an opposite character. I have sometimes been greatly shocked, at their rudeness and levity while burying their dead. If the grave chanced to be a little too small, I have seen a man jump into it, and standing on the coffin, endeavor to force it to its last resting-place! It is but right that I should add, that in this case the man was disguised with liquor, and paid no regard to the expostulations of those around him. Lime-juice is

frequently poured into the grave, and fowls are sacrificed over it, while a calabash of food is left upon it for the use of the departed. The night following,—like that preceding the burial, is spent in noisy revelling and feasting, and in the riotous scenes of the “Jumbee (spirit) dance.” None of all the hallowed influences and tender impressions of a *Christian* “house of mourning” are found there. Every effort is made to inflame the appetite, and excite the mind to a forgetfulness of the solemn nature of death, and the relations of the soul to a future world. Even among those not actually heathenish, there is too often a stoical indifference that finds expression in the familiar, but unchristian phrase,—“God’s will *must* be done!” No stone marks their places of burial. A branch of the oleander, acacia, or flowering hibiscus, planted at each end of the grave, takes root, and becomes a touching *living* memento of the resting-place of mortality; while its fadeless verdure is a beautiful emblem of that glorious immortal-

ity, for which the human soul is a candidate. I cannot close this hasty sketch without alluding to the cheering, hallowed, and refining influence which the gospel exerts upon the human heart, in connection with the closing scenes of our earthly existence. How it chastens the sensibility, tempers our grief, and sheds a heavenly radiance around the portals of the tomb! I do not wonder that those poor deluded negroes would fain drown their sad thoughts in the Lethe of forgetfulness. How utterly dark and rayless must the future appear, unless illumined by the beams of gospel light and truth! Many of them, we trust, have learned what life and death are, in their relations to that endless future. And they have learned to bless God, for that light which reveals to them “their danger, and their refuge too.” The Christian missionary finds no sweeter joy, than in carrying the balm of gospel grace to those benighted ones, bidding them look to him who hath “borne their griefs and carried their sorrows.”

HYMN FOR OUR COUNTRY.

BY J. H. M.

INCLINE thine ear, O Lord, to-day,
And hear our humble prayer, —
As low we bend before thy throne,
And seek thy favor there.

As thou didst lead our fathers o’er
The dark and wintry sea,
And teach them in the wilderness
To love and worship thee;

As thou didst guide and strengthen them
In council and in fight,

And lead them on to victory
For freedom, truth, and right;

So, Lord, be thou our leader now,
While we that right maintain!
Go thou before, and fight for us,
Till we the victory gain!

And may our country still march on,
The first in Freedom’s van,
Upholding, as our fathers did,
The sacred rights of man.

MEMORIES AND HOPES.

BY KATE BARCLAY.

I sit beneath the tree that shadows our household graves. A hallowed spot! kindly bestowed, in our hour of need, as a gift of love by one now resting near,—one who on New Year's eve, not long ago, so calmly laid him down to sleep, and, ere the midnight watch, woke in heaven. How chaste his monument! how strikingly true his epitaph! —“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.” Blessed is his memory, ever blessed, and doubly hallowed is this sacred spot.

Green and smooth are the grassy beds of my three sisters here sleeping side by side. A lovelier trio was not to be found. Fondly, and longingly, and often do we come to this their resting-place. Now, brightly and warm the golden sunlight falls. Beautifully soft and clear float the clouds above. Nature's own lulling music is all around. Not a moving form is seen, not a footstep heard. Alone! yet not alone, for this has been an hour of sweet communion with the holy, of fond memories of the loved, and dear imaginings of their present bliss.

Eighteen, nineteen, twenty, are the ages marked upon the marble. Death drew them thus together.

“In Heaven's own time we'll meet again.”

“A flower unfaded, yet prepared to die.”

“Faith and hope triumphed.”

To the world these simple lines tell their brief history. In the hearts of their friends are volumes written.

More than fourteen years ago we laid dear Maggie here,—oh no, God took her to himself. 'Twas but the casket that had contained the precious jewel. This quiet spot

became its sacred resting-place till the bright jewel be returned in immortal beauty to claim its polished casket once again.

Only one year later, sweet Carrie, too, was taken by the angel, up to God, and her earthly form, frail, delicate, pure as it seemed, was softly laid beneath this sod to wait its glorious summons. God's ways were not as ours, but “He doeth all things well.” For these two, so dear in life, in death so scarce divided, how sadly have we mourned. How cherished in our hearts with fondest care, the memories of those last dear hours ere shining wings were theirs, and they were called to wait our coming in a better world.

Already have they waited not in vain, for *one*, the youngest, and the fairest, has heard the call, and plumed her wings, and gone to join the angel band.

Three years ago to-day, our darling Lizzie's form was laid beside the sisters she had mourned. *Three years ago! three years ago!* How can it be? 'Tis but as yesterday she soared away,—but yesterday her sweet last words fell softly on our ears; her messages of love thrilled through our hearts, as her almost angel spirit pointed us to heaven with such sweet, precious hope. “You'll all come soon!” Sure 'twas but yesterday we dressed her in her simple robe of white, so life-like and so chaste, and gently laid her on her side, with one hand underneath her cheek, as it had often pressed her pillow when her eyelids drooped. Then, decked her hair with flowers, sweet emblems of herself, and clasped her taper fingers round the buds and blossoms she had loved. How beautiful she looked. But, in her spot-

less purity she lay, unconscious of it all, unheeding all the loved ones near, giving no answer to our heartfelt fondness, no sympathy to our tears. 'Twas so unnatural, it could not be herself. And when we turned away, and slowly followed to the grave, almost our very hearts believed spirit and body too had gone to heaven, and but her body was placed here.

Three years ago! In sad reality long weary years, when oft our eyes have overflowed, our stricken hearts bent down beneath their sorrows, while naught could fill the "aching void" within our home where the loved one was so missed.

We gaze upon her likeness, and multiply its copies; but her beautiful bright eye beams not upon us with its living lustre, and her full rich lip answers not to our call. We hear no more the soft music of her voice, and the keys of our instrument are no more made to give forth *such* melody as when *her* slender fingers dwelt lovingly upon them. Oft in the twilight, her chosen hour, unconsciously we listen for it,—but she is not here. Oh! MEMORY, how many treasures hast thou in store! — and when we call them up, one by one, *the past is as the present*, and we almost forget the dark days between. We enter your silent realm, and again we wander with her here and there, again we sit beside her in her favorite seats, and mingle our occupations with hers. Her books, her papers, her music, her work, are all here. Now one occupies the attention, then another. Never idle, her busy fingers and busier thoughts ever active, her unselfish spirit ever prompting some beautiful memento of affection, some labored gift of love.

The scene is changed. Softly we move around the bed on which she lies, every nerve quivering with pain, every sense quickened in intensity. Voices are hushed to their lowest whisper, and each step falls with the lightest tread. Ice cannot cool her burn-

ing brain, and means of relief seem powerless in mortal hands. Patiently, meekly, uncomplainingly she lies still and endures. Days and weeks pass on almost changeless and unheeded. Nature yields, and the spirit rises in its beauty and its strength. She knows that she must die, and calmly, trustingly, sweetly breathes out her life. Oh! that tender affection for the dear ones around her,—those loving words, so sweetly whispered in our ears,—those parting gifts,—those last kind messages from dying lips, with the oft-repeated assurance, "You'll meet me in heaven," "You'll all come soon," "There we shall suffer no more, and part no more." Quietly she "sleeps in Jesus, and is blest."

"'Tis difficult to feel that she is dead,
Her presence, like the shadow of a wing
That is just given to the upward sky,
Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,
And for her step we listen, and the eye
Looks for her wonted coming with a strange
Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel
That she will no more come,—that, from her cheek
The delicate flush has faded, and the light
Dead in her soft deep eye, and on her lip,
That was so exquisitely pure, the dew
Of the damp grave has fallen! Who hath walked
The earth with such a winning loveliness,
And on its brief bright journey, gathered up
Such treasures of affection? She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere, the daily joy
Of all who on her loveliness might gaze,
And, in the light and music of her way,
Have a companion's portion."

Oh faithful MEMORY, be true to your trust, for only in your realm can we meet again our darling LIZZIE, till we wander with her beside the living streams, and sit with her in heavenly places. The grass on this now green grave will wither, the flowers fade, the bright sunlight go out in darkness. But thou, dear sister, art clothed in immortal beauty, and dwellest in living light.

"In the silent tomb
Where thou art laid, thy kindred shall find room;
A little while, a few short years of pain,
And one by one we'll come to thee again;

Thy kind old father shall seek out the place,
And rest with thee, the youngest of his race ;
Thy dear, dear mother, bent with age and grief,
Shall lay her head with thine in sweet relief ;
Sisters and brothers, fond, faithful friends,
True from the first, and tender to the end,—
All, all, in his good time who placed us here,

To live, to love, to die and disappear,
Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,
Beneath the shadow of this spreading tree ;
With thee to sleep through death's long dreamless
night,
With thee rise up and bless the morning light."

AMUSEMENTS.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE, D.D.

ON one occasion, a theological student, laying down his Greek Testament and Lexicon, said, "Now, I am going to pitch quoits for the glory of God."

This was a singular remark, and startling perhaps, but was it not morally right? If it was made because it was odd, because it would shock the hearer's ideas of what was becoming, or was not made in a devout spirit,—with feelings in accordance with what the words imported,—then it was wrong; but not otherwise. Says an apostle: "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." If quoits, therefore, may be pitched, they should be pitched for the glory of God, and it is proper for the person who is about to pitch them with this object in view, to mention it.

But is it possible to pitch quoits for the glory of God? Is it not simply an amusement, and generally regarded as such? and is there not a want of fitness, to say the least, in speaking of engaging in an amusement for God's glory? This must be determined by the nature of any particular amusement. If there is no necessity for it, if it is a mere waste of time, if it incapacitates or disinclines us for serious business, then it is not allowable; but if in the foundation of our nature there is "a needs be" for it, if it invades not what is dignified, rational, and immortal in us, but recreates our intellectual and bodily faculties, and sends us to our graver employments with increased zest and

power, then it is proper. Gaming, balls, the theatre, social drinking, and all amusements which debilitate the body, enervate the mind, or inflame the passions, are unjustifiable: but amusements against which no such charge can be sustained, but from which positive good proceeds, may be resorted to for the glory of God, and the glory of God be promoted thereby.

That theological student, if a Christian, had dedicated himself to God. To him belonged all his mental and physical powers by an unreserved, hearty consecration of them to his service. And if his mind,—for

"The mind is like the bow,
O'er-bend it and it breaks,"—

jaded by continuous and close application to Testament and Lexicon, needed that relief which corporeal exercise and recreation impart, then did he his duty by putting them aside on that occasion, and engaging for a time in the healthful, physical, manly training and amusement of pitching quoits. And if, in so doing, he truly had what he said that he had, the glory of his Lord in view, the approving eye of the divine Master was upon him while thus conscientiously occupied; and with bloom upon his cheeks, vigor in his nerves, and augmented energy of holy principle in his soul, did he return to his studies, the better prepared to prosecute them successfully, and to "endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

THE INVITATION.

BY L. E. L.

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Sweetly and full of hope the words fell upon the ears of the multitude, as they were gathered together for the yearly sacrifice. From all parts of Judea they had come to offer at the nation's altar their thank-offering, and in accordance with the teachings of their fathers, to look through these sacrifices to that *other* which was in him to come to be offered for them, to the "Fountain" which was to be opened for all sin and uncleanness."

Yet, strong as their faith might be in the ancient prophecies, and firm as was their belief in the promised Messiah, many of that great assembly looked forward, with vain, unconquerable longings for the fulfilment of the promises given to the fathers. Hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life, these faint types could not satisfy the longing soul, and while they chanted the praises of God as they wended their way to the temple, many a silent prayer was offered that Israel's Deliverer might shortly appear.

The yearly sacrifice was offered,—the water, faint type of the "Living Stream," was silently flowing down the steps of the sacred altar, and Israel, thirsting, fainting Israel, was about to depart unrefreshed by a drop of the pure "Water of Life." But hark! A voice is heard in their midst, the tones of which fall upon the multitude with an electric power, and with melting tenderness a stranger speaks. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

"Who is this stranger?" they ask among

themselves,—those hungry, thirsting ones,—
"is it—can it be He of whom the prophets spake?" They recall to their minds faint rumors they had heard of one who had been seen among them of late, healing their sick, raising their dead, and of whom even their rulers were constrained to say, "Never man spake as this man."

They look again,—there he stands with outstretched arm,—his countenance full of love and tenderness, and they cannot mistake the heavenly features of the "Prince of Peace." Heedless of the scoffings of those about them,—leaving there the altar yet wet with the prophetic type, with joy they flock around the present living "Fountain," and their souls thirst no more.

Centuries have passed since then, yet, as we read this simple record from the pen of him whom Jesus loved, we seem carried back to that "last great day of the feast," and our own souls thirsting, perchance, for that same "water, long to drink at the Fountain Head." We would see the living, breathing Jesus, and hear from his own gracious lips the words, "Come unto me." Faint and weary, striving, it may be, to find at other than the true source the Living water, we long, oh! how intensely, to "see Jesus."

To *us* there are addressed these words of Jesus. Not to those of old alone were the words of this salvation spoken, but to *all* the invitation is given,—*"Whosoever will, let him taste of the water of life freely."* The Fountain, ever full, ever open, shall yield all needed supply.

AGNES ST. ELIN.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

[CONTINUED.]

BETWEEN the Church of St. Denis and its magnificent forms of service and the severe simplicity of the worship of Cobden Kirk, there was a latitude which could only be measured by the difference in the two clergymen. The rector would scarcely have been pleased if any one had called him old, and he took the best of care to keep age at bay; so good, in truth, that were it not that the heart's doors now and then swung a little apart, and revealed the shrivelled, burned, and blackened interior, no one would have accounted him aged. His figure was rounded and his face ruddy, and he wore a very youthful smile for his patrons and people, for they were all rich in this world's goods. Else they were protégés of the rich, and it became him to be very comforting to such. To listen to his soothings, one would have supposed he had dipped his hand into the very chrism of peace, and the words rippled over his lips like water over white pebbles, and made music to the ear as well as heart.

It was very strange, with his delightful social qualities, handsome physique, and splendid living, that he had not won some beautiful woman to his home; at least, it was a marvel to the world generally, and one of vexation to heads of large families of daughters, whose adaptedness to the position of pastor's wife could be summed up in one compound word, namely, — *unprovided-for*.

Why the rector of St. Denis was a lone occupant of the rectory, no one could tell but himself, and he dare not. Devotedness to his calling was the one he gave, with a

deep sigh of self-abnegation, when the subject was touched upon sympathetically by any member of his flock. Justin Ritchie was too far beneath him, possessing only the occupancy of a curate's position, for companionship, and the intuitions of the younger clergyman measured the soul of the rector, and he did not crave his society or advice.

Cobden Court was a fitting place to work out great possibilities, and quite as much of heathendom as is to be found in proud Christendom. The people possessed just sufficient enlightenment to be very wicked. There seems to be a subtle power in evil when it is found under the eaves of the church. The mixture of the good and bad is worse than the latter when unadulterated. That is, there is no mixture to make it admissible to even a very shadowed conscience. But the seed was being sown by Justin Ritchie, and watered by the child-minister Agnes St. Elin; but the seed is not the blossom, nor yet the fruit, and we must wait. Some people find comfort in the adage that "the world was not made in a day." We confess we do not. At least it don't soothe one who tries to see the end from the beginning, and almost all workers struggle against the dividing shadow in their hearts, if they do not permit their lips to utter words of impatience.

Agnes possessed unconsciously a most valuable medium of good in her semi-teutonic foster-father and mother. They possessed elements of goodness, incomplete and very subject to misconstruction, it is true, but they were strong characters. The dame,

as Cobden Court called her, had become very much softened by the care of little Agnes, and not so denunciatory of unkempt children and illy kept houses. To be sure she had proved that a child in the house did not preclude the possibility of a tidy floor, and that neat clothing was not an impossibility to the poor, but she was tenderer in her ways, and sweeter in her words and voice. She keyed her tones to the little one's, and grew in a manner saintly, where she had been only notable before. Carl, the boss, was just as busy, just as exacting of the laborers in the factory, but his ways were less arrogant, and what he demanded before he only asked now, and his commands were softened by an appearance of deference which made them more easy of compliance. There was a something in the child undefinable, it is true, but which half awed the good woman, and she held her in reverence. She never presumed to add her own name to that of St. Elin, and if she ever thought of such a thing she never gave the idea utterance. She could not send the little creature to the charity school, for she could not assimilate with the physically coarse in their habits and modes of recreation or study, and the poor dame was sorely puzzled about the child's mental culture, until the young pastor opened a way which delighted the features of the waif.

He would teach her thrice a week himself, and it should be his recreation.

And so the new life began to both of them. The long summer mornings and the short winter afternoons were too quick for both. Books were mastered easily enough, but that was a small part of the child's education. On the low hard settee, they sat side by side and talked on and farther on in the mysteries of the yet to come in this life, of those strange questions so vital to society and its happiness and progress, and the dame dropped her knitting and wondered at it all,

and questioned herself if it were Greek they were speaking.

And now that ten years had been passed at Cobden, and the people grew no richer in this world's goods, and there was not the least prophecy that such a thing could ever come to them as worldly comfort, they were opening their hearts to the young pastor's instructions, and believing that there was a mansion for them not made with hands, where no call to early labor and no iron whirl of wheels would make their very thoughts metallic. They did not know that they were happier, nor that the odor of the court was less offensive to visitors than years before, so slow and sure had been the reformation. When the example of the court, Agnes's new mother was arrogant in her superiority of thrift and cleanliness. They resented her example, even, and quarrelled outright with her reproving; but now she was so changed, so softened, that unconsciously they received her example, and slowly followed after her.

The handiwork of household duties were conquered by the delicate fingers of the child, and many a mysterious bit of feminine work was accomplished by the intuitive knowledge the little creature had gathered to herself.

She read the Bible to the invalids who would listen to it from no one else, not even the curate himself, and the firm, soft tread of her little feet was soothing to the sick after the wearied shuffle of the overworked people who tried in their poor way to care for them, and make them comfortable.

Oh, but it is a sad thing to be poor and sick! — so poor that the common blessings, even, of life are withheld, and it is not strange that the stricken are doubters of God's infinite and universal love. From afar off they see plenty, and feel as Dives felt when gazing upon heaven, and they writhe there in the dark. Suffering makes

them blind, and if they could but grasp God's hand, and be led by his mysterious providences, the dawning of that fearful explanatory light would reveal the truth that it is not by paths of roses, nor on beds of down, that the father leads his own, or permits them to repose.

Agnes was æsthetic by nature, and a less sweet temperament would have quarrelled at the necessity which doomed her to such coarse surroundings. Fortunately, she possessed a strong imagination, and her fancy covered defects and wants about her with a half stern drapery of poetry. She drew pictures from that most poetic of all books, the Bible, of the lives of the beloved chosen of Christ, and soothed her disturbed tastes by their greater claim to beautiful creations, and their lesser worldly possessions.

Once, only once, she had been to the Church of St. Denis, and the oriel window, and the pictures over the altar, when the western light flooded through, sent her thoughts wild after the heretofore-undreamed-of beauty which she knew was hidden from her eyes by Cobden Court. She knew she was an alien in the element in which she dwelt, quite as much by her intuitions, as by

the story of her mysterious mother. Sometimes she longed for a different life, — the little creature, half woman and half babe; but the good Father revealed her mission to her in her tender years by making her love him, and by a *more* precious gift than even a throne with measureless kingdoms, — abiding faith in his constant watchfulness and care, and in his divine purposes even in the smallest event in life.

The rector of St. Dennis saw, with a not too gratified feeling, the good growing up at this poor parish, and that its influence was being felt by his own wealthy patrons, who were growing richer still by the more faithful discharge of the duties of their dependants, — the laborers at the mills. There was a perceptible nervousness of manner in the rector when the curate's faithfulness and influence was mentioned which did not escape even his most devoted admirers.

He could not endure a rival near his throne of popularity, and his friends excused it upon the plea that few of us are willing to grow old, and be crowded aside by younger and stronger warriors in the battle of life. Poor humanity!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACTS AND THEIR LESSONS. — NO. V.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

It is related of a very tender and affectionate mother, that she proceeded to punish her disobedient boy. She had often chastised him, though it was a duty so painful to her that her feelings found relief only in tears. On the occasion named, the boy knew what to expect, and, as his faithful mother came with her rod, he exclaimed, weeping, "O, dear mother, whip me, but don't cry."

He had learned that tears and a whipping went together, and he dreaded the former far more than the latter. He could not endure to see his mother in tears in consequence of his disobedience. This was too much even for his unruly spirit. He could submit readily to the castigation, if she would only keep back her tears. The rod could not cry, so that he could yield to its rule very comfortably. But mother's tears he dreaded.

There is an important lesson in this incident. It was not so much the whipping, as a mother's grief at his disobedience, that touched the boy's heart. If she had proceeded to punish him as many fathers and mothers do their children, without the least indication of sadness, but with a sort of relish for the thing, we have no reason to suppose that he would have been overcome in this way. He saw that his mother did not delight to inflict pain upon him, that she punished him for his good, and not because she was angry or indifferent to his feelings. Knowing this, he could not but love and respect her, even when she was administering severe chastisement.

There is no doubt that this boy is a representative boy in this particular. All boys are not alike, except that all have enough of the "old Adam" in their composition, and it becomes developed when parents show that

the same evil nature is in them. Hate will beget hate, passion will beget passion, and thus the punishment prove utterly useless, if it does not result in absolute injury. Temper should never be allowed to handle the rod, for its blows differ materially from those inflicted by kindness. The latter can whip if necessary; but then it does the unpleasant business in a very tender and skilful way. Yet there is no particular tact about it; for it comes of a true parental feeling, in which there is prominent a deep sense of responsibility as well as genuine love.

Doubtless the rod is more frequently used without than with the tears. In a majority of instances, it is probable that dark frowns, indicative of a tumult of passions within, accompany the castigation. To hinder this hot haste, it is well for us to remember the boy's appeal, "*Don't cry.*"

UNCONGENIALITY.—NO. VIII.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

DECEPTION is another fruitful cause of domestic infelicity. Honesty, frankness, sincerity, and truthfulness, are always estimable qualities, necessary in all the walks of life. But if a comparison may be instituted in regard to the relative necessity of *such* qualities, in the various circumstances of mortal life,—in the domestic relations these are *particularly* demanded. More is here expected, if not demanded, than in any of the ordinary relations of society. The young, the ardent, the enthusiastic, all, as a general principle, enter the connubial state with *high hopes*, and often with mistaken ideas, almost supposing that, if they are not to enter upon a new state of existence, they are certainly to leave behind the perplexities, ills, and the selfish animosities of ordinary life. Though

a state in which more happiness can be secured, if sought understandingly and in the right spirit, than in any other, still most are by far too *sanguine*, expecting too much without a corresponding effort. It develops *our whole* nature, especially the *affectional*, as no other relations can; yet even here unalloyed happiness is not attainable—and should not be—without effort, without sacrifices, self-control, and devotedness, without *preferring another's good to our own*, in obedience to the gospel rule. Here the holiest affections, if guided by the genius of the gospel, are placed on the common altar, the dearest interests, the most cheering anticipations, and the most cherished hopes. The act, therefore, that cements "two willing hearts in the sacred bonds of affection," of all

others relating to earth, should be performed with the utmost sincerity, frankness, and integrity of purpose.

This system of deception — including self-deception — ordinarily embraces the special period of acquaintance previous to marriage, and far too often that succeeding it. The former is prompted by a general desire to please, the adoption of the usual superficialities of life, and an unwarranted desire to secure an object at all hazards, *to effect a union*. The means employed ordinarily relate to personal appearance and attractions, of course suggestive of the blindest smiles, and the more fascinating expression — very desirable if permanent — with misconceptions, if not misrepresentations, in reference to acquisitions, mental, social, and, too often, financial. It is not only true that the “eyes of Love are blind,” but it is equally so that it is not difficult to deceive, or to become self-deceived, under such circumstances, since so many are drawn into matrimony by the force of mere *impulse*, by freaks of the affectional nature, with little or no reference to the higher nature, the intellect, and moral sense.

The folly of attempting to secure a companion for life, who may not manifest or feel a similar anxiety, or of practising deception in the accomplishment of such purposes, or indeed under any circumstances, would be but faintly illustrated in the conduct of one — if we might imagine one so foolhardy — who should seek a partner in business averse to him and the proposed business; or, after the establishment of the copartnership, if each should attempt to purchase the most unsalable goods, sell at the lowest price, &c., for the mere purpose of mutual injury. This is a *faint* illustration, since in the latter instance only *property* is squandered, but in the former *everything*. To attempt to secure a companion to share our joys and sorrows, when the interest, respect, and affection are not reciprocated, is worse than folly,

it is *madness*, since no such union could possibly promote the happiness of either. Very few, under such circumstances, have any direct reference to the “day of reckoning,” when these deceptions must almost inevitably become apparent, — when the *realities* of life appear. That smile was indeed pleasant, and that fascinating look was indeed welcome; but when, after the lapse of a few months or years, they are displaced by frowns and an expression of moroseness or discontent, such a change inspires no sentiments of respect, and it is no consolation, after they have forever disappeared, that they once existed. When, therefore, momentous considerations are at stake; when, by blending the destinies of two in indissoluble bonds, the most cherished interests are jeopardized; when the events of a comparatively brief period, one false step may determine the events of a lifetime, assigning a sunny aspect, or a deepening, darkening gloom, — such influences and such a step must assume an unusual degree of importance.

But the folly, nay, the criminality, of deception, when extending over the period of married life, is, if possible, still more apparent. At the close of the first period, when the destinies of both thus become identical, it would be possible to repent of the former folly, make the necessary acknowledgments, and commence anew with purposes of integrity and frankness. But the preliminary system of deception is seldom thus judiciously terminated. The initiatory step is far more easily *taken* than *retracted*. The temptation to continue a course thus unfortunately commenced, as a means of avoiding detection, is often too great for ordinary minds. Hence an *individuality* of interests becomes unavoidable, of course demanding secrecy, and a system of *engineering* incompatible with domestic harmony, confidence, sympathy, and the idea of *mutuality* is thus unavoidably destroyed, leaving but few of the

elements of social harmony and happiness. Such a course necessarily tends to an undue cautiousness, an unwillingness or fear to be closely scrutinized, and a consequent desire for the companionship of those who may not detect these imprudences and deceptions. Of course, such a desire to avoid the companionship of one to whom everything has been pledged, necessarily produces alienation, and, ordinarily, far worse consequences.

The relations existing between the husband and wife unquestionably demand the utmost sincerity, frankness, and the most unreserved interchange of views and sentiments, the most unreserved confidence and respect, with an ardent and constant desire to promote each the welfare of the other, "in honor or preferring one another." The welfare and destiny of the one are the welfare and destiny of the other, at least under ordinary circumstances. Both civil and moral laws pronounce them one, and though these bands are judicially ruptured, it is questionable whether either can ever be happy after such an unnatural separation. Indeed, these re-

lations are of such an intimate character, so endearing, the interests of both so completely interwoven, that it might seem inadvisable, so to speak, to have a *distinct thought*, to devise a distinct plan, to enjoy pleasures separately, unless unavoidable, or to engage in any important enterprise without first consulting the wishes of the other. If no information, no *material* advantages are thus gained, it will indicate a *mutuality of interests*, a matter of vital importance. The wife, for example, *may* not be able to advise in business affairs, — though her *intuitions* may well be regarded ordinarily, — yet it will promote her comfort, and, more, strengthen the bonds of affection, thus to be consulted, while no harm can possibly result from a mere consultation.

Indeed, it is doubtful whether two who thus have no secrets, who confide in each other, who delight to share each other's joys and sorrows, and who live for each other, can ever become alienated, aside from unforeseen, accidental circumstances, crime, or gross misrepresentations.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

AGAIN we earnestly call upon subscribers who have not paid for their magazine to forward their dues without delay. It is hard times, we know, but as hard for us, who have cash bills to pay each month, as for you. Your dues are absolutely necessary to enable us to meet our payments. And, now, to show you that we do not wish to be inconsiderate in urging our claims, we make the following offer, supposing that you find it difficult to obtain the money in these hard times: To any subscriber owing a year's subscription, (two dollars,) we say, send us the names of *two* new subscribers and *four dollars*, and this shall pay your

dues. To any subscriber owing two years, we say, send us *four* new subscribers and *eight dollars*, and this shall square your account. And we offer in this proportion to those who owe us still more. But remember that this offer is only for our delinquent subscribers, and it is not made for a long time. When our collector calls at your doors, it will be too late to reap the advantage of this offer. Such new subscribers can begin their year with the July number, or they can begin with January, and we will send them the back numbers.

D. W. CHILDS & Co.

THE POOR CLERK.

BY MRS. GRINNELL.

JAMES was a clerk in his uncle's store in the city, and boarded in his family. His uncle was a wealthy merchant, who neither professed religion nor attended public worship. In this manner he had trained his children, the eldest of whom was a blooming girl of twenty years.

James had been religiously educated, and felt great concern at the indifference and total worldliness of the family into which he had been introduced. The first Sabbath after his arrival he attended church as usual, and after returning home took his Bible to his room, intending to read, but the children made so much disturbance at his door, he found this impossible, and invited them to enter, and hear him read stories. To this they gladly consented, and he interested them to such a degree that he was praised by his uncle and aunt.

"We have had such a chance for a good *nap* as seldom occurs," they remarked. "How did you manage the children so well?" "By means of this little book," said James, drawing his Bible from his pocket.

His cousin Hellen laughed at the disconcerted look of her father, but no remark was made, except, "Ah, I see you are just like your father, James."

Having succeeded so far, James obtained the love of the children, and persuaded their mother to allow him to take them with him to Sabbath school.

But Hellen always had a witty remark ready to turn off any conversation addressed to her conscience. She was absorbed in preparation for a voyage to Europe with her parents, and her joy was unbounded in the prospect. James determined to hazard a conversation with her before she left, although

he saw her repugnance to the subject of religion.

Hellen's trunks were packed and corded, servants hastened hither and thither, all was hurry and bustle; but he ventured into her boudoir one day, and seating himself on one of the trunks, said —

"Cousin Hellen, you feel very happy in prospect of this voyage?"

"Yes, James."

"Well, I wish to ask you one question before you go."

"What is it?" asked she.

"You have been making all this preparation for an earthly voyage; what preparation have you made for the last great voyage to the other world?"

"Oh! cousin! how you make one shudder. you are the gloomiest person I ever saw."

"Why should you say so, Hellen? Do I look unhappy?"

"Why, no! you never get in a passion; you are not impulsive enough for that."

James smiled.

"I would not change places with you," he said.

"Oh, James! You, a poor clerk, with such a small salary, obliged to get up early and work late, and with no prospects. How can you say such a thing? I am the daughter of a rich man, and in the best society, and am going to Europe, above all. Not that I mean to hurt your feelings, James; I think you are a good, kind boy, but why you should say you would not change situations with me I cannot imagine."

"Suppose some disaster should attend your voyage, Hellen, and you should not return?"

"I would not go on the water at all," she

replied, "for I am very timid; but then the delightful countries we are to visit. Why do you shock me with such an idea? It is not once in a thousand times an accident occurs. Father must insure my trunks. You have no idea, cousin, what an expensive wardrobe I have; positively, I must have it insured."

"Well, is it more precious than your soul? Why don't you have that insured?"

"Now, James, you are joking. No one can insure his soul. Father has had his life insured, but who would dare to take the risk of insuring a soul?"

"Yes, there is one who will insure it, and the policy is all made out, if you will only sign your acceptance of it."

"Insure my soul?" said Hellen, thoughtfully. "What a curious person you are, James."

"Well, the Saviour is the best friend; and let me assure you now, in the flush of health, is the very best time to come to him."

"I have such a pretty prayer-book father has given me, replied Hellen, "and I mean to read it on the passage out, for I am so afraid of the water."

And so they parted, Hellen going abroad to visit all the magnificence and wealth of Europe, as exhibited in its public works and splendid scenery, to enjoy all that heart could wish, and James to remain in his monotonous employment of a clerk behind his uncle's counter.

A year passed, and he expected them home, when he heard from his uncle, who stated that Hellen was ill, having taken cold in an excursion. They hastened home, and James met them at the wharf, as the noble steamer came into port.

He was greatly astonished at the change in his cousin. Her round, graceful form was emaciated, and her voice was feeble. No one would have imagined that one year ago she had left her home the gay, happy girl.

He looked up hurriedly to Mr. Grey, who pressed his hand while he whispered, "Don't show any surprise, don't alarm her." Hellen seemed rejoiced to return to her old home. Her rooms were filled with flowers, and adorned as brightly as possible, that no traces of a sick-room might be visible. She exerted herself to receive her friends, and to appear cheerful, coming down to dine, and painfully dressing as usual. If the physician called, he spoke of debility and change of air, as if the indisposition was slight, quieting her fears, and assuring her friends that all alarm would prejudice her recovery.

Meanwhile the poor invalid coughed more and more, and the tender-hearted James saw signs of approaching death with sorrow and uneasiness. He wished to speak to her of her soul, and eternal interests, but the prohibition of her father prevented him.

One day as he sat by her she turned toward him and said —

"Cousin James, I have never forgotten what you said to me before I left home, about insuring my soul. I used to laugh at you for your quaint, old-fashioned notions about the opera and theatre, and your fancy to read the Bible to the children, but I respected you all the while, and now I want you to talk to me just as simply as you did to them, for I am very ignorant. I can't go now to balls and parties, and I have nothing to do but to lie here on the lounge and think and think. I know I am worse; though father don't wish me to agitate myself, or look on the dark side, that will not keep it away, will it, cousin James?"

"Do you feel very ill?" asked James, hiding a starting tear.

"Yes! I believe I am going to die. It is a pity, and I feel as if I was going to leave my *all*. I have no treasure laid up above. I have never insured my soul."

"My life seems a long regret, a *long regret*."

James was much affected at the earnest, mournful tone in which Hellen spoke these words.

"Hellen," he said, "there is the Lord Jesus. Every poor sinner has to cling to him; the best saint can be saved in no other way than by his blood. You want to become acquainted with Jesus. He is the best friend in this sorrowful world."

"But I can't find him; I am like that poor negro who was anxious for his soul, and a sailor told him he wanted to find the man who paid the debt, and he wandered over Africa and England to 'find the man who paid the debt.' Now I want to cancel the terrible debt I owe, and have nothing with which to pay. Money won't pay it."

Hellen's father came in at this moment, and said, with an anxious look, "Do not distress yourself, my dear; you have always been a good daughter; I would not talk too much."

"Ah, father, I have lived for myself, worshipped self, and thought nothing of duty or of God. James is the only one in this

house to lead one to the Saviour and try to fit my poor neglected soul for heaven. Do not say a word to deter his endeavors; it is my greatest desire."

Her father could not comfort her; he knew nothing of the comfort of Christian hope.

Very tenderly did James commence the great work which was now crowded into so narrow a space, in pointing this child of fashion and folly to God. She went tremblingly down the dark valley with a feeble light, but he never forgot her words just before leaving the world.

"I love to pray to Jesus Christ, but I have done nothing for him, *nothing for Christ.*"

How often do young ladies as frivolously pass the golden hours of youth, admired as amiable, agreeable companions, as graceful in their personal manners, and accomplished in education, who have, nevertheless, done nothing for Christ, who has done everything for them.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY M. T.

Col. W. came into a newly settled and fertile country. He was the great man of the place; kept the only store which was patronized for many miles around. He built a large house, and spread himself "like a green bay-tree." But a worm was at the root of his beautiful gourd. Among other things, at his store was kept ardent spirits, the sale of which, at that time, was not very disreputable. Of this he imbibed largely himself. His fortunes became broken, he moved from his fine house, which is still

distinguished for its size and pleasant location in what has now become a large village. He went into an unpainted cottage with two rooms, situated in swampy ground, a little distance from his former dwelling. Here he died a bloated drunkard. Well do I remember how my childish imagination was excited by hearing it said that his dog howled, night after night, under his window, as he lay sick and dying. Faithful animal; perhaps the only friend left of his former prosperity. Well do I remember his

lone widow, who, for many years after his death, walked through the village, with stooping form and sad countenance. His children, too, who were uncommonly, bright, beautiful, and promising, several of them followed their father in his love of strong drink, and followed him to a drunkard's grave. I have now before me the form of one of them. He was educated at Dartmouth College, and studied the profession of law. Sad it was to see his fall. From the use of the poisonous weed and intoxicating cup, he became filthy in his person, and filthy in his office.

Sad was the waste of that fine mind. If the heart had been rightly cultivated, and correct habits formed, he might have been a blessing many years to his generation; but he descended to a dishonored grave at a little past thirty years of age.

Oh spirit of alcohol, what hast thou done! "Touch not, taste not, handle not." "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

THAT WHIP.

BY M. A. DEAN.

ON the principal street of a city, not long ago, our attention was arrested by the spasmodic cries of an urchin of apparently five summers, who was stamping and kicking on the sidewalk, seemingly as refractory as Rarrey's fiery steeds. In vain the mother attempted to urge him forward, but the more she threatened and coaxed, the louder he screamed, and the stronger the centrifugal forces of our little hero pulled the opposite way. A crowd soon collected around, some actuated by sympathy, others by frolic and fun, while *all* were *really* anxious to learn the cause of such an outburst of passionate grief. His mother was "a shopping," and had seen fit to deny him the purchase of a toy whip. We pitied the poor mother, for things were evidently growing somewhat dramatic. As we were ruminating how matters would turn, judge of our surprise, when we saw that mother, drop his hand, run into the store, and return with the whip for the angry boy. The transition from wrath

to joy was as sudden as if a clap of thunder had rung out from the clear azure sky; he fairly halloed, and made the distant hills echo with his uproarious peals of *triumphant* laughter, and as he in turn propelled that weak mother forward with an impetus far from being becoming, the most painful thoughts took possession of our mind. In the yielding up of the whip we fancied we could see the reins, with all the paraphernalia of parental government, pass into the hands of that infant of five years. True he may, in his Gilpin-like course, ask his mother, now and then, to take a drive, but like Sardanapalus, he will rule the citadel, and perchance in some unguarded moment of passion, he may set fire to the whole delicate superstructure of domestic happiness, perishing *himself* with all *most dear*, in the general conflagration.

Mothers! though the earth be removed and the stars of heaven fall from their places, do not let the boy have the whip.

Housekeeper's Department.

FOOD.

FROM experiments made by celebrated chemists, we find that in bread every hundred pounds' weight are found to contain 80 lbs. of nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only 31 lbs. in 100; French beans, 80 lbs.; peas, 23 lbs.; lentiles, 94 lbs.; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 lbs. of solid nutritious substance in 100 lbs.; carrots, 14 lbs.; and what is very remarkable, as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 lbs. of potatoes only yield 25 lbs. of substance valuable as nutritious.

According to this estimate, 1 lb. of good bread is equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 lbs. of potatoes; and 75 lbs. of bread and 30 lbs. of butcher meat are equal to 300 lbs. of potatoes. Or, again, 1 lb. of rice or of broad beans is equal to 4 lbs. of cabbage, and to 3 lbs. of turnips.

This calculation is considered correct, and may be useful to families where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

WORKING BUTTER.

A correspondent of the Homestead says a thorough working of butter is better done by taking the butter in the hand in lumps of three or four pounds each, and slapping it against a hard surface, than by using a ladle.

AN ITEM FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

When clothes are rolled up in a damp state for a few days, they become spotted with mildew, consisting of minute *fungi*. These are very difficult to remove; and they injure both the color and the texture of the clothes. The only effectual mode known to us for removing such spots from linen is by steeping the latter in a weak liquor of chloride of lime. It is made by obtaining some chloride of lime from the druggist, say

one pound, then stirring it into about four gallons of cold water. It is now allowed to settle for one hour, and the clear liquid is ready for the clothes, which would be steeped in it about two hours, and then washed thoroughly in cold water, and exposed on the grass to the sun.

RECEIPTS.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take the unbolted flour of wheat, wet it with lukewarm water, add salt and yeast, knead in enough more of this flour to make it stiff, add a little molasses, and, when risen, bake in medium-sized loaves.

KETTLES are cleansed of onion and other odors by dissolving a teaspoonful of pearlshale or saleratus in water, and washing them.

FLIES DESTROYED.—A pint of sweet milk, a quarter of a pound of sugar, two ounces of ground pepper, simmer together for ten minutes, and place it about in shallow dishes. If this is true, there is no necessity for using poisonous articles about a house.

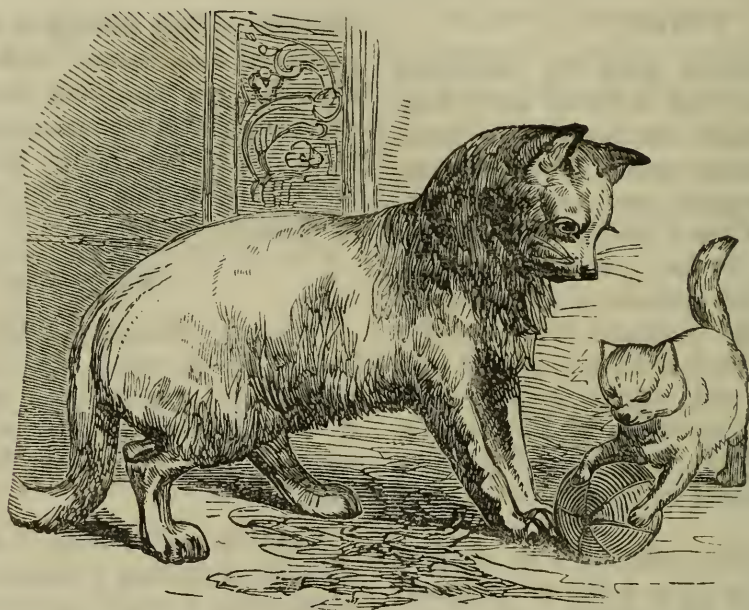
BOILING POTATOES.—It is said that in Ireland they always nick off a piece of the skin, put them in a pot of cold water, which is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water begins to boil; when done, pour all the water off, cover the vessel with a cloth, and in a few minutes they are cool enough for use.

BUY the best articles for family use; for, although they cost more, good articles spend best.

SUGAR from Havana is always dirty, that from Brazil is clean, as also from Porto Rico and Santa Cruz. Refined sugars, whether loaf, crushed, or granulated, are the cheapest in the end.

THE best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

Boys and Girls Corner.



MY PETS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

YOUNG READERS: I propose a new theme for this missive to you. I have written to you of Spring and her blossoms; of Summer and her sports; of Autumn and his fruits; and of Winter and his pastimes. I have carolled of many of the months, and now I am inclined to talk or write about my feline pets. Does that word feline confuse your ideas? Well, look in the dictionary at once for its meaning, and I'll tell you I mean my pussycats.

I know that most little folks are prone to pet some living creature which apparently renders an affectionate and a grateful return for kindness and fondling. The harmless little rabbit, with such jewels of eyes; the nimble, tame squirrel; the sweet songster in his cage; the great watch-dog, who seems proud to give you a ride on his back, or draw you in your little wagon; the playful spaniel; the cunning kitten, so full of mischievous antics;

the cosset lamb, that follows you every where, even into the house and up stairs; the gay little pony that tosses his head and arches his neck so loftily, and yet submits with good grace to the close caresses or the smart strokes of his young rider, and the capering calf that likes to bring his head to bear against you till he shoves you over,—all these are among the pets of little masters and misses, and perhaps of the lively, black-eyed boys and curly-headed girls who are now reading this very page.

I well remember how I loved pets when I was a flaxen-haired little girl, like some of you,—how I amused myself with good-natured old Watch, a small black and yellow dog, who was very fond of children, and patiently submitted to their numberless manoeuvres; often would he permit me to open his mouth and thrust my hand into it, and he would have allowed my head there just as

safely if there had been sufficient space for its admission. Then I played school with my pet pussy; he was a submissive pupil, for I used to take hold of his left paw and lead him about as I would a child, and he would cling to my dress and walk round by my side on two feet, as if that was the way for cats to walk. So far he was very tractable, but how much book-knowledge he ever stored in his well-developed head was never communicated to me, for, with all my instructions, I was unable to get his catship to name the letters of the alphabet. Poor old gray puss! He lived to a good old age for a cat, — eighteen years, I think, — lived till he became totally blind.

Well, these were my subordinate playmates long ago; but though instead of being a flaxen-headed, romping little girl, I am now a brown-haired woman, and must, I suppose, be more dignified, especially when I occupy the teacher's chair, I am just as fond of playful pet animals as ever; and I was to tell you of my present intelligent kitties. They number three, — a little army for one household, but I am sure their company is much more desirable, or at least endurable than troops of pilfering mice and lawless rats, and I presume they are as well-behaved cats as any family company of three that can be found in the whole race. Their united weight is twenty-seven and one half pounds, a weight which would seem to declare that they were not approximating a starving condition. First on the list is Old Gray, rather a dignified puss of twelve years, and weighing nine pounds. He has a pink nose, and his color and stripes resemble the tiger more than is usual in gray kitties. He is a very affectionate creature, a great singer, but very jealous of his rights; he suffers no other of his race to intrude upon his comfort or trifle with his dignity. He likes what to his taste is good living, and plenty of it, and if it is not sufficiently meted out to him, according to his judgment, he is quite inclined to watch his opportunity, and help himself without any special permission. He is very fond of being noticed, and when anxious for attention, he has his own peculiar way of stroking about you, looking up imploringly, and saying as

distinctly as a cat can say it, "Please take me up." He likes to steal into my room in the morning, climb up and sing in my ear a very loud song, to wake me from my slumbers, I suppose, and call me to rise from my resting. On the whole, we consider him a fine specimen of the feline species of animals.

Second of this trio is Old Black, a sleek, good-natured puss of ten years, and weighing twelve pounds. His black coat is smooth and shiny as the most glossy satin; he wears a white vest and collar, white shoes and stockings and white gloves, so that he may be considered quite genteelly dressed. His nose is pink and black, his mustache is white, and his eye has a very pacific expression, yet he is not so much of a non-resistant as to brook insult, for his ears and head often bear the marks of a severe conflict. He is no singer, very seldom makes any attempt to purr, but he manifests his good-will by winding and fawning about you, and looking up into your face expressing in his own as much of good-feeling as his race is capable of expressing. Though not quite so much of a self-appropriating disposition as Old Gray, he is still considerably inclined to invite himself to a banquet whenever he is hungry, and finds that aught to his liking is within his reach.

Last of the three, is Little Gray, a very light and finely mottled and striped gray kitty of one year old, and six and one half pounds in weight. He was a poor foundling, whom some heartless individual brought along and threw down by the roadside, leaving him to live or die, as circumstances should determine. His piteous cries arrested the attention and compassion of a passer-by, for his forlorn condition, who spared his life, and so he has thrived and grown to a beautiful kitten. His fur is remarkably soft and silky, his nose is pink and black, and above his eyes are distinct black lines in the form of the letter M. He, too, wears a white vest, white shoes and stockings, and white gloves. He is as playful, and as full of mischievous antics, as any kitten that I ever saw. He assumes the responsibility of boxing the ears of Old Gray and Old Black, just when he pleases; he drives them out of a chair where they may be qui-

etly reposing, whenever it suits his caprice; and he has studied out the way of opening several doors in the house. I saw him one day practising with the button to the cupboard door, but he has not yet solved the mystery of opening that door. I consider him very observing, and unusually imitative for one of his species, for he often watches our movements closely, and then he seems to try to do something similar. He sings a great deal, and when he wishes to be particularly noticed his perseverance is worthy of human imitation in every good cause, for it seldom fails ere he has succeeded in his efforts.

My kitties are all in the habit of coming to me at table to be remembered then, and they behave quite as well for their kind, as the average of children that I have seen at table. They generally come and stand up by the side of my chair, gently touch my dress or my arm with their paws, look up in a very petitioning manner, and in their way politely say, "Please remember to give me the crumbs from the table." Little Gray has had a naughty habit of striking and scratching with his paws, determined to be noticed immediately, but he is rapidly improving in that respect, and learning to imitate the good behavior of his seniors. He reminded me very much of some children to whom *please* is a foreign word, and even a civil form of asking for food, an unknown habit. "I want this," "Give me that," or "I will have it," being the familiar phrases in their table vocabulary.

I know that some people consider it almost an unpardonable breach of good order to allow domestic animals to receive any portion from the well-spread board, while the family are seated around it; but I like to see the house-animals that are permitted to live and associate with the family as members of it in their sphere, come quietly around as if they were not forgotten or omitted when the wants of the household are supplied. A little kind, firm training will keep them in their places as obedient dependants; and they seem so happy, so grateful to be favored with a few choice bits, that it is pleasant to add thus to the enjoyment even of inferior creatures.

And now, young readers, perhaps we can

draw a little profitable instruction from our theme. Whatever animals you may have for playmates, study carefully their nature and habits, and you have made so much proficiency in Natural History. Notice the amount of intelligence they exhibit; compare it with your own, and consider how far below you in the scale of being is their rank; then be thankful that your Creator has endowed you as he has, and placed you so high among his creatures. To whatever animals you stand in the relation of master or mistress, see that in that relation you act the part of a kind patron, instead of a cruel tyrant; remember it is wicked to be passionate or unmerciful towards even dumb creatures. Watch carefully the manifestation of their different traits of character, and see if in their sphere they do not discharge their duties better for their knowledge, than you perform your duties with your instruction.

Whatever traits you discover in them that would be lovely and right if exhibited by you, strive to imitate till you make them your own; but whatever you detect that would be wrong if cherished by you, learn to avoid; yea, more, turn your attention at once to your own character, scan it closely, and if you find any semblance of that blemishing trait, root it out entirely.

Do your creature dependents manifest towards you such obedience, gratitude, and trust as you like to receive? The great God, your constant protector and benefactor, requires the same from you towards himself. Do you render them? If not, then begin at once to learn true wisdom even from the lowly animals that crouch at your feet.

THE PLUMS.

BY ROSE CLIFTON.

"With ruddy fruit the orchard now is hung."

"O NELLY, see what nice plums! How I wish they would drop over this side the fence, and I would pick up my apron full."

"They do look nice; wouldn't they taste good to mother?"

"Well, come around to the gate, little girls, and I will give you all you want," said a voice

from behind the fence. The little girls were surprised that they had been overheard, but they tripped lightly, very happy of the good offer. They were poor girls, and had never been inside the inclosure of the beautiful grounds before, which belonged to the wealthy Mr. Goodnough. Flora and Nelly looked around with admiration upon the beautiful blossoms, the heavy-laden fruit-trees, and

sister, while Nelly, little generous body, never was happy if her mother or sister did not share with her. Their mother was a poor washerwoman, who did not often taste fruit; she lived in a little house of one room, far out of the village, and worked very hard, and did the best she could for her children, for she loved them very much. They were pretty girls, and behaved very well, and said



glided along through the winding walks, thinking how happy the little girls must be who could walk every day in such a beautiful garden, pluck the gorgeous flowers, and eat as much delicious fruit as they liked.

The kind-hearted gardener put the large blue plums into the pink aprons of the little girls until they said, "Oh, thank you; that is enough," and their smiling faces showed more gratitude than their words. Flora was six years old, and Nelly was four. They were very good girls, only Flora was rather inclined to be selfish and greedy, and did not like to divide fruit or good things with her younger

their lessons well at the village school. Nelly hurried home, while Flora went as slow as she possibly could, and swallowed the plums just as fast as she could, often swallowing the stones, too.

"Come, Flora, hurry; I believe you will eat all yours up, before we get home. Wont you save some for mother?"

Flora said nothing, but ate all the faster, and when they came to the gate that led to their little home, hers were all gone.

"Mother, only see what Mr. Goodnough's man gave us! A whole apron full of plums."

"They are nice. You didn't ask for them, I hope."

"No, mother; he heard us talking about them through the fence."

"Why don't you divide with Flora?"

"She has eat hers all up; yes, mother, she has."

"Why Flora! as many as Nelly has? It will make you sick; how did you dare to do it, to be so greedy? I am ashamed of you."

Flora hung down her head for shame, and already began to wish that she had not been such a silly girl.

"I will tell you, Nelly, who is coming this afternoon,—Mrs. Harris and little Jimmy. You may eat a few of yours, and I will save the plums. Poor Mrs. Harris will be so glad to get a taste of them, and little Jimmy will be glad, too."

"Oh, yes, do mother; put them in that glass dish of grandma's."

The afternoon came, and Nelly had a fine play with little Jimmy in the yard, and the two women had a good visit, and all enjoyed the plums, and poor Flora had to go to bed with stomach-ache and vomiting. She had a sick time of it, and had to have her mother by her every little while. Her mother saw that after vomiting she would soon get over it, and she thought it would be a lesson to her; and it was indeed, for when she was tempted to be greedy again, she always thought of the nice blue plums, the sick day, and the fine play her sister had with their little visitor, while she lay moaning on her low bed, thinking how foolish she had been to make herself sick, and to keep them from her good mother.

Which would you be like, Nelly or Flora?

WILDGROVE CAROLS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

CAROL VIII.—AUGUST.

SHARP sickles for the ripened grain,
Bring blithely on, ye reaping train,
Where whitened heads are bending low,
And only wait the severing blow.

The August Queen her sceptre wields,
And holds her court in harvest fields;
A garland for her brow she weaves
Of gleanings from the golden sheaves.

Last of the summer queens she stands,
Her generous heart and liberal hands
Rich offerings strew around her way,
And scatter gifts in choice array.

Her festal board is large and free,
Well spread from garden, field, and tree,
The apple, pear, and luscious plum
All look, "Oh, to the banquet come!"

Our Queen from each new chalice sips,
With berries fancy-dyes her lips;
Those melting lips are wont to press
The peach's soft cheek in fond caress.

A welcome from my bower shall ring
To August, while I gayly sing
The praises of her kindly reign,
The last of this year's queenly train.

The chorus to my carol note
From myriad voices far shall float,
As bird and insect join the strain,
And crickets chirp a glad refrain.

WHAT CHRIST DID FOR ME.

"For me he left his home on high;
For me to earth he came to die;
For me he slumbered in a manger;
For me to Egypt fled a stranger;
For me he dwelt with fishermen;
For me he slept in cave and glen;
For me abuse he meekly bore;
For me a crown of thorns he wore;
For me he braved Gethsemane;
For me he hung upon the tree;
For me his final feast was made;
For me by Judas was betrayed;
For me by Peter was denied;
For me by Pilate crucified;
For me his precious blood was shed;
For me he slept among the dead;
For me he rose with might at last;
For me beyond the skies he passed;
For me he came at God's command;
For me he sits at his right hand!" w.



THE PET.



Governor Wood.

CHANGES IN THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WORDS BY MRS. M. A. ELY.

MUSIC BY J. C. JOHNSON.

1. I came, where in my ear-ly days, I spent so man-y joyous hours, I hastened where I oft had sat, Be -

2. I came where I so oft had trained The beauteous rose, Whose odor shed Its rich perfume on all around, But

neath the Jasmine bow-ers : But change was writ - ten sad - ly there, Faded, and gone each flow'ret fair, But

found it withered, dead : I turned, my heart with sadness rife, Such, I exclaimed, is mortal life ! I

The musical score is written for a single melodic line. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 3/4. The first line of music corresponds to the first verse, and the second line to the second verse. The third line of music is a continuation of the melody, and the fourth line is a separate musical phrase. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals (sharps and flats).

CHANGES IN THE HOMESTEAD, Concluded.

change was written sad - ly there, Fa - ded and gone each flow'ret fair, Fa - ded each flow'ret fair.

turned, my heart with sad - ness rife, Such, I exclaimed, is mor - tal life! O, such is mor - tal life!

3 I came, but in the homestead halls,
 Where once was heard the jocund song,
 Where swiftly sped our youthful feet,
 In heedless haste along ;
 I found all silent, dark and drear,
 I sighed, for change was written there,
 For change was written there.

4 I called, but now no mother's voice
 Came answering sweetly to my own.
 No sister's cheerful laugh was heard,
 Or brother's whistling tone ;
 But back again on my *own* ear,
 Came my *own* words so strangely clear,
 My words so strangely clear.

5 I walked with sad and heavy heart
 Through each lonely, deserted room :
 No glad some smile awaited me,
 But mournful, solemn gloom ;
 The same deep truth was written there,
 All, *all* on earth is frail, tho' fair,
 All all, is frail tho' fair.

6 Father and mother both were gone,
 Long, long since numbered with the dead.
 Rank weeds grew wild and fearlessly
 Upon their lowly bed.
 Gone from that old ancestral hall,
 Were brothers, sisters, kindred, all :
 My friends, my kindred, all.

AGNES ST. ELIN.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

[CONCLUDED.]

“Man cannot make, but may ennoble fate
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust
Not to ourselves, but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient out of darkness and of dust.”

GREGORY MALDEN had not grown softer for the metallic sounds which groaned out from the iron mill-wheels into his ears, and dropped gold into his constantly lengthening purse,—yet he felt more and more conscious that he was a good man. In the last few years many a mill-owner had put his employees upon short time, — or, what was worse, on lower wages, — but he hugged himself when he thought that the laborers at Cobden Court could never rise up and accuse him of making the changes of the cotton markets their misfortune. Yes, he was a good master, after the world's standard, and the praise of his rector was a panacea for any little stings which now and then disturbed the deep quiet of his meditations.

Maud, the beautiful child of his memory, had grown into a lovely young lady, with that charming halo of refinement which culture and innate nobility throw about fortune's and nature's favorites. How careful these two creators of loveliness are to label their choice with unmistakable marks of recognition! Maud Malden had been the only one in the silken-draped, silver-inlaid cradle at “The Dell,” and the rector of St. Dennis had been somewhat distressed that there were no sons to be registered in the chancel, and be reared into pillars of the true church; but Gregory Malden and his wife were content with the love and society of this one blossom climbing the family tree,

with its beautiful tendrils covering the decay of their own youth.

But she received no other idea of life than to simply pray for the poor of Cobden, and felt very glad that her father was the best employer in all that manufacturing district. She sang the songs of merry England, and was thankful that its tongues were of silver, and dreamed not that there were dirges for sorrowful lives buried under the cotton wheels, and dying souls crushed by the weight of pleasureless years. Dr. Hinman had said, “Blessed were the poor with such a sweet spirit to pray for them;” and she embroidered his slippers, and considered him the best and wisest man, and what he said was too true to demand even a consideration. Once a year she passed over every threshold in the community of spinners and weavers, but as due notice of the time of approach was given, the very best externals greeted her.

Goody Frank, with the most unmitigated Teutonic taste, dragged from her inheritance the finery of several generations, and heaped it upon the unwilling recipient of her favors, until the poor child looked more like a Dutch exhibition flock of half-worn dry goods than the fair and graceful angel of Cobden Court; so that Maud could scarcely give the young girl a look, so ridiculous did she appear to her. Goody would have considered Agnes an ungrateful child to have persisted in wear-

ing her cotton dress, when so great an honor was promised them; and though Goody would not have owned, to her husband, even, that she thought it, she was positive that Agnes and Maud were very much alike in their persons, though if there was a superiority, it was in her own child's favor.

Happy Goody! Happy mothers all over the world! There is a transforming veil of beauty over the eyes of love, which makes all things beautiful that are linked to our souls. Had Agnes worn only her clean gown and graceful curls, she would have won her way to the heart of the fair child of luxury, but she only remained a quaint picture in the young girl's memory. Goody Frank thought it was envy at the superior loveliness of the laborer's daughter which kept them apart. The story of the parentage of Agnes had never been told in "The Dell," or it would have awakened an interest in the household of the rich Gregory Malden.

This last-mentioned individual ought to have been an East Indian, so strong was the sentiment of caste, and the necessity of its preservation in households and families. Caste, with him, was determined by wealth, mostly, and a little polish which comes by contact with the world, rather than that beautiful halo which surrounds the presence and impresses the feelings with the impress of true nobility. It is not necessary for the possessor of such a patent to wear his insignia embroidered upon his garments, for it is imperishably imprinted on the forehead, and heralded by the voice. It looks out of the eyes, and every act proclaims the precise niche in which nature intended he should be placed.

True, this was not perceptible to one whose eyes were shut down by golden weights, and to whom the music of money was the merriest and sweetest in the world; and such was Mr. Malden. Under this glittering casement to his heart, were better feelings, sweeter

thoughts, and holy memories; but he did not roll away the golden stone, and let them forth from their sepulchre. As some dead leaves retain their fragrance, so there were times when thoughts drifted over him, and brought tenderer and holier emotions; but this wind of fate seldom rose to breathe about him its aromas. He never spoke of the past, that early life of his, and it seemed to be blotted from his thoughts, even as he was blotted out from the home that gave him birth. He had come a stranger, with a purse as heavy as the mill he coveted; and who questions one who can bear his title in his pocket to that fortunate position, a proprietor? He married a beautiful woman, and she was possessor of "The Dell," and so they balanced in the wheel of fortune, and what more was needed?

Alice Ellward was tender and loving, and when she saw the past of her lover held some painful record in its keeping, she would not call it forth to gratify curiosity, and so the history of her husband was forever untold, forever sacred to himself.

He was happy; at least people are supposed to be who live together through life, even unto death, and always speak words of kindness to each other, and fill the years with helps and generous self-denials. Certainly, they loved each other wholly, entirely,—at least,—well, the world supposes so.

Dr. Hinman, too, had been a waif floating into the same haven, and no one knew just how, or from whence, save the bishop, perhaps, whose influence gave him the rectory. His name was not the same as it used to be, so some one had hinted, but no one believed such a report. Four of the people, and four of the most prominent ones of this veritable history had come, strangely enough, from an unspoken country, and their fates and lives were coiled in a curious web, inseparable. Who says there is no mysterious finger pointing the way, and netting the paths of life

together? Justin Ritchie could not tell why he walked in the way of poverty and toil, nor what impelled him to remain where the way was so hard, when there were pleasanter walks in the world, luring him with balmy airs, and strown with blossoms instead of sand.

Agnes could not tell why she had fallen like a bird of paradise alight upon such a barren life, with no power to use her wings, and find more genial airs. Dr. Hinman dared not divulge the history of his youth, and why he came to St. Dennis; and Gregory Malden would not reveal the why of his present position, nor could he tell who brought the shadow that darkened his life, for it fell when he was far away from his boyhood's home. Who is there that holds not in his bosom a tomb of past hope, past love, or past wrong? How we crush the stone down, and cover the grave with gay garniture to hide it from eyes nearest and dearest! How darkness, and silence, and solitude sweep back the tinted pall and show us our dead! Who has not dived deep in life to find some perfect pearl with which to adorn our bosoms, and then dropped it in the sand by the wayside, in some neglectful moment, to mourn over its loss in the silence of wordless grief forever? Who has not called night the soother of rankling care, the balmy resting-time, and said —

“Time is the mother's sweet hush hush, that stills
The flutterings of a plaintive heart to rest!”

But to Gregory Malden and Dr. Hinman, night was a time for ghostly processions of thought to wander over their pillows, and strangle sweet sleep before its eyelids could close.

Dr. Hinman had never visited the poor people of the mills, for they had a spiritual keeper whose tastes were — so he expressed it — less easily shocked with suffering, labor, and filth, and he did not feel “called” to

endure the distress such a visit would bring to him. Many have calls they do not heed, and too many fancy they have calls, whose lives fail to prove their title to the way they walk and the vesture they wear. God is merciful; and perhaps Dr. Hinman found his way to that upper sanctuary of which his own ought to have been the type. So we will hope for him. Certain it is that he felt called to perform the delicate and æsthetic duties of the priesthood, and ignore the disagreeable portions of its labor, leaving the lowliest for those who were more like the Master, and wore his image in their faces, and bore his example in their lives. His was a nature that took in all lovely thoughts and fancies of others, and so remodelled them that they became a portion of his own expressions, and clothed all he said with a beautiful but borrowed drapery.

Maud Malden grew to think him the holiest, the grandest spirit, which the fall had left to earth. She saw and measured all goodness, greatness, and grandeur, by his standard, or rather the one he expressed as his own. Her very religion was but a romantic worship of her pastor, and to do wrong, even in thought, was to crave pardon of him and be forgiven. Every twinge of conscience was but a memory of him. Her heart grew as her years sped on, and all its growth was filled with this strange, and yet not strange, affection. He was neither old nor young to her; she had never thought if he were gray or raven-haired. She only believed him an apostle of truth, goodness, and purity, and loved him with a religious veneration which is very common in those unselfish natures who find happiness in self-renunciation, and become devoted to monastic habits. Had he been a priest of the Romish faith, she would have been trying the novitiate, even at this early age of budding womanhood.

Every question of conscience was submit-

ted to Dr. Hinman; and, if she could, she would have given her soul into his keeping, certain it would be piloted safely into the highest heaven. The rector saw this devotion, and fostered it, expecting much of future aggrandizement from this child of prospective wealth. We are unwilling to believe he was villain enough to suspect he was winning her woman's heart into his keeping, yet it might have been; and perhaps he exulted over his power in controlling the pure young creature's affections. God pity him, if he did.

Gregory Malden saw, and was a little disturbed at the religious enthusiasm of his darling, and feared it would conflict with his ambition for her; but the mother felt only too glad that the child possessed, as she supposed, a shield against temptation, a solace for all afflictions, and a strength to take up the burden of a better life than she had led.

And so Maud, with a heart full of innocent fancies and intense enthusiasm, looked out upon a charmed future, filled with elegant uses, and, like her pastor, willing to make æsthetic religion its prominent pleasure. Oh, but chanted prayers are delicious, when the melody brings tears of emotional devotion to the eyes. Kneeling on mosaicked floors under the tinted atmosphere of old minsters, or cathedral domes, is beautiful, and the soul is folded in sweetness; but there is a religion which is not so attractive to contemplate as it is pleasant to remember; a religion whose ways are over hard duties and self-abnegations, — where no censers swing, no chimes call to worship, and the sacrament of sorrow is not taken from burnished salvers and golden goblets; — a religion that does not appeal to the senses, but to the depths of being, and the silence of the soul where God has touched it with his own compassion, and it makes the heart willing to follow where the Holy One of Israel walked. Such a one was Justin Ritchie;

and now, when the crown of full manhood was upon him, he looked backward with gladness for all that he had been considered worthy to suffer, and forward fearlessly and half proudly to the crowning after the baptism of sorrow was over.

He was human; and who that is truly worthy love is not tender and sympathetic, and craving the same from others, — at least one other in life? The pastor had fashioned his pupil's soul after his liking. Now that it was blossoming into an almost perfect being, his heart wound itself to the heart and life of the young girl, not once thinking but he had only to reach out his arms, and call her into his heart, and bind up her life with his own.

And she, Agnes St. Elin, grew in beauty of spirit every day, and her soul pined for its own element, but she complained not of the yearning for an ideal existence which her innate delicacy of thought pictured to her. The half sad and wholly patient child grew more unearthly in her beauty from year to year; and her soft tones, and quiet, deep eyes, were like the presence of an angel to these rough people. Even the hearty and practical Carl Frank said he was afraid to look into her face when he had been a little hard with the people, and found fault with the old, whose hands, not shrunken by years, but worn and withered by prolonged toil, had not performed their labors perfectly. If he had been impatient, even unconsciously, it came to him when he saw the child's face at twilight, and he reproached himself with his sin, and was sure to say some kind word in the morning to obliterate its memory, and make his own heart cease its accusations. If he felt particularly satisfied with himself, he always saw it reflected in her beautiful gaze. Even Goody was less ferocious at a soiled footprint upon her floor, when the child was by, and said to Carl, one day, "I daren't scold in the face of the girl; she re

minds me so of an angel in the pictured windows at home."

During all these years, there had been a growth in the souls of the poor people, though they were little better off in a worldly way, except that they made better use of their little spare time, and there was here and there a hint at thrift, a very distant one, and a very faint touch of tidiness observable in some of the tenements. The holidays were more frequent, and more rationally spent, fewer quarrels, less of those fearful scenes that a little leisure too often brings to burdened men in manufacturing towns. Yes, drunkenness was an exception, and not the rule, among the people of Cobden, and Justin Ritchie thanked God for this seal to his ministry.

Agnes taught gentleness and feminine tenderness to her surrounding neighbors, not companions, for in truth she had none, and some of those refining bits of handiwork that came to her, as her nature did, no one knew whither. Little by little the graces of womanhood came also, and Goody left off decorating her, and left her to her own sweet will, with all she could spare from their meagre income to clothe her fittingly; and from this she spared for charity's dear sake many a comfort to suffering, and purchased many a prayer and many a blessing.

Justin Ritchie can be pardoned if he sometimes exultantly claimed this perfection as a portion of his own labor, and he had done not a little to beautify and ornament the young girl's character; but Nature has her favorites, and the Father appoints some to make the world beautiful, and keep our faith in his creatures. But this child, whose curls had been brushed back into a less elegant coiffure, and whose little white aprons were settled into womanly attire, never thought of all the dreams which had shaped themselves in the brain of Maud Malden, and yet there were the same years upon both. To one,

life had come solemnly, burdening her young existence with lessons of care and toil, and the other stepped upon rose leaves whose odor made her years fragrant, and the "yet to come" was prised with the hues in her way.

The summer of the year after Justin Ritchie ceased his lessons to Agnes was a fearful one to the poor. Drought, the previous season, and great financial troubles to the country, brought them want, for bread was scarce; and though Gregory Malden congratulated himself because he gave them old wages and full time, they could scarcely live on the pittance they earned. Added to this, a pestilence crept over the downs and into their houses, and the dead were carried to rest, half glad, except from the instinctive dread of the crossing the river of peace, and there was terror among the rich and poor. Mothers laid their babes away with heavy sobs, because of the loneliness, but grew to be glad, because "there was no work in the close clay," and turned themselves to the years which lay before them, feeling that heaven was dearer now than ever. Agnes was an angel to them in their sorrow, and, with her pastor, made sunshine lift the shadows, and she parted the dark, and let in soft glory upon many a departing soul.

Gregory Malden had taken his household to the high sea-bluffs, where the infection could not reach, but he stayed with his people. He was too manly to leave them in their sore need; and when Maud protested against Dr. Hinman's exposing his valuable life also, her father saw a something in her eyes and voice that revealed a terrible possibility to his thoughts, but answered only that a soldier of the cross must never leave his duty when danger threatened his people; and the poor child only paled, as if she saw a rift in the veil, but said not a word; and so the doctor, quaking when his advocate failed, tried to adopt the heroic, and wear the honors if they came.

Carl Frank and his wife were evangelists in the strife for existence, and failed in nothing that kindness demanded of them, and the good Father blessed them, and spared lives to reward their labor.

While Maud Malden was folding her white hands in prayer for the life of the pastor and the people, for her father and his dependents, Agnes was offering silent and wordless petitions, while her firm but gentle feet were bringing comfort to the suffering, and her beautiful brown hands were smoothing and softening the pillows of pain.

If she admired her dearest friend, her clergyman, for his self-abnegation, she would have scorned him had fear even once blanched his cheek, or quivered forth in one word. It did not exalt him that he did his duty; it was what she expected of him; and she had never thought of being disappointed.

She had never seen any other pastor than her own, except now and then getting a distant view of Dr. Hinman in his carriage, for the circle around which she revolved was bounded by Cobden Court, and now and then a stroll to the chalk banks of the river, between it and "The Dell."

If Justin Ritchie felt the contemptuous conduct of the Rector of St. Dennis, he never ceased desiring an opportunity of being kind to him, and the time came in a strange way. It was after the pestilence had begun to abate that the exhausted servitors of Death commenced to fall by the way, and one of these was Mr. Malden. He had truly been noble in his self-sacrifice, and given little attention to any other care, save every day sending a bulletin of love to his family, and assurances of his safety. He would on no account permit his family to return to him when certain death would follow such a step, but there was no one now to minister to him, his own best servants having gone to the bluffs with Mrs. Malden. Then the terror which his condition produced upon

the rector prostrated him, and made him an easy victim to the clutches of disease.

Vibrating between the rectory and Dell was the good angel, — the child-woman, Agnes St. Elin. It was her first visit to luxury in sorrow, and she could scarce understand how such things could be.

It was a strange scene when her face drooped over the pillow of Mr. Malden. He thought his mind wandered from his control, else he had already gone to the land of spirits, for he whispered, "Agnes, have you come back to meet me?" and she said, "I have come to care for you if you will let me." He closed his eyes, and tried to understand the revelations of fever which tormented him, but, when he unclosed them, there was the vision of his lost sister in peasant's garb sitting by his bed, and it drove him wild with the mania of the pestilence; and so the days wore on.

Agnes only thought his ways a part of his suffering, and went on in her loving and peaceful ministering. When she heard of the rector's suffering, she found her way to him, good angel as she was, but he clasped his hands over his eyes, as if a friend had come for his soul, and moaned, — "Oh, Agnes!" It was mysterious to her that two who had never looked at her face before should call her name, and, while she was revolving what she should say, the poor man grew frantic, and her touch made him writhe when she longed to soothe and comfort him. Softly she knelt by his bed, and prayed aloud, and only the voice of prayer parted the clenched hands of the wicked man, and he looked at the rippled hair and upturned violet eyes, and said, "My sin has found me out, and the Lord followed my steps with vengeance. Agnes, my daughter!" And she, innocent, only answered, "My father!"

When the fever left him for a little, for the scourge touched him lightly, he learned

what she knew of herself, and revealed to her what the world will never know, but she called him *father* thenceforth, and scarcely left him, though over her face the pallid touch of intense sorrow fell, and the child became a woman in grief, accepting the punishment sent to the "second and third generation of them that do evil." It was with scarce a tear, for nothing could add to her grief, that Goody Frank and the tender-hearted Carl were buried together in one grave on a still Sabbath afternoon, nor did the pain burn deeper when she turned from the soothing of her pastor and his offer of home and home love, and a share in the noble work of his life, with no word of explanation, save that the Lord had shut out such happiness from her forever, and a deep sob for a farewell.

He was stupefied, and almost doubted the Father's goodness and mercy, but he kissed the rod afterward, and saw the way, and why he was led therein. Agnes took up her abode at the rectory, and when Gregory Malden arose from his bed, and, with the intuitions suffering gives, understood it all, he tried to take into his own home the young girl, but she only said, "If I fail in my duty, who shall comfort me in this my

sorrow and shame?" and so they parted tenderly and tearfully, and Dr. Hinman retired to a far-off home, and led an humbler and better life for the sake of his child, and in penance for past sins.

Poor Maud Malden! Her first sorrow came through her ideal of perfection when her father waked her trusting heart with a story of wrong and suffering, and levelled her chances of future life, and made the solemn and earnest, the religion of deeds and sacrifice, beautiful and worthy of womanhood.

Justin Ritchie was called to the rectory for Agnes's sake, and afterward, when Agnes had become a dream of beautiful memory to him, he learned to love the gentle Maud Malden, and the lives of the people of Cobden Court were lifted, and the low level of continuous want was broken by the ministrings of these two, who, with God's gifts and his Spirit directing them, forgot themselves for the sake of Christ's disciples.

Agnes St. Elin closed the eyes of her father, and in sisterly ministrings passed early to her rest, for her work was done. She might have found happiness here, but God loved her, and knew best.

Ingemisco, INGEMISCO!

MORNING THANKS.

BY M. J. BISHOP.

Up in the heavens the clear light sits enthroned,

And the deep azure, like a banner's field
Whereon is love engraven, tells of God.

To God ring praises from each mellow throat
In one harmonious chant; e'en the low breeze
That sweeps, soft as an angel's wing, the
 thickets by,

Joins in the universal "gloria;"

The golden vapors in a robe of light

That track the sun's bright path, repeat the
 theme,

And flash from golden wheels, thanksgiving
 high.

Thou glorious One! and shall our tongue be
 mute,

Nor join the anthem of the universe?

Shall our cold hand refuse to sweep the harp
That all thy goodness strings? No! sounding
 lyres,

That all night ring above thy ceaseless praise,
Shall pause to listen to our morning hymn,

And the veiled seraph shall bare his bright brow
To gaze on love so pure, so like his own.

HOMESICK.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

HOMESICK for the waves' low murmur by blue
 Erie's pebbled shore ;
 Homesick for the vines that clamber lovingly
 about my door ;
 Homesick for familiar faces that will smile on
 me no more.

Homesick for the days now ended, passed from
 sunshine into gloom ;
 Homesick in this stately palace, where a fettered
 child I roam ;
 Homesick in the frescoed grandeur, for my
 dear old cottage home.

Homesick for the silent voices, — tones whose
 melody has ceased ;
 Homesick in this worldly bondage, struggling
 to be released ;
 Homesick at this splendid banquet, longing for
 a simpler feast.

Homesick for the dewy roses, — roses are not
 fragrant here ; —

Homesick for the stars above them, — *there*
 they seem so very near,
 Bending downward in the twilight ; now they
 glitter far and drear.

Homesick in this tangled coiling ! crested fate,
 compassionless,
 Cannot hold the wild free crescent, backward
 sweeping, me to bless
 With its deeper, stronger surgings, where my
 love lies fathomless.

And the arras of the present lift their foldings
 in my sleep ;
 And the blossoms, stars, and loved ones waft
 me benedictions deep,
 And the morning nor the real cannot clutch
 the kiss I keep.

Necromancers wierd and pitying take me back
 in dreams to dwell ;
 Soothe my lonely, homesick spirit, — string the
 lute and mend the shell ;
 And sing, and sing, and listen, under
 memory's subtle spell.

THE TEMPEST.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

ALL silent nature lay,
 Unfanned by a stirring breeze ;
 Not a note was heard of songster's lay,
 Nor a rustle on the trees.

The sky was clear and bright
 As a crystal sea of glass,
 Save a little speck that floated light
 O'er the sun was seen to pass.

No fear was wakened then,
 As the little cloud flew by,
 That germ of a tempest lay therein,
 That would burst and shake the sky.

The sun went on his track ;
 And the floating speck it spread,
 And hung in the summer sky, as black
 As a pall upon the dead.

Then rose the tempest-god,
 And he spoke with thunders loud ;
 And he hurled his fiery bolts abroad,
 From his seat upon the cloud.

He gave his steeds the rein,
 As the winds terrific blew ;
 And his chariot jarred the vaulted plain,
 As his whirlwind coursers flew.

The nations looked on high,
 As they heard the rattling peals ;
 And the lightning darted from his eye,
 And the thunder from his wheels.

Swift on he drove his fleet,
 And adown the east he sped,
 With the frowning cloud beneath his feet,
 And a rainbow on his head.

POLITE LIES.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

"SEND to the city for it," said Mr. Hart, "you know Mrs. West always stands ready to perform any errands for you."

"Very true," replied Mrs. H., "but I am afraid she will not suit me; her taste and mine are somewhat different."

"I shouldn't think it was a very nice piece of business to select a common dress," added Mr. H. "I think I could do it successfully myself."

It was settled, however, that Mrs. West should be solicited to purchase the dress. She had done such things before for Mrs. Hart, and found much satisfaction in accommodating her friend. She was truly a kind, noble-hearted woman, never more happy than when performing some labor of love.

So Mrs. Hart sat down and wrote to her old familiar friend in the city, telling her what kind of a dress she wanted, and closing by asserting that she did not know how she should get it unless she depended upon her, who was always ready to accommodate, and whose *taste was very superior*. The last clause slipped off her pen rather reluctantly, since it did not accord with the insinuation which she dropped to her husband about Mrs. West's lack of good taste. It wouldn't be *polite*, however, when asking a favor of another, to do less than to admit superior qualifications for the business.

It was not long before the new dress came.

"How could she think it was pretty?" exclaimed Mr. Hart, as soon as he saw it. "I could have done better myself. Nine-penny calico is preferable to that homely article."

"I confess that I am disappointed," said Mrs. H. "I don't like it at all. The fig-

ure is altogether too set, and it is too dark for the season. Strange that she should make such a selection! But I was a little afraid to trust her; you know I suggested that her taste was not perfect." What would her husband have said if he had known that her letter had something to say about *superior taste*?

The next time Mrs. Hart and Mrs. West met, the latter very naturally asked the former, "how she liked her dress?"

"Very well, indeed," replied Mrs. H. "I hope you did not put yourself to much inconvenience to make the purchase."

"None at all; and if I had, I should have been amply repaid for it by knowing that you were well pleased with it."

A person who was in the family secrets might have seen a roguish look in the corners of Mr. Hart's eyes, who heard this conversation; but he said nothing until he found himself alone with his wife, when he laughingly remarked, "I am glad you like your dress so well."

Mrs. H. understood the point of this remark, and replied —

"Well, what could a person do in such circumstances? It would have been extremely rude to tell her that I did not like it. She would never have forgiven me in the world. I did not wish to injure her feelings, especially when she had put herself to so much trouble to accommodate me. If I had told her just as I felt about it, she would have thought me an ungrateful wretch."

"All that may be true," responded Mr. H. "I was only thinking how many lies are told for politeness' sake. The world has such a rule of good manners that any quan-

tity of Mrs. Opie's white lies are necessary to observe them."

"Well, I think if no worse lies are told," added his wife, "that the world would get along better than it does."

"And better still, if none at all were told, neither white nor black," responded her husband.

All this conversation was brought up afresh some days after, when Mrs. Welby called upon Mrs. Hart. Now Mrs. Welby was a meddlesome woman, and a great tattler withal, just the woman to be unpopular in a neighborhood. No one disliked her more than Mrs. Hart, and she always felt very uncomfortable in her presence. Yet she was so *polite* that she concealed her real feelings from her neighbor, and made herself as agreeable as possible. On the occasion referred to, she actually put on a most benignant smile, and said with seeming sincerity —

"I am very happy to see you, Mrs. Welby, walk in; where have you been this long while? You have not been very neighborly of late."

There was so much apparent good feeling in this salutation that Mrs. Welby could but feel at home, and reckon Mrs. Hart among her cordial friends. It was a very pleasant call that she had on that afternoon, and she left resolved in her heart to be yet more neighborly in future.

Mrs. Hart had time for reflection after Mrs. Welby took her leave. "Pity it is so, but then such are the rules of etiquette," she said to herself. "Should I have told her that I did not wish to see her, that her room was better than her company? No, indeed. That would have been the climax of rudeness. I suppose that some people do not like *me*, but should I not feel insulted if they expressed as much to my face? Certainly I should. I don't believe in such fidelity as that. We must be courteous and

polite, or society would soon become like pandemonium."

She could but recall the conversation with her husband a few days before, and conscience did not fail to class this last act with Mrs. Opie's white lies. However, she satisfied herself with a train of reflection like the above, and concluded that what was lost to truthfulness was made up in politeness. The mind exhibits considerable tact in providing excuses for shortcomings, particularly those that grow out of social customs. It was so with Mrs. H., who was somewhat enslaved to the rules of etiquette, and she was quite of the opinion that her husband was not independent enough to forego polite lies on all occasions. Whether she was correct in this view or not, may be learned from the following incident.

They were on a journey at one time, subsequent to the above period, and called upon some old acquaintances about dinner-time. It was Saturday, a very busy time with housekeepers generally, when they are not exactly in a condition to welcome company, unexpectedly, only so far as a plenty of food is concerned.

Mr. and Mrs. Grimley were taken a little aback by the arrival of their old friends; for the dinner-table was spread, and the pot of beans was already taken from the oven. If they had known that Mr. and Mrs. Hart were coming, they would have provided something more inviting for the table than baked beans. But now they must make the best of it, though it was rather mortifying.

It was with many apologies that they drew around the table for no more sumptuous fare. We doubt if a dish of baked beans was ever slandered more than that one.

"You must excuse our dinner," said Mrs. Grimley. "We would have had something better if we had expected company. My husband is very fond of beans, and expects to be treated to them on Saturdays; but

many people do not eat them. For my part I do not think they are very palatable at any time."

"Well," added Mr. Grimley, in a jocose manner, "you will have something new under the sun to tell about,—that you were treated to baked beans on your visit to Lakeville. I think none of your neighbors can boast of such fare when away on a visit."

"You need not apologize at all," said Mrs. Hart; "I am sure your dinner is good enough for anybody. You certainly could not have suited *me* any better, if you had known I was coming." And she glanced at her husband as she said this, because she knew that he had great dislike for such a dish, and for this reason she seldom cooked beans.

"No, indeed," added Mr. Hart, who seemed to think he must say something for the special comfort of his host; "your dinner is good enough for a king, and I am quite sure you may be at ease about it so long as your guests do not complain."

"Then you are fond of beans, are you?" inquired Mrs. Grimley.

"Very fond of them, indeed," replied Mr. Hart, "and what is more, we seldom have them at our house, so that they are quite a rarity. Then, I believe that the knowing ones say there is more nourishment in a pound of beans than there is in a pound of beefsteak."

Mrs. Hart could hardly contain herself when she heard this speech of her husband. All that he had said about "polite lies," and "fashionable falsehoods," came up afresh, and the most triumphant smile played in her eyes, which seemed to say, "Now I have caught you; pity that preaching and practice don't harmonize better." However, she managed to keep her countenance, though she felt somewhat like a victor. Not that she delighted in lies, whether white or any other color, but it was pleasant to have

an opportunity to pay back her pestering partner in his own coin. And then, it would prove what she had persistently advocated hitherto, that, constituted as society is, it would be accounted barbarous to be strictly truthful at all times. Her husband must succumb now, since he had told a "whopper," in order to be courteous and show his gratitude for hospitalities tendered. His own well-spun theories were exploded now by his own act, and he must either condemn himself, or yield to his wife.

Suffice it to say, that the dinner was disposed of in due time, and Mr. Hart made a special effort to swallow beans enough to prove his words true, "very fond of them, indeed." It was a severe discipline, however, and he was happy when he had eaten enough to leave no room for suspicion.

No sooner had they left the house of Mr. Grimley to proceed on their journey, than Mrs. Hart relieved her overflowing soul by an outburst of merriment and triumph over her husband's polite lie. She was discomfited, however, in a measure, by the manner of his meeting the case; for he did not defend himself at all, nor seek an excuse for the deception, but positively affirmed that he was wrong in doing so, and that a little more independence and conscientious regard for truth would have been more becoming in a being accountable to God.

Here is presented just one phase of social intercourse that demands attention. There is a screw loose somewhere. When courtesy is set higher than integrity, reconstruction is necessary. For there is no commandment that admits deceit even when it is deemed necessary to lie in order to be polite. But, polite lies are numerous. There is a great deal of deceit and falsehood, known perhaps by milder names, just to keep up appearances, and that, too, when the truth might be told in a courteous manner. God has not so constituted men, nor ordained that

society should be so constructed, as to make "white lies" indispensable. On the other hand, he has so made and arranged all things that TRUTH is the corner-stone of every institution that will stand the test of time and the law of God.

There is one text of Scripture, at least, with which this feature of society has some manifest connection, viz: "The wicked are estranged from the womb; they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies."

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CASE OF ELI.—1 SAMUEL iii. 11-14.

BY A. LORING.

ELI was High Priest and Judge in Israel, both of which offices augmented his parental responsibility. They made him an object of extensive observation. They elevated his example so that many would take shelter behind it. His sons were to inherit the priests' office, and, at the appointed age, enter upon the sacred services of the tabernacle. The future character and habits of those sons would seriously affect the piety and prosperity of the nation; would involve the honor of God; and would be attended with far-reaching consequences. Though aware of this, he seems not to have realized the importance of their early training; nor the parental responsibilities that rested upon him. Though of undoubted piety himself, though sincerely attached to the cause of truth and righteousness, he strangely overlooked the wayward tendencies of those youthful sons, and brought the most serious disasters upon himself and household.

Whether he erred through indolence, or through the press of official engagements, or through a misconception of native perverseness, or through excessive parental affection, it does not appear from his history; but that he did *immensely err* is too evident; and that fact is deeply suggestive. His sons, reared within the sacred precincts of the tabernacle, — surrounded by the restraining in-

fluences of daily worship, enjoying the impressive example of a pious father, and inspired with the assurance of receiving the honors and responsibilities of the priesthood, — were, nevertheless, the sons of Belial.

This marked and humiliating failure is instructive. It stands as a beacon-light, shining across the lapse of departed centuries, and penetrating many domestic circles. Not as a solitary case alone do we lament it, but because it finds too many recognized parallels. From many of our pious families there often come forth intemperate, profane, sceptical young men; thoughtless, erratic, and hardened young women. Whose is the fault? and where falls the responsibility? should be the eager inquiries in such cases of lamentable obliquity. That it all rests upon the child is hardly supposable. That it all does not fall upon the disappointed and sorrowing parent is also self-evident. That each may share this *guilty estate* is also obvious; and the all-searching eye of our final judge can sum up, with unfailing accuracy, the exact share of each.

We are necessarily less skilful, and less sure. Therefore we are in danger of disowning our own failures; and of shuffling off upon others what we should honestly and penitently take home as our own. We may also neglect most essential parental duties,

as Eli did, not perceiving the important part that the parent must play in forming the habits and in shaping the destiny of the children committed to us.

Not only the parent who already weeps over wayward and irreclaimable offspring, but those also who have a rising family around them, have occasion to examine this subject, and to trace out, as correctly as possible, the boundary where the responsibilities of the parent and of the child meet, and mutually terminate. The scathing reproof inflicted directly upon Eli, the discipline falling so heavily upon him and upon his family, will aid, if they do not perfect, our investigation.

1. It appears that Eli's faithful and earnest reproof of his sons for their wickedness, and his bold remonstrance against it, did not release him from his responsibility.

Had he directly encouraged their profligacy in any period of their training, by openly approving it, then none would acquit him. But this evidently was far from him. He was deeply grieved at their abandoned course, and made some feeble efforts to correct it. He did not blindly judge them incapable of doing a wrong, insisting that "to err was human," except in his own beloved family. He did not question the credible report of their evil deeds, as if it were a malicious and envious slander. He did not attempt to shuffle off all the blame and the disgrace upon the partners of their guilt, as if sin committed by his dear sons was no longer sinful. Nor did he pass it over in silence, concealing his own deep abhorrence of it, and stifling his hearty condemnation of it. Had he done these things, any judicious parent would assess him heavily in apportioning the responsibility.

But he entered upon the work of reproof and correction. He charged them with their aggravated crimes to their face. He urged them to desist from such a perverse course.

He reasoned ably with them, pointing out the deep turpitude of their vile intrigues, assuring them that their sin was committed against an infinitely holy God; and could not be purged with sacrifices or burnt offerings forever. He appealed to their benevolence, their honor, their patriotism; reminding them of the infectious tendencies of their wanton career; and assuring them that they would carry down the nation with themselves to ruin.

But this outspoken disapproval of their course does not fill the measure of his parental obligations and answer all the demands of his high responsibilities. Why not? *Because it was a long-needed service at too late an hour.* They had been permitted to go on uninstructed, unrestrained, too far. This late effort to gather up the reins, and to curb the full-grown habit, was not what was then demanded. Something more than bold reproof or earnest remonstrance was required of him. The cause of truth demanded more; his and their position justified more.

Still, this fruitless effort is a redeeming consideration in the standing of Eli. It palliates his fault, sets forth his position truly, and partially vindicates his character. It shows that he erred as too many parents do, through neglect, or weakness, or partiality; and not from an insensibility to, or approval of, open vice. When aroused from an unpardonable stupor, he strikes with manly vigor, but his blows fall upon sturdy helmets. Better reprove late than not at all. Better disapprove and disown, even if the fault is past cure.

2. It appears that he, having the authority, is expected to restrain them from their iniquity. Mark the charge here tabled against him! "*He restrained them not.*" He had not made them vile, for it is distinctly stated that "his sons had made themselves vile." Still, this does not acquit the

parent. He had remonstrated at a late hour against their evil deeds. Neither does this acquit him. For that message from God, bearing a sentence of condemnation, is addressed to the *parent*, and not to the sons. The dreadful blow was to fall upon Eli and his house. For if at this period his parental authority had decayed, his official position clothed him with power to correct those abuses. If those full-grown and stubborn sons would not heed the remonstrances of their worthy father, then he should have expelled them from the priest's office, and publicly rebuked their shameful wickedness. In this his grave default seems to culminate. It doubtless began early. Instruction was neglected when it would have taken root. Restraint was omitted when it might have been easily laid. Correction was withheld when it would have been effective. This gross and unblushing iniquity was only the fullgrown and ripened fruit of his early parental oversight. Leviathan is tamed early, if ever.

But even from this official omission we may deduce an important practical suggestion. Having the power, he failed to apply it, and was held accountable for the consequent wrong. So parents, having the power

of restraint and failing to apply it, will be held accountable for the consequent evil. Let every parent feel, then, that in the early period of youthful training he has the power of restraint. The passion, ungovernable in riper years, can be checked in its infancy. The wayward impulse, if timely seized, can be turned into the right channel, just as the babbling rill, but not the mighty river, may be led and directed in its course. But if this restraint is not seasonably applied, if the budding vice is not corrected when it may be, then the parent's responsibility does not expire when his authority is met with defiance, and his earnest reproofs and remonstrances are utterly unheeded. Though the iniquity of the young men may be very great before the Lord, that of the parent is no trifle.

In the language of an old writer, I would say to every parent, "Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frosts of May nip his blossoms. Whilst he is a tender twig, straighten him; whilst he is a new vessel, season him; such as thou makest him, such thou wilt commonly find him. Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be what thou wilt."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

A TINY seed fell silently
 Within the moistened earth;
 Warm sun and showers nourished it,
 And soon there sprang to birth
 A bright-green plant of beauty,
 That grew, and widely spread,
 Till a noble tree was waving
 Its branches overhead.

A mother whispered gently
 To her little listening child,
 Whispered of God and heaven,
 In tones so sweet and mild,

Of the way to peace and virtue;
 Then this holy seed took root,
 And grew, and widely scattered
 Its choice and hallowed fruit.

'Tis not a vain employment,
 To train the infant mind;
 Though puerile it seemeth,
 A harvest we may find,
 When but few years have vanished;
 Then cheer the toiling heart,
 And magnify this mission,
 God doth in love impart.

TALKS WITH MY OWN SEX.—No. VII.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

SYMPATHY FOR SICKNESS.

SICKNESS, at some time or other, seems the appointed lot of all. It may almost be called a condition of our being. Those who escape, are rare exceptions to the general rule.

This impalpable network of nerves, this wonderful tent of clay, where immortality lodges, must of necessity suffer disarrangement, and need repair. Disease watches for the new breath of the cradling, and dashes the rose from the round cheek of the young child. It fetters the elastic limbs of youth, and claims prescriptive right over those who have numbered many years. It prostrates the vigor of manhood, and wrecks the plans of ambition. According to the prince of poets, Cesar, when the fever-fit was upon him, cried, “ ‘ *Give me some drink, like a sick girl.* ’ ” Casualty and accident also levy their taxes on the most robust, in countless and unexpected forms. Baleful foes to health invade the most genial climes, and hang their trophies in the gardens of the Hesperides. There is but *one* country (and does it not quicken our passionate search after it?) where the inhabitants never say “ I am sick. ”

The sympathies essential to this lot of our existence, are peculiarly a part of woman's nature. She is more fully taught them by the peculiar infirmities to which she is herself subject, while her inherent tenderness and tact enable her more successfully to illustrate the knowledge thus acquired. Were she politic, or ambitious, she would perceive that sickness increased her power, by bringing new subjects to her territory. The strong man,

who never before felt his dependence, is drawn within the pale of humanity; the man so immersed in business that he could scarcely spare time for a few courteous words to his household, is compelled to find leisure to stay at home; the boy leaves the tree-tops, and cowers at the feet of his mother; the statesman and philosopher gain a new theme for their meditations, — the value of the weaker sex in hours of lassitude and pain.

By their heaven-derived authorities of wife and mother, of sister and daughter, they have a right to enter and to act in this wide and important sphere. Who has not seen a mother's devotion to her suffering or unfortunate child, her forgetfulness of sleep, and food, and self, her patience with fretfulness, her ingenuity in devising forms of consolation, her fortitude in danger? “ As one whom his mother comforteth, ” saith the divine Word, as if seeking no stronger metaphor. Indeed, this heroic tenderness is so pervading and universal, that we almost cease to remark it, and are only shocked at its deficiency, as a monstrous and unnatural thing.

How touching, also, are the tireless attentions of conjugal love in seasons of indisposition.

“ I should never have known the heavenly worth of my wife, ” said a man devoted to an absorbing profession, “ but for these wretched headaches. ”

“ Blessed things have they been for me, ” said the sweet, ministering spirit, feeling, like all who do good, that the gain was on her own side.

Instances might be adduced, and are, I doubt not, within the memory of us all, where the faithful nursing services of a daughter almost rivalled those which cherished her own infancy. I think now of one. The mother of a large, well-trained family, became a victim of consumption. Her eldest daughter, a fair girl of sixteen, watched every symptom as it developed itself, with intense solicitude. She at length obtained permission to leave school, where she had been distinguished for scholarship, that she might devote herself to the beloved invalid. She felt that the highest purposes of education were linked with filial duty. With the same perseverance that she had evinced in the attainment of languages and the pursuit of accomplishments, she studied every form of alleviation and comfort of which the case admitted. She desired that no nurse might be engaged, preferring to retain the entire honor of waiting on a being so dear. Neither was there any lack of skilful nursing, so earnestly did she apply herself to acquire all its details; for love brought her knowledge, and stood in the place of experience. With her ministrations she mingled cheerfulness of countenance and manner, that her mother might see her highest happiness was to be at her side. She felt this sick-chamber was a privileged place, and made it pleasant, at fitting times, for the occasional calls of friends, and visits from the orderly and loving little ones. When by quick observation she saw the severe spasmodic turns of coughing coming on, she skilfully dismissed them, and after applying the prescribed remedies, wrapped her supporting arms round the sufferer, with a deep, silent prayer to the All-Merciful.

When the last hour came she stood with seven brothers and sisters around the couch of the dying. Repelling her own selfish indulgence of grief, and entering into the thoughts of the summoned, whose fixed eye

rested upon them, she said, "*They are mine.*" There was a feeble babe, whose inherent infirmity made his existence a perpetual care. She laid his head on her young bosom, and said, "*He is mine.*" And the mother calmly departed. She had deputed her hallowed trust. Faithfully did that young Christian heroine, by long years of care and love, keep her sacred promise to the children and to their father.

A lady afflicted with a cancerous disease, had endured repeated extirpations with the knife, such as try the fortitude of those around, as well as the soul of the sufferer. It approached its fatal termination in all the forms of wasting agony. Undaunted, by her couch the sole daughter of the house took her stand. The post was no sinecure, yet her energy equalled every emergency. She was a favorite in society, where her powers of conversation were conspicuous, but she sacrificed every allurements that interfered with her self-denying charge. She was not willing to accept even of a watcher, but preferred to rise several times during the night, to exchange the dressings of the wounded parts, believing that she could perform this office more adroitly and tenderly than those who had less experience. When she thought a change of attitude might afford relief, she seated herself in a large arm-chair, and taking the emaciated form in her lap, rocked and soothed her, as a mother would her child, repeating or sometimes singing fragments of hymns, in a low voice, until reanimated faith triumphed over the agitations of the racked body. And what assimilated this touching and long-sustained love more to the holy compassion of an angelic nature, was the fact that it was not exercised for the mother who gave her birth, but for one elected to fill that mother's place when death made it vacant.

A clergyman of New England found his

health utterly failing, and was directed by his physicians to suspend all labor, and seek restoration by travelling in foreign climes. His wife felt that her attentions were indispensable to his comfort and hope of future health. Yet a trial was involved in the duty. Her firstborn was a nursing infant, of less than a year, and the sacrifice of leaving him can be understood only by the yearning, maternal heart. But she did not hesitate or waver.

It was a dark, bleak morning in March when they departed. Their affectionate congregation, and many other friends, crowded the wharf to see them enter the ship. Amid the throng of familiar countenances, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the words of farewell, one picture riveted her eyes, a fair babe, his little white arm thrown round the nurse's shoulder, timidly raising his face to every one that approached him, to see if it might not be his mother. That picture went with her over the booming surge. She saw it amid the darkness of midnight, and the scenery of dreams. It gleamed out in unexpected places, on the classic banks of Windermere, and under the broken arches of Melrose, while exploring their columns "by the pale moonlight." Yet she veiled it in silence, lest it should give the invalid father pain; though she saw it amid the attractions of the Louvre, in the Florentine gallery, amid the enchanted castles of the Rhine. Even under the dome of the time-honored Cathedral, she heard above the thrilling chant of the "*Miserere*," the wail of a weaning babe.

But her cheerful and cheering services to her husband knew no intermission. She so entered into his case, and sympathized in all his concerns, and gathered up for him every fragment of satisfaction, that self was forgotten. His earnest and elegant mind had enjoyed intellectual pursuits, and it was not thought best that he should entirely relinquish them. So, in the long, autumnal

evenings, while he proceeded with a literary work, she sat by his side with her book or needle, entering into the train of thought which he communicated to her, or replenishing the bright wood fire, until the sweet, and salubrious home-feeling stole over both. Her nursing powers, the perfect judgment with which they were exercised, and the exciting influence of the varied scenes and distinguished characters they visited, seemed to have a reviving effect upon the health of her husband. But the joy with which she beheld this, could not prevent her own from becoming impaired. To conceal this, as far as possible, and preserve a smiling countenance, while enduring positive pain, was now her constant effort. Yet keeping ever in view the importance of a due balance of the nervous system to the ultimate recovery of the beloved invalid, she sought strength from above to avoid taxing his anxious sympathies, and it was granted.

Surrounded by strangers, and under Italian skies, an infant daughter was given her, and in the course of a few months they returned home, after an absence of more than a year. The infant whom they had left behind was now able to greet them in broken language, and the reunion was affecting. There was sometimes upon his fair countenance, a peculiarly pensive expression, which the mother could not contemplate without tears, for her tender heart suggested that it might have grown there while he so long gazed after his lost parents. Still, this expression was only occasional, and his health and happiness seemed unbroken. But he saw not here, his fourth birthday. Short and acute was the disease that dismissed him. The mother sat with her expiring boy in her arms. Reverently, as if she feared her voice might disturb the solemnity of the scene, when a spirit passes, she requested by a sign, the father, kneeling by her side, to *pray*. Faintly, tremulously at first, then more distinctly

and fervently arose those tones of supplication, lifting the thoughts where death can never enter. As his voice ceased, the mother fainted. The spirit of her child had fled.

But soon she rose, ready for every duty. To an intimate friend she wrote, "I can resign my child into the hands of its Maker with as strong a faith as I ever had, that it is a blessing to be thus removed '*untasked, untried,*' from a world in which the results both of labor and long trial are so doubtful."

In the piazza of a pleasant dwelling, in sunny weather, or on a rustic seat beneath the broad elm that overshadowed it, might be seen a man of fourscore, with a florid and benevolent face. His linen cap was of snowy whiteness, and around its edge was a thin border of curls, like floating silver. Near him was a lady past her prime, but singularly active, his only remaining sister. He had been the eldest of a large family, and she the youngest, so that more than a score of years divided their date. Changes and bereavements had caused them to make their home together, the last of all their race. She encouraged him to take short walks or daily drives, at favoring seasons, skilfully guiding herself their gentle steed through varied and cheering scenery. She vigilantly watched the slightest symptom of indisposition, promptly adopting some simple remedy, or change of diet, feeling that the line of life both at the beginning and end, is like the "spider's attenuated thread" easily riven. Yet realizing that mental as much as physical health demanded care, she guarded this point, also, with untiring assiduity. Into his deafened ear, she poured the intelligence of passing events, to feed the current of living sympathies. Like most aged people, he distrusted his retentive powers. Believing this distrust to be a secret ally of the evil that it foretold, she strove to remove it. She said,

"*Old* people are not the only ones who forget." Often she asked him of events appertaining to early days, and as he poured forth their descriptions, said, "You see that you remember what the *young* can not." Then she judiciously asked him of some recent occurrences, as if referring to him for information. She encouraged him to commit a verse from the chapter or hymn that they read together, that he might still have the pleasure of adding to his stores, and at the close of the day, conversed on its transpiring circumstances, "gathering up its fragments that nothing might be lost." Thus she kept the key of his memory, and brought forth from its storehouse "things both new and old."

She guarded, also, against that consciousness of deterioration which is one of the maladies of advancing years. She continued to ask his opinion of men and things, his judgment in the affairs of the family, and required the servants to seek his directions with marked respect, that he might retain the authority appertaining to his sex and position. Thus fortified, his amiable temperament rendered age lovely; and it was remarked by those who saw him in church, where he regularly appeared, though able to hear but a part of the services, that his serene countenance, beaming with good will, was in itself a sermon.

This sisterly watch over body and mind, this support of sympathies nursed in the same cradle, protected the old man's happiness, and prevented the singular yet too common mistake, of considering the great gift of life less valuable for its continuance. She encouraged in him those designs and deeds of benevolence which keep the heart young; and through her sweet influences, the eloquent comparison of the prophet* might be applied to him, of a "tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out its roots

* Jeremiah xvii. 8.

to the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, for its leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither cease from yielding fruit."

A pair of twin sisters, in the Canton Vaud, in Switzerland, were so much alike as to bewilder even familiar eyes. Side by side they grew up together, wearing the same dresses, reading the same books, warbling the same strains, rejoicing in the same simple pleasures. It was as if one soul inspired two bodies. They had never been separated for a day. Every thought was common property. The smile of one was reflected on the brow of the other, as in a crystal fountain.

The first diversity they had ever known was through the touch of disease. Around the drooping one, an arm was perpetually thrown, night and day. The hand of her second self led her forth that she might inhale the pure mountain air, while she was able to bear it, then it seated her for a few moments on the rustic bench at the door of their cottage. Then it smoothed the snow-white pillow, fond eyes watching every change of the pallid features. It brought from the Alpine cliffs such flowers as they had loved to gather; and presented the milk of their pet white goat, in the favorite cup, and delicately prepared every condiment that might have hope to tempt the failing appetite. The physician was regarded as though he were a god, and every prescription prepared and pressed as if life depended on its efficiency.

Yet one stood between the sisters, invisible and inexorable,—the shadowy king. "Take me,—*me also!*" was the cry of the survivor. When she saw there was no more breath, she bathed the fair limbs in water from the mountain spring that she had loved, and robing the inanimate form in its best white dress, and putting on a similar one, took her post by its side, feeling lost

that there was no further love-service to be rendered. In the watches of midnight she fancied that she again heard that faint, thrilling tone that had so often called her name in the strong spasm of suffering, and she answered, "I come." One of our sweet American poets has given us a touching effusion on this subject, with the title "*Tu en' appelles,*" "*Thou callest me,*"—from which we extract a few stanzas:—

"Sister! we have had one pillow
Since the day that saw our birth,—
And 'neath yonder bending willow,
In the consecrated earth,
Dost thou think, beloved and cherished,
I can let thee sleep alone?
That when stem and flower have perished,
One poor leaf would linger on?
We were two,—but two in one,—
Halved,—united,—yet alone;—
Thou hast left me. Hark! the bell
Tolleth for thee. *Tu en' appelles.*

"Near our resting-place will wander
Little children, pleased to throw
Wreaths and garlands, while they ponder,
Marvelling why these things are so;
Why the green grass hides and covers
Gentle hearts and smiling faces;
Where they went, these sister-lovers,
Roaming through what pleasant places.
Thou didst leave the door ajar,
Gliding through to worlds afar;
And I follow swift, to dwell
Closely near thee. *Tu en' appelles.*"

The allotment of the sphere of nursing-kindness to our sex, and the capacity given for it by inherent sympathy and hallowed affection, should be numbered among our blessings. It is a right for which we have no need to contend, and of more intrinsic value than some which we unsuccessfully and unwisely claim. Methinks the most ambitious might be content with the suffrage accorded them by an ancient writer:—

"Behold how the whole sick earth doth look after and turn unto woman. Man, in his full strength, doth scorn her weakness,

but in his times of pain she is stronger than he. She hath great pity, and skilleth to show it forth with a marvellous patience, being as tender-handed as she is tender-hearted."

If to relieve poverty is a blessed vocation, to assuage pain is "twice blessed," for it

liketh to angelic natures; — to the strengthening spirit at Gethsemane, who, while the disciples, too weak to "watch one hour," supinely slept —

"Drew near in pity, and from od'rous wing
Shed balm ambrosial on the sufferer's head.

Hartford, Conn., July 15, 1861.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY THE INVALID.

"THE Star-spangled Banner," the flag of the
free,

Oh, when shall it hover o'er land, home, and
sea?

Oh, when shall the breezes which blow o'er
each plain,

From the hills of New Hampshire, the forests
of Maine,

With those which are speeding o'er tropical
shores,

Fraught with exquisite odors from numberless
stores,

Bear each on their pinions the Red, White,
and Blue,

The pledge of our friendship, enduring and
true?

But if, ere the sun of that morning shall
shine,

When we, again, brothers, our hands shall en-
twine,

The tocsin of war must resound o'er the land
Which so long with the zephyrs of peace has
been fanned;

If torrents of crimson must stain the pure
wave,

Whose foam-crested surges our rock-bound
shores lave;

If the drum and the bugle the song-note must
drown,

And the battle-smoke veil the clear sky with
its frown;

Then out from the valleys and hills of the
North,

Let strong-hearted heroes their weapons bear
forth,

Let the broad-shouldered woodman his chop-
ping-axe drop,

Nor till the stern message reverberates, stop;
Let the fisherman hasten his vessel to moor,

And the wrecker leave gladly his task by the
shore;

Let the ploughman his furrow, the merchant
his desk,

The pastor his pulpit, all leave to the risk —

That *God* will take care of the duties at home,
And with brief words of parting, the battle-
field roam;

There let the gay banner, so long our fair
pride,

In shining folds wave o'er the land and the tide,
Till the gold-crested eagle lifts up his proud
head,

And soars o'er the ground where oppression
lies dead!

Till the song notes of Freedom ring out in
wild glee,

"The Star-spangled Banner," the flag of the
free.

O God of our country, upon us look down;

The weapons for conflict, the strength is thine
own;

Our hands will be powerless, our efforts but
vain,

If we in our weakness thy help may not gain;
Preside in our councils, watch over our deeds,
And bear us, unfaltering, where'er duty leads.

Till "The Star-spangled Banner," the pledge
of the free,

Shall wave o'er our nation, from mountain
to sea.

"TELL HANNAH."

BY MARY J. CROSSMAN.

GREAT sorrows color all our lives: the death and burial of a cherished joy in youthful years,—how far the shadows of such a pall stretch toward the westward!

It was a windy, stormy night; nature seemed sobbing as if from a great grief, for it was at the time of the summer's burial; heavy tear-drops beat against the window-panes, and heavy breathings shook the doors and shutters. Though the evenings were short, Hannah Cummings sat by the table sewing busily; her lip quivers and her pale face bends closer to the mittens she is mending, for that day Willie, her oldest, had said, "Please, mother, have my mittens ready for to-morrow, it's so cold husking in the morning, wont you?" Hannah could never resist the pleadings of Willie,—possibly from the name he bore, or that his eyes had the blue of one over whom the sea-waves for years had kept their watches. With a foot upon the cradle she sung tremulously, "lullaby," "lullaby;" and then, as the little troubled sleeper sank into quiet, she gave voice to other words: "What a night for sailors on the sea. God protect them,—God bring them safe to land; 'Tell Hannah,'"—ah! words have a hidden meaning; she is weeping, and wherefore? the past will answer.

Hannah Vale was an humble factory girl, poor but pretty, and well taught at home in the simple rudiments of behavior and house-keeping, geography and arithmetic. During her sixteenth summer, the brightest star that ever illumines woman's life gave to hers an untold brilliancy. William Dowton, of the steamship Atlantic, was stopping in L——, while their vessel was undergoing re-

pairs; and never so rollicking, merry-hearted a sailor wore tarpaulin or pea-jacket as was Bill.

"They met by chance, the usual way," he and Hannah, and before summer was over, before Bill embarked on another voyage, they were engaged. Engaged,—it is a common word, quickly written, often and easily spoken; but the length and breadth, the height and depth of its import is measured only by the months and years of a human life; it is a word which *never*, like successive turns of a kaleidoscope gives only brilliant colors,—its great joys have corresponding sorrows.

Bill returned from his second voyage in due time, and Hannah had a week's vacation from the loom and shuttle; the footsteps of every hour of that week will never be worn from her heart, nor their delicious odors exhausted. In her spare chamber, in a chest of drawers, are gifts he brought her from tropic islands; a shawl of hues as bright as the skies beneath which it was woven; flowers once gorgeous, but now pale as the fingers which gathered them; rare curiosities, upon which the tears have fallen many and many a time.

The third voyage had almost terminated, when the noble Atlantic was wrecked in sight of port; the life-boats were filled with passengers, and Bill, with his characteristic nobleness, worked for the good of others till the last. Every passenger and every other of the crew was safe; he jumped from the wreck to the nearest boat, but just failed to reach it. "Bill, Bill," cried the sailors, as he rose the second time, "*catch this rope!*" He grasped eagerly, but in vain. "Tell

Hannah—" and those were all the words he uttered; but the look of agony that settled over his features spake more than any words. Though Jerry Bonton has seen ten years since then, he could not repeat to you the story without weeping. Jerry and Bill had followed the seas together since boyhood, and an attachment strong as that of brothers had grown between them.

Jerry hurried from the shore to Hannah's room in the factory. When he told her of their disaster; when with husky voice he repeated the broken message, "Tell Hannah!" she fell across the beam where she was weaving, with a sharp, short shriek that brought all the girls to her room. Hours passed before her consciousness returned, and then, how blank and drear, how stern and terrible, how like one continued Sahara lay all the future before her!

"How then could she take upon herself other vows?" Ah! that was your question, sweet maiden, yet in teens; and your eyes dilate with wonder beneath their soft brown fringes, and love-thoughts lay gathered in every dimple of your mouth. At twenty, with most of us, the dreaming age ceases. The practical, with imperative voice, demands the foreground of life, and walks with a rough and hasty tread over the ideal. Our natures, requiring constant support and nourishment, absorb sustenance like fibrous grasses from every element of the soil about them; if it chance to be genial, the flowers of happiness are of rich dyes and heavy fragrance; if cold and clayey, they are pale and dwarfed and of feebleness of odor. It is said that the ocean has two currents, each moving in diverse ways; and it is strangely true of human lives,—*they* have opposite currents drifting toward the future and the past, toward the real and the ideal,—tides that are sometimes strong, and heavy, and conflicting.

Hannah, the factory-girl, chose well, per-

haps, to answer "Yes," when the sturdy young farmer, Joseph Stacey, proposed matrimony. Joseph was a man well enough in his way; "a short horse is soon curried," is the hostler's maxim; so a character whose boughs are stinted and blossomless, whose times of fruitage are uncertain and far between, is soon described. He always exercised good principles in dealing with his brother man, but when he came into the domestic sphere,—when women and children were the subjects of his court, a certain tyrannical trait crept out to full view, like a serpent which had beneath a pile of stones in some bare, brown meadow. His nature was dark, perverse, and uncertain; found in every mood by which a verb subject to the genus homo can be varied, and any married lady will bear me testimony that they are more than Lindley Murray ever thought of. Mrs. Pickens, who lived across the road, always told Hannah she was too yielding; she made bold to say that if Stacey's wife would pull his hair, or use the broom-handle thoroughly once in a while, the effect would be improving. Not that *she* ever resorted to such means,—Mrs. Pickens always minded by being spoken to.

So the years went by, weaving into the coarse, rough warp a woof of silken texture.

Though Hannah's life was given to the churn, the cheese-press, and the loom, many joys sprang up along her way; be the songs of life ever so homely, there will be interludes of peculiar sweetness. If sometimes her spirit thirsted for waters whose fountain was dry, or hungered for food that should ever be denied, those hungerings and thirstings found her not alone or unoccupied; the words of the drowning came to her amid wholesome care and labor.

Bright, hopeful faces, unwritten with sorrow-marks, innocent, happiness-begetting eyes looked into her own. The artless child-tones of her young trio, whether set to

countless questionings of the day, or their twilight prayers, were music to her. If Joseph was harsh, she tried to forget; if he scolded her because the pigs broke through the rickety fence, or the weevil destroyed the wheat, she said nothing.

So, through all our pilgrimage, from the

graves of buried joys, shall upspring green verdure and blossoming trees, and in their boughs birds of another name shall build and sing. Therefore, and we write the words of David the son of Jesse reverently, will we "rejoice and be glad."

WOMAN'S MISSION TO WOMAN.

It may not be known to all our readers that a society has been founded in this country on a similar plan to the one in England, called "The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East," which originated in the suggestion of our own noble missionary, David Abceel. For twenty-six years this English society has been in successful operation, and during that period nearly one hundred teachers have been employed in different parts of the heathen world, each accomplishing a blessed and prosperous work. We, deeply appreciating these praiseworthy efforts of our Christian sisters, have, at their urgent entreaty, organized an association which we designate as the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands."

The first meeting of a general society was held in New York, January 9, 1861, at the house of Mrs. Jacob Leroy, 132 Fifth Avenue, when a large number of ladies of all denominations assembled to investigate the subject of aiding in establishing self-supporting schools in heathen lands, and sending Bible readers to women who cannot otherwise be reached by Christian influence. Mrs. T. C. Doremus was asked to preside, and the meeting was opened by reading the touching story of the Syrophenician woman in the Gospel of St. Matthew, fifteenth chapter, followed by prayer.

Mrs. Ellen H. B. Mason, recently returned from Tounghoo, Burmah, then being requested to address the meeting, gave a deeply interesting account of what has been accomplished in Tounghoo, and unfolded her plans for the successful increase of the work. Although Mrs. Mason embraces *the world* as the field of Christian labor, she designated two places in particular where, openings having been made by the immediate hand of God, it would be wiser for this society, while in its infancy, to work, — Tounghoo and Calcutta.

Mrs. Mason first gave a little sketch of Tounghoo, a principality of Ava, in the interior of Burmah, covering an area of 8,000 square miles, the mountains of which are inhabited by a peculiar race of people, called Karens. Already a great work has been accomplished there, 5,000 in one province alone having been received by baptism, and 25,000 attending worship and accepting teachers. For the last three years she has been devoting her energies to the establishment of a female boarding-school, expressly for the purpose of educating teachers for the mountains; and, although she met with opposition and weariness at every step, she struggled onward until she had erected a large institute, and established a *self-supporting boarding-school*.

The Karens having organized an educa-

tion society, *government granted them thirty acres of land*, on which stands this Karen National Institute of Tounghoo.

This institute the chiefs take under their especial care, selecting the girls, supplying their food, clothing, books, and stationery for three years, and have already given 3,500 rupees for the undertaking. Mrs. Mason sketched a very pleasant little scene which occurred in this school, relative to the interest the chiefs have displayed in this successful and wonderful work of God, which we insert. A large band came to her from the mountains, imploring her to send a teacher back with them to instruct their people; but, as the only male assistant was then absent, she offered them a young woman in his place. "A girl!" they exclaimed in contempt, as they towered to their full height in scorn. "A girl, indeed!" To which Mrs. Mason gently replied, "Oh, never mind, you need not take her, but come and hear the school recite." This they consented to do, and soon became deeply interested in the examinations of one of the brightest girls, which, while drawing forth the ready replies of the scholars, also elicited commendations of her own attainments. Soon they stepped hurriedly forward, saying with eagerness, "We'll have her!" pointing to the monitress. Then ensued a struggle as to who should be the bearer of her slate, books, or bag, which very act proved a triumph over barbarism, it being considered a great degradation in India for a man to touch, much less carry, any article belonging to a woman. After proper guarantees had been given as to the protection of the young girl, they turned their faces homeward in great joy, although even on the way neighboring clans honored the successful teacher by quarrelling about which of them possessed the better right over her services. No one can doubt, from this little sketch, that this school has proved an entire success, having already

raised up many native teachers and Bible women.

Mrs. Mason now urged upon the ladies their continuation of this plan for another training school, to which she purposes to donate the trust held by her of a grant of land from government, which land is owned by the natives.

The object of this school is twofold. First, to educate the women of Burmah, because they inevitably have the widest influence over the minds of the rising generation, and, necessarily remaining in ignorance and superstition, they disseminate nothing but principles of evil. Next, almost all Burmese women are taught to cultivate everything which can render them attractive to Europeans, and often, although sighing for relief, are forced into sin as the only alternative to wretchedness. Should they receive an education, means of support would be insured to them, and Christian principles widely spread among their debased fellow-creatures.

Next, Mrs. Mason unfolded her plan for Bible readers. She stated how distinct the field of missionary labor was, and yet its great importance could not be sufficiently estimated, so few comparatively being reached in any other way.

As an illustration, she mentioned an incident in her own personal experience too beautiful to omit sketching.

At Tavoy, Mrs. Mason found, in the heart of the Tenasserim mountains, an extensive field of missionary labor, where scores of women had never been reached; for the reason that preachers of the gospel are too much overburdened with important duties to admit of the lengthened demand on their time which it requires to descend to the sympathies and understanding of heathen women. Passing one day before the home of a poor widow, she ventured to ask, at the foot of the ladder leading to the entrance,

"Sister, may I come up?" "No," was the peremptory reply. Nothing daunted, however, she ascended the ladder, stopping for a few moments to play with the children on the verandah. The woman retreated to an inner room, turning her head from her visitor; but, seeing no further notice was taken of her movements, she began busily to prepare her rice. Soon Mrs. Mason followed her, and, sitting down by her side, said, gently, "Sister, I hear you are a widow, and have no one to comfort you in your distress, or soothe you in your loneliness." Thus attracting her attention, the woman began to shed tears, and, turning half toward her visitor, listened attentively while she was told of One who was both human and divine, who never failed to give heed when the desolate turned to him for love and sympathy. Then, as the touching story of our redemption was unfolded to her darkened mind, a fresh light was shed where as yet no heavenly sunshine had ever penetrated. Reason was afterwards given to hope that even this poor creature became an earnest though humble follower of our blessed Redeemer.

"In one house I called at, not far from our present residence, I found the Baboo could talk a little English. After talking a little while, he asked me to take a chair; this was just what I wanted, so I went in, and the female part of the household soon got round me, asking all sorts of questions. I was the first white lady they had ever seen, and they had no idea that any one of the kind could speak Bengali. I asked the Baboo why the ladies of his house were not taught to read. He said, 'They no learn; they stupid.' I answered, 'Oh, yes, if they were taught, they would soon learn.' 'Oh, no,' he said; 'you see her,' pointing to his wife, 'she beast, she never learn.' I said, 'Let me try?' 'Very well, you try.' I asked the women if they would like to learn.

'Who will teach us?' they asked. 'I will,' I replied, and so it was settled that I should go the next day. I did so; and if you could have seen the eager eyes and open mouths of eleven women seated around me, you would have been as excited as I was. There was little beyond talking done the first day. Since then I have gone regularly to them for two hours every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in the afternoon.

"At another house I had much to interest and please me. The young men of the house wished to have their wives, sisters, and daughters educated. I was astonished to find such a number of clever, intelligent women. I took them books, talked to them, and promised to visit them again; but, shortly after this, an old uncle, an orthodox Hindu, returned home, and hearing what young Bengal had done in his house, exclaimed, 'What new thing is this? are you going to make Christians of all the women? This shall never be.' The nephew who was instrumental in getting the teacher sent tried to reason with him, when he was accused of being a Christian. He then wrote to beg that the teacher would not go again at present, but expressed a hope that the doors would soon again be opened to teaching. I was much grieved to hear this, and wrote begging to be allowed to visit them, and take my children, as I had promised the ladies I would do. The Baboo gave permission, and I went. Never could I have anticipated such a reception. They flocked around me, caught my hands in theirs, wept, and said they were so glad to know that I had not forgotten them, and begged me to let them live in my memory. They talked about the books I gave them, and said they were trying to improve the little they had learned, but they could not fix their minds on it. They were like little children who had tasted sweetmeats, and longed for more. They entreated me to visit them again, and

bring them books, and hoped I would pray to Poromashur (their God), that the obstacle to their having teachers might be removed."

Next, Mrs. Mason touched upon Hindu widows and their deplorable condition. Believing, as do the Hindus, that the death of a husband is a judgment visited on a woman for some crime committed in a former state, a widow is pitied by no one, and shunned by all. Degraded from her former position of comparative happiness and ease, she necessarily either becomes a slave to her more fortunate sisters, or, reckless of everything, sinks into vice.

Mrs. Mason mentioned that the Rev. K. M. Banerjea, a converted native gentleman and preacher in Calcutta, tells us tales of widow-suffering enough to thrill every heart. Hindu widows must never think nor act for themselves; must never learn to read, nor even hear a word of their Bible (the Vedas). They must never eat with man, and, by their sacred laws, are allowed but one meal a day, and that must be of roots and herbs, boiled in one dish; in no case tasting animal food.

She must never walk in the open fields, never lie upon a bed, and only dress in the coarsest attire; must be a mourner for life, even if she never saw her husband but once. If she has sons, they are her masters; if not, her husband's brothers are her lords.

Mrs. Mason, in conclusion, proceeded to state her reasons for desiring *women* to engage in this particular branch of missionary labor. She stated that single women could alone supply the deficiency in this work, because missionaries' wives, generally, not only are occupied with their children and other domestic duties, but have numberless occupations which belong exclusively to their peculiar position. Man's work is entirely distinct from this, for the reason that his social condition fits him to cope with his fellow-man; and in no way could

woman's humbler sphere infringe on his prerogative. The work appealing to women for their heathen sisters must be done by women, and those only who can and will devote every energy of their nature to this sole object.

When Mrs. Mason had finished her heart-stirring appeals for assistance from American women, Mrs. Doremus mentioned the earnest efforts made many years since by Mrs. Divie Bethune and Dr. Abeel to found a society for this very object, which then met with such great opposition from unbelieving hearts that they could not withstand the violent feeling; consequently, the work was left for future operations.

A resolution was then offered relative to the formation of this society, which being unanimously approved, officers were then appointed, and a candidate as Bible reader and teacher was proposed.

At a subsequent meeting, January 15, the society was further organized, and a constitution offered and accepted.

We trust it can hardly be that our readers have followed us thus far without exclaiming, "What can I do for this glorious cause?"

Some, with heroic, self-sacrificing spirits, filled with zeal for the advancement of our Master's cause, are willing to devote every energy to this work; yea, and to offer up their lives in his service. Others, whose sympathies may be as earnest, and whose devotedness may be as great, have not the same opportunities of leaving home duties to work *personally* for the salvation of perishing souls. Again, a large class of young Christians who have just crossed the threshold of their holy profession, eager to show the strength of their faith by their loving works, know not where to look for the exercise of it. And then many, whose "lines have fallen in pleasant places," dream not of schemes of usefulness save those which,

making direct appeal to their evanescent emotions, are like the seed sown on rocky places which the sun of prosperity scorches and withers away.

To each of these we address our entreaties. To the first class, we open the way for the fulfillment of their life-long hopes, and bid them "God-speed," praying that the blessing of the Holy Spirit may be vouchsafed to them in a double measure. To the second, we present our earnest pleadings that they will give to this cause their warm sympathies and fervent prayers, with these a still more tangible remembrance from the tenth of all they possess, even to the widow's mite. To the third class, we unfold a large field of usefulness, which, beginning with their newly begotten life, shall "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength," until they become the bravest of working Christians. And to the last, we ask the simple question, "What are we better than others?" If we believe that it is Christianity alone which has elevated woman from her former abject position to her natural place *of love and reverence by the side of man*, can we rest in the enjoyment of these benefits without a single desire to elevate our poor heathen sisters?

Can we receive, day after day, the sacred enjoyments of our life without casting one pitying glance on the millions of perishing souls who as yet suffer for the lack of those precious privileges we should value so highly? How can we pray with fervency that beautiful and comprehensive petition, "Thy kingdom come," if we fold our hands in listlessness, and close our eyes in day dreams? "Let us, then, be up and doing," and not suffer this noble project, originating in such disinterested benevolence, to lack for support for the want of our hearty co-operation. Surely some among us can pledge themselves to become collectors for this newly formed society! It is but for *twenty*

dollars annually, and if a simple plan which has been proposed be attempted, the result will more than equal expectation.

There are few New Yorkers who will not remember the charitable old colored woman, Katy Ferguson, of wedding-cake reputation, who supported and benefited largely sixty white children, simply by the donations of one shilling each from her customers. We heard, also, of a friend whose sphere of usefulness was greatly circumscribed, residing, as she did, in a village where there were but a few rich persons, but many poor. Feeling for a poor neighbor destitute of fuel, she procured, in an incredibly short space of time, sufficient for a winter's consumption by asking at each door she passed for the moderate sum of one shilling.

Even the sick and suffering are not debarred from the pleasure of adding their tokens of sympathy and love, as any article of useful or ornamental work, collected or made by them, will be heartily welcomed to complete boxes sent to the East, which, while serving as patterns for school work, have the double advantage of selling to great profit for the benefit of schools.

Dear reader, let not these simple and unpretending words meet with careless or indifferent responses. Shall not every one, in the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be opened, hear with rejoicing the blessed judgment—

"INASMUCH AS YE DID IT UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETHREN, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

S. D. DOREMUS, *Sec.*

On behalf of the Committee.

From Mrs. Mason.

TO MISS S. D. DOREMUS, *W. U. Miss. Soc.*
A. H. L.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I would beg the favor of saying a word to our friends con-

cerning the candidates for the woman's mission.

Application was made to a gifted lady, recently returned from Africa, and it was hoped that she would go out to the poor Hindu widows, but her physician lays such imperative commands upon her not again to venture into a hot climate, that she has felt compelled, after a painful struggle, to decline the offer.

This we feel to be a real bereavement, as the lady was eminently qualified for the work. Still, I have before me letters from *nine* applicants, all looking to this Society alone for permission to depart to their perishing sisters. One lady writes:—

“Although I fear that my qualifications for such a post are not very great, I would willingly join in the work if you deemed me worthy of it, in *humble dependence* upon a higher teaching.”

This lady goes on to remark that, to finish her education and learn French and German, she went as English teacher to a large school at Wornthop, near Stuttgart, in Germany, under the direction of the Rev. Johann Stauldt.

Here, she says, she formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Weitbrecht, of Burdwan, in India, of Mrs. Leehler, and of Mrs. Haberman from Calcutta. She would have accompanied Mrs. Leehler back to Madras, but was called home to nurse a dying little sister.

This lady is of the Episcopalian church, and has a brother a minister of the Church of England. She is an experienced teacher, and is now free to go wherever God calls her. She is a lady of mature years, in good health, and acquires languages easily.

“I do not know,” she says, “what is required in those who join the missions, *beyond a humble spirit*, but trust to your kindness to inform me.

“Mrs. Weitbrecht knows me well, and I

am sure will aid me in any way that lies in her power.

“I would devote myself from now to the end of my life to this cause, if my Master shall see fit to accept it.”

Another says:—

“By the advice of my pastor, I write to ask your counsel in regard to going to Tounghoo as a teacher or Bible-reader. I often desired to engage in this work. This desire has not been *simply a desire*, but at times an *intense longing* to labor for those perishing ones. But my circumstances and health were such that I could not see my way clear before me, but I tried to commit myself to God and to be ready to go as he should call. I have tried to consider the matter settled, but it *was not* settled. I could not rest. Any reference to missions and their necessities, or inquiry in prayer as to duty, ever renewed my questionings, and, with the thought of the time when I must lie down to die, there has come one cause of dread, which was that my work was undone, my mission unfulfilled. I can find work enough here; there are souls all around my own doors, but there are enough laborers for this harvest if they will but work, and but a few for that on heathen shores. Since your return, the question of duty in this respect is again agitating my mind, and, if I am not greatly deceived, I am ready,—yes, ready and willing to leave home for a heathen land if my Saviour calls.”

Another dear sister pleads so earnestly for permission to go, I assure you it has drawn from my own eyes many a tear. She says application was made for her to one of the large societies, but she was refused, as they did not send out unmarried ladies unprotected. She then looked round for some other way by which she might reach her poor heathen sisters, and on seeing my circular, she says she felt that the plan was one to which her heart instantly responded.

"I have searched the papers often to see what success attends your efforts in this direction. I do not know as you receive applications from strangers, or whether you think of employing any but native teachers at present. To ascertain this I have taken the liberty to inquire directly of you by letter. If a young lady should receive support from her own church, or from the churches of an association, would you take her under your direction?"

"If it should be impossible for me to go with you, when will there be another opportunity?"

Dear sisters, can we note these struggles and hear these pleadings, and not open a door to help them? Who can read these touching lines and not send us *something*, if it is but "the prayers of the poor," to help on these consecrated spirits in their holy mission?

My dear husband, writing to Dr. Wayland, of Providence, under date of November 9th, 1860, says:—

"Mrs. Mason cannot overestimate the importance of educating the females of Burmah. The object is worth all the labor that can be bestowed upon it, were it for nothing else but to educate wives for our *assistants*. It is to no purpose to educate young men, teach them civilized habits, and then send them home to pig-sties, with wives, too, who were never out of them. *The man sinks to the level of his wife. I do not know a single instance where the man has raised the woman to his level after being educated. It is often, however, the reverse.*

"But we want female teachers to instruct the CHILDREN. *The men will not do it. This is a well-ascertained fact, with which we have to contend, and the people cannot be educated without a corps of female teachers.* We MUST have them. *It is a necessity.* They are necessary in England, Scotland, and America; in every country where

the people are educated at all, and they are necessary for every country that we attempt to educate.

"I commend Mrs. Mason's appeal to your attention."

Again he writes from Tounghoo, November 28:—

"I think nothing more desirable than a body of (native) Bible-readers going from house to house, reading and expounding the word of God, and doing for the people what Mrs. Ranyard's readers are doing in England; but what is needed in the first place is *teachers*, and oceans of wealth would not supply this want. *European or American help is requisite to raise up these native teachers and readers.* If there are twelve ladies hearty in the undertaking, form a society *at once*, and keep the subject before the public until you get so many laborers for Tounghoo, that they more than fill the papers."

A certain political leader was addressing a large audience in Virginia, and was decanting on the proscription of foreigners, when his eye fell upon a little German Jew,—he was a peddler of ready-made clothing,—who seemed very much impressed with the argument of the orator, greedily swallowing every thing he uttered.

This was too good an opportunity for effect, and the speaker made the most of it. Looking the little peddler in the eye, he exclaimed, "Foreigner! didn't you come to this country to escape from tyrannical, down-trodden, and oppressed Europe? Didn't you flee to these happy shores to live in a land where the great right of suffrage is granted to all? Didn't you, furriner?"

He paused for a reply, when the little peddler squeaked out, "No, sir; I comes to dis country to sell cheap ready-made clothes." The astonishment of the orator, the shouts and roars of the multitude, cannot be described. The speech was finished.

REQUITAL—A WAR SKETCH.—JUDGES i. 5-7.

BY D. H. P.

'Twas in the fertile land of Palestine,
 Where rose high walls and citadels and towers,
 And palm-trees, rising high, with waving top;
 Around, were vineyards, bearing grapes and figs;
 Behold! the royal lord attended came
 On palace top, to breathe the air perfumed;
 The passers-by with loyal zeal bowed low,
 In salutation to their youthful king.
 The monarch saw the rich magnificence,
 The gilded palaces and temples rare,—
 And viewed the smoke from consecrated groves,
 As hallowed incense from the censers rose,
 And said within, "And I am lord of these."
 He raised his eyes, and on the distant hills
 Beheld the cities ruled by other kings,
 And longed for more authority and power.

Years rolled away; and with them came a change,
 And then his heart's desire to him was given;
 With sword and torch, with crested shield and spear,
 Vast cities, towns, and palaces laid low.
 Threescore and ten high kings had bowed themselves,
 And gathered food like dogs beneath his board;
 And then, that flight to them might be denied,
 And that no bow they in their hands might draw,
 Their thumbs and toes were severed with the battle-axe.

Upon the housetop stood this king once more;
 But oh, how dark his brow with guilt and fear!
 And crime had left its traces there so deep
 That beauty, scorning such companionship,
 Had fled,
 And left his face the index of his soul.

At length, a distant cloud of dust, he saw:
 Still on it came, and nearer still; ere long,
 A messenger, with news requiring haste,
 Before the king his servile homage paid,
 And, kneeling at his feet, his message gave.

There was an army strong, in numbers few,
 And in their march had seized walled towns,
 And battlements had sunk beneath their touch,

Whose aim was to drive out the Canaanite,—
 To burn their idols, fell their sacred groves,
 High towers demolish, and their temples burn,
 And slay the priest who served before their fire,

And leave no trace of dark idolatry.
 And soon their course would lead them to the land

Where stood the walls of Bezek, ruled by him

Before whom seventy kings so low had bowed.

The noise of gathering hosts, the trumpets' clangor,

And the war-horse's neigh, all showed the preparation made

To meet the coming foe with sword to sword.
 Erelong, another change. The die is cast!

The sacred Ark was borne by priests of God,
 To meet this monarch and idolater,

Who had the name of Baal then invoked,
 And richest offerings brought, and human blood

Was promised as the price of victory.

The din of arms had ceased. A line of men
 With spear at rest, and trumpet by the side,
 Made slow their course toward Jerusalem.

Behind the sacred Ark a chariot moved,
 And from its silken seats a stream of blood
 Fell trickling down upon the trampled dust,
 And marked the winding course the horses took.

Rich purple, gems, firm-beaten gold, and crown,
 Within the carriage, covered him who bore the wounds,

But served not to alleviate the pain.

Thought he of those who once his pity sought,
 With wounded hands and feet, but sought in vain?

Then with his feeble, dying strength, he raised
 His bleeding hands, and said, "as I to them
 Have done, so hath the Lord in justice now
 Requited me."

DIFFERENCE IN WIVES.

THE CHILD-WIFE.

BY MRS. C. BICKFORD.

ANNIE BIRD was the eldest daughter of one of the best of mothers. She was early accustomed to assist her mother in her household duties, and being a steady, willing, tractable little girl, she soon became quite an efficient housekeeper.

I have heard Mrs. Bird say that at twelve years of age, Annie could do her housework almost as well as she could do it herself. It is true they lived very simply. There was no great variety of delicate dishes to prepare, but Annie could do what, to many, is far more difficult, make good bread. The materials for this Mrs. Bird helped to earn; and while she labored with her hands for this purpose, Annie looked after the house. She cooked, washed dishes, swept, dusted, and attended to the wants of the little ones. Day after day she went her round of duties, with a face like sunshine, never fretting because she had to work and had no time to play, as some girls do. She did not waste her breath in complaints. She found better use for it, in talking to the children in her quiet, persuasive manner, or in singing to the baby, or at her work. Her voice was soft and sweet, and its tones fell upon her mother's ear like the most delicious music. Annie was the child of many prayers, and they were not unheard. At thirteen years of age she gave her heart to the Saviour; and from that time to the day of her death, her life was a consistent example of true piety to all with whom she was associated; and well she needed its sustaining influences in the discipline to which she was afterwards subjected.

Her early training, her piety, her habits of industry, and her sedate, modest demeanor, made her seem older than she really was; and the excellence of her character, as well as the attractiveness of her person, caused her society to be sought by young people of both sexes, with an avidity that would have filled many an older head than hers with vanity; but she was still humble and unassuming, and evidently felt very much as did the little daughter of Dr. Doddridge, who artlessly replied, when she was asked what made everybody love her —

“I don't know, unless it is because I love everybody.”

She seemed entirely unconscious of possessing any uncommon personal attractions, and this peculiarity probably constituted one of her most winning charms. But besides all this, Annie's heart was warm with genial affections; and the soul that is itself full of love, draws like a magnet those of its own metal, and perhaps some of a baser kind.

If Annie joined a social party, there was quite a rivalry among the young men as to who should attend her home; but there was one whose persevering determination at last left him the field. For a little time he was content; but it was not long before he began to torment himself with fears that some one else would supersede him. When this idea had taken possession of his mind, he began to think of marriage as the only way to make sure of having Annie all to himself. He urged her, and he importuned her parents for their consent. In short, he acted with an impetuosity that bore down all op-

position. In the course of a few months they were married.

How it was that Mrs. Bird, with her excellent judgment, and her more excellent heart, could have consented thus to give up her daughter while she was yet a mere child, I confess I could never understand. But fifteen summers had passed over the young girl when she became a bride, — a “child-wife.”

Whether she really loved Harry Wilbur, her mother could not tell; for she was never very demonstrative; but she seemed, as was her wont, quite happy, and therefore Mrs. Bird tried to feel satisfied; yet her mother's heart throbbed with a yearning anxiety that only a mother can feel. She could not annihilate her fears for the future, for she knew that Wilbur had an imperious, exacting temper, which, she feared, would bring sorrow to her child when the first passionate love of the boy had cooled, and the consciousness of full possession had abated the ardor of pursuit; but she had done what, after mature deliberation, she believed to be her duty, and now she wisely committed the interests of the precious one to God, hoping and believing that he would not inflict suffering upon *his own* unless to insure a greater good.

A little more than a year passed and the “child-wife” was a mother; but while the little immortal brought into her soul the deep, holy tenderness of a mother's love, it brought her also physical weakness and pain. Assuming thus early the cares of maternity could not be without its penalty, and for her this was months of suffering. This she endured with a patience very remarkable in one so young. She had already learned that pain of body was much easier to bear than an aching heart. What would she not have borne if endurance could have insured to her loving smiles and kind words from her husband. Many times already had the sun of her domestic happiness been clouded by

his unhappy temper. And yet there were no hasty words spoken in a moment of irritation. These a true wife could overlook. Far worse than this, — he would not speak at all. He would take offence at some trifling thing, and very often Annie had not the slightest suspicion of the cause, and instead of giving vent to his anger in words, he would keep it rankling in his heart; and setting a seal upon his lips, he would go and come in dark and sullen silence for days together.

Reader, you have seen a dark cloud make its appearance at the close of a summer's day and hang threateningly along the edge of the horizon, apparently motionless. You saw frequent and vivid flashes of lightning, but for a long time you heard no thunder; and so long as this was the case you were uncertain as to the result, whether it would pass quietly around the horizon, or fulfil its silent threatenings, and burst in thunder over your head. Perhaps you would have preferred even the latter to a long suspense. Harry Wilbur would have reminded you of such a cloud, — no light, save that which flashed from his eyes, his brow dark and lowering, his lips sealed in sullen silence, leaving you in dread uncertainty what the next manifestation would be. This was Annie's feeling. She never knew how long the terrible cloud would remain, enshrouding her household in gloom. He could hardly have inflicted upon his gentle young wife a severer trial. Sharp words might have cut like a knife, inflicting acute, but perhaps temporary pain; but that terrible silence was like the pressure of lead upon her heart, crushing it more and more as the years passed on until its elasticity was lost and it could no longer rise, even when the pressure was removed. But we anticipate.

As we have said the “child-wife” was a mother; and her innocent babe became to her a new avenue of suffering.

There is no doubt that Harry Wilbur loved his wife and child in a certain way. He probably loved them better than any other living thing; but the truth is, he loved nothing so much as his own imperious will. To that everything that was in his power must yield, and the instinct that God had given the infant to cry with pain or hunger, even that he thought in his mad folly he could control. He might as well have expected the waves of the ocean to obey his will, as that he could compel obedience from an infant two or three months old; and yet, with less of the exercise of reason than the brutes sometimes exhibit, he many times made the attempt. The young mother usually endured in silence, though pity for the little one sometimes gave her courage to remonstrate, but she pleaded with a stone. He exercised his iron will upon her babe, and she was powerless to prevent it; yet occasionally his purposes were unexpectedly thwarted. For several years they lived in the house with Annie's parents, and Mrs. Bird's sleeping-room was within hearing distance of theirs. One night she was disturbed by the crying of Annie's babe; it was a grieved, wailing cry that startled her, and she sprang from her bed, and, throwing on her dress, she left her room and went towards her daughter's. Before she reached it, she heard the blows falling thick and fast, and her womanly indignation was roused. If she had any hesitation before, she certainly had none now. With quickened step she passed the intervening rooms, and before they were aware of her approach, she stood by the bedside.

"Here!" she said quickly, "give me the child. It is the father that needs whipping, and not this little helpless innocent that does not even know the hand that tortures it."

She took the infant to her own room, ministered to its wants, soothed it to a quiet slumber, and an hour later, when its unnat-

ural father was sleeping soundly, she laid it by its mother's side. Not a word was spoken, but she felt a tear drop upon her hand as it rested for a moment on the pillow, and she knew how the young mother had suffered.

For once, Harry Wilbur had met with a will that dared to oppose his own. Evidently, he did not think it prudent to resist it, being troubled with an uncomfortable consciousness that there were three against him, — his wife, her mother, and his own conscience. Again the "cloud" darkened the atmosphere of Annie's home. For days it remained, emitting plenty of lightning flashes, but no thunder. But this, too, slowly passed by, and Annie was again cheerful and hopeful; for hope was not yet crushed out of her heart. And besides, all these trials were much more easily borne while she was with her mother, though she never talked, even to her, about her husband's faults; but there was such a sense of security, such a sweet consciousness that there was one bosom where she could always find repose, and whose sheltering love would never fail her while its life remained. With this feeling pervading her mind, her mother's presence seemed to blunt the edge of every sorrow. The time came when she was deprived of this precious solace. She was separated from her mother, and many long and dreary miles lay between them. It was a bitter parting to Annie, but her sorrow was unobtrusive. Only Mrs. Bird read the anguish of her heart, and though her own responded, she spoke no word of sadness, but talked cheerfully to her and told her she should go often to see her.

When she was settled in her new home, she was for a while lonely and depressed. How could it be otherwise? She was never before separated from her mother, and she was still so young; but for all that she did not give herself up to despondency. In a

faithful discharge of her domestic duties she soon acquired a tolerable degree of cheerfulness. She was a faithful wife and a loving mother, and the exercise of pure affection brought its own reward. No one can be utterly wretched whose heart is filled with love. Love and trust! These were the alleviations of Annie's trials.

Years passed on, increasing the number of their family and its expenses, without augmenting their income; consequently, there was often a want of many of the comforts which now Annie particularly needed, for her strength was often overtaxed. Her husband was not able to employ a domestic, but he might have provided every necessary if he had not been in the practice of spending money injudiciously. Once when he made a very unnecessary and even foolish purchase, Annie ventured to express a wish that he would buy a cow instead; it would be so much aid in furnishing food for the children (they had at the time scarcely enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger), but though the suggestion was made with the utmost gentleness, nothing could avert his anger, or dissipate the cloud that now cast a dark shadow over her spirit and shut out for a time even the light that beams from the mercy seat; and then it was dark indeed. Almost a week elapsed before Harry's lips were again unsealed; but before that time had passed, the "star of love divine" had shone through the gloom into the darkened heart of the wife. She tried to keep her eye fixed upon that, and she was not altogether unsuccessful. If she did not find happiness, she at least found light and peace. Her conscience did not reproach her for any want of fidelity to her husband. On the contrary, next to pleasing God, it was the first aim of her life to please him whom she had promised to love and obey. In his inmost soul he knew it, and therefore he stood condemned before the

tribunal of conscience for the suffering he caused her.

But some reader may wonder if Harry Wilbur was all bad. We will do him the justice to say that he was not. He was sometimes kind to his family, and would do many things to lighten the labors of his wife, and as he grew older he exercised more reason and consideration for her comfort and happiness; but it came too late. He could not redeem the past. Annie was forgiving and grateful for his kindness, but it could not restore the elasticity of her spirit, or renew her broken constitution. Her health was failing, but for some time her husband did not know it. She seemed much as usual, except that she had a slight irritating cough, and there was an unusual flush upon her cheek; but she never complained, so he thought it was nothing serious.

But the time soon came when he was undeceived, and could no longer shut his eyes to the truth that Annie was dying. Then he realized, as he had never done before, how gentle, patient, and long-suffering she had been.

Her life slowly wasted; and though for the sake of those she loved she would still have been willing to "live and endure," her heavenly Father's will was hers, and to him she committed her soon to be motherless babes. The mother she so much loved was by her side in her last hours, and for the blessed consolation, her heart was full of gratitude.

She was unselfish and uncomplaining to the last, more thoughtful for others' comfort than for her own; striving as much as possible to suppress every manifestation of suffering, that she might not give pain to those who attended upon her.

Her last prayer was for her little ones and her husband, her last look one of love and forgiveness. She resigned her spirit to

the Love that had redeemed her, and calmly and peacefully she sunk to rest.

The "child-wife" was no more. Her painful life-discipline was ended. She had endured patiently, faithful to her husband, faithful in every relation of life, "faithful unto death." The bereaved husband realized with the most painful intensity, the value of the blessing he had lost, and his sorrow was a hundred-fold increased by the bitterness of self-reproach. Remorse tortured him day and night, and even after years had passed away, many a midnight hour witnessed the anguish of his spirit, while his head pressed a sleepless pillow; until, at last, unable to endure it longer, he confided his sad story to a friend; not sparing himself, but freely confessing the cause of his remorse, his treatment of the wife who had never sinned against him. This in some measure relieved his overcharged heart, that was almost ready to burst with its long pent-up agony.

Should not we the living, lay it to heart, and while those we love are with us, let gentle thoughts and kind words bind us together like a silken cord, and not like a chain whose links are formed of harsh words, or harsher acts, which shall for ever gall us with bitter memories?

We cannot escape the consequences of our treatment of others. If it is kind, our reward is sure; but if harsh or cruel, it will sooner or later recoil upon our own heads.

He who wilfully crushes or tortures the heart that lies helpless in his grasp, cannot escape a just retribution; for as the blood of Abel cried to God from the ground, so shall a voice cry unto him from every fibre of that bleeding heart, and not in vain.

The perpetrator of so cruel a wrong shall suffer in the very depths of his guilty soul, and deeper, sharper, bitterer will be the suffering because the sentence that inflicts it shall be pronounced by his own conscience.

PROFITABLE RAMBLES.

SELECTED.

THE following sketch of the daily rambles of a young English nobleman is eminently suggestive to those who have leisure to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. Thus to be spiritually minded is indeed life and peace.

DEAR SISTER: I was thinking, this morning, how grateful I ought to feel that I have so much leisure to labor for my Master, and I do desire to make all my rambles walks of usefulness. I find that it is possible to cherish heavenly emotions even amid the bustle and hurry of London.

While walking the streets, and observing the infinite variety of countenances, showing the great wisdom of the Creator, thoughts of

that company whom no man can number were vividly brought to my mind. The Thames reminded me of the river of life, that enriches the city of God. As I was engaged in these reflections, a man approached me with a looking-glass, and offered it for sale.

"Why, friend," I replied, "I have a much better one in my pocket."

"That is impossible," he replied; "look in mine, and see how distinctly you can see every feature of your face."

"But my mirror," said I, "shows me my heart."

The man was surprised. He told me that he could not conceive of heart-mirrors; he should like to see one. I asked him if he

would like to see his own heart. "Yes," said he, "if I could do so without being dissected, and without suffering pain." Then I assured him that it would give him pain to see his heart, for it would appear more like the heart of a monster than of a man. He laughed outright when I showed him a Bible. Still, as he promised to read it, I gave him the book, pointing to James i. 24. I hope he will not take a hasty look, and then go away forgetting what manner of man he is.

Then I approached some workmen who were building a splendid mansion. They had just laid down their tools, for it was the dinner hour. I inquired how long they thought the building would stand. Some said two, others three hundred years. I told them that was too feeble a fabric for me. I was seeking a house that would last forever. "Then, sir, you must go out of the world to find it," said several workmen, in a breath. "Everything will decay in the course of time," said another. "True, my friend," said I; "and I have my Father's will in my pocket. He has left me a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

And a dear elder Brother has gone to prepare me such a mansion, a 'habitation of God, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' " The men now understood my meaning, and I hope, as they continue their labor, they will often think of that house not made with hands.

I cannot, dear sister, give you all the events of the day, and the many opportunities I have found to labor for our Master. As I was returning home, I passed the market, and there fell into conversation with two men who complained that different articles of food were selling at an enormous price. I told them that I was sorry that the necessities of life were so hard to be obtained by the poor, but I was rejoiced to know that wine and milk was to be obtained without money and without price. One of them inquired eagerly where that market was to be found. This gave me the opportunity I desired, to tell them how full and free were the rich provisions of the gospel. May God add his blessing! I hope you will be interested, dear sister, in this record of a walk so fruitful in opportunities of laboring for our Master. Pray for your brother Herbert.

CONTENTMENT.

BY MAUD IRVING.

THE gems amid thy hair, fair maid,
Are beautiful and bright;
The costly robe that decks thy form,
Upon this festive night,
Was woven in an eastern loom;
And yet I would not give
This true, contented heart of mine
Amid such wealth to live.

The carpets that thy feet do press
Are from far India's looms;
Thou dwellest mid rich splendor;
Silk shaded are thy rooms;

And yet I would not leave
My home, so poor and plain,
To dwell within thy palace halls,—
The change I would disdain.

For mid such luxury thy heart
Is sad, and longs to be
Free from the galling chains of life,
And all thy misery.
And I am very happy now, —
I love my humble home,
And never wish from this dear spot
I love so well, to roam.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.

BY E. P. DYER.

'Tis said, when from the nuptial day
Five happy years have passed away,
The wedding is of WOOD.
Then, baskets, boxes, buckets, brooms,
Crickets, tubs, trundle-beds, and looms,
Are proper gifts and good.

When five years more of wedded life
Have passed without essential strife,
The wedding is of TIN.
Then, waterpots, and cullenders,
Tin pails, pans, cans and canisters,
Are properly sent in.

When fifteen years have passed and gone,
The marriage-union holding on,
A wedding comes of GLASS.
Then tumblers, pitchers, mirrors come,
Sauce dishes, bottles of perfume,
And all the brittle class.

When "twice ten tedious years" have fled,
And left the still united head,
'Twill CHINA wedding be.
Then friends who choose may safely bring
Silks, lanterns, vases, any thing
Of crockery ware, and tea.

The twenty-fifth revolving sun
Which finds the married couple one,
The SILVER wedding brings,
Then silver-ware is all the go,
Thimbles, and knives and forks, and so,
With spoons, and napkin-rings.

But when the GOLDEN wedding tells
What harmony the marriage bells
For fifty years have rung,
Then, breast-pins, and a purse of gold,
And gold-bowed glasses for the old,
Are given by the young.

And if the DIAMOND wedding come
At sixty, as it does to some,
And jewels few can muster,
The Bible, sparkling truth doth hold, —
A diamond richer far than gold,
Of never-fading lustre.

And still beyond this vale of tears,
A brighter festal day appears,
The Bible tells the story.
When Christ, God's everlasting Son,
Shall Zion wed before the throne,
And crown his saints with GLORY.

THE BARK OF LIFE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

OF feeble build and wavering helm,
Swept round by every tide,
Bearing within a precious freight
Launched on Life's ocean wide, —
What power can guide it on its course,
And bring it safe to rest
Within the peaceful port of God,
The haven of the blest?

The sky is oft o'erspread by clouds,
And gloomy, blackening shades
Above the frail, slight vessel lower,
And terror dark invades!

Oh, who can save the tiny bark,
And guide her quivering helm,
When fearful winds and icy waves
In madness o'er her whelm?

'Mid sunken reefs and savage rocks,
Look up to God in prayer!
To heaven appeal with truthful heart,
You have a Pilot there!
One who will ne'er direct you wrong,
One who will ne'er betray,
One who will lead you to the light
Of everlasting day!

MUTUAL RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. G. E. FISHER.

SHALL we know each other in heaven? There are few who have not been called to commit some loved ones of their hearts to the tomb. There are few, therefore, upon whom this question has not frequently forced itself with an absorbing interest and power. There are times when the question of mutual recognition among the redeemed will come up, and when it cannot be put down as a query of idle curiosity alone. As believers in Jesus, we do love, in humble faith and cheerful hope, to send out our hearts, and stretch forth our hands, towards our beloved who have passed on to glory, and to anticipate the time when we shall meet them and greet them once again. May we do this rationally and rightfully, as well as joyfully? Or must we suppose, concerning those companions of our pilgrimage who have outrun us to the tomb, and sped before us to their rest, that we shall never *know them*, even if we *meet them*, again? This is not a question of mere curiosity. It is one of no inconsiderable practical moment. It is certainly a most natural question. It is prompted by feelings which God has implanted, and which all men honor. And yet it would seem that it need not be asked; certainly, that it need not be so anxiously, doubtfully, painfully pressed and pondered, as it often is. For who, after all, does or can really doubt the doctrine of mutual recognition in heaven? What *plausible* reason, even, can be rendered against its truthfulness? Would it add anything to our conception of the glory and felicity of the world above, and to our idea of the perfection of all who dwell

there, to be told, and to believe, that they all meet there as strangers, alike unknowing and unknown? What could be gained of glory to God, or of good to his children, by this universal mutual ignorance, and this everlasting non-intercourse among the ransomed throng? On the other hand, it seems to us that much, in every way, must be lost.

Two considerations may be used in support of this subject.

It is probable. We know each other here, and the probability is, that our mutual knowledge will continue hereafter. We hold intercourse now, and it is presumable that we shall do so in the future.

No one's personal identity will be lost. Every one's individuality will be preserved unimpaired. Each of us will have as truly a separate individual existence, and a distinct personal consciousness, as we have in this life. No one can become merged in another. No one can be any the less *himself* after death than before. Paul is as truly and as distinctively Paul, and not Peter, as he ever was here, and Peter continues to be Peter still, and not Paul. Now, if every one's personal identity is preserved, it is undeniably probable that those who have known each other on earth will recognize each other in heaven. Nothing more can be needful for mutual recognition than what is essential to distinct personality and individual identity.

And not only will personal identity continue, but the constitution and faculties of the soul will be unchanged, *except for the better*. There will be a change from imperfection to perfection, but none from one de-

gree of imperfection to another and a greater degree of the same. By as much higher and holier as the heavenly state is than this, by so much must the soul be exalted, ennobled, purified in its nature, and in all its powers, in order to become fitted for such a state. Its intellect, its sensibility, its will, must be proportionally expanded and invigorated. This inference of reason is supported by the declaration of the apostle that we now know in part, but that when that which is perfect is come, when we reach the perfection to which, if we are Christ's, we are advancing, then that which is in part shall be done away. Our knowledge shall be no longer partial, but full. And he likens the intellect and knowledge of the Christian while *on earth* to those of a *child*, but of the Christian *in heaven* to those of a *full-grown man*. No doubt, then, that the soul, in all its faculties, is to be wonderfully enlarged and quickened. Its *perception* and its *memory* must share in this invigoration. Can an immortal spirit be ennobled and perfected by the impairing of any of its powers? by the destruction of any one of its faculties? by plucking from it its Godlikeness? If memory and perception are to be impaired, the mind will be far less perfect in heaven than it is on earth, and our knowledge more limited there than here. But if these powers, with all others, are to be preserved and perfected, no one can question the probability that we shall recollect and recognize those whom we now know. It is probable that we shall remember and identify every one of them, and that ours and theirs will be a blessed experience in common in reviewing together life-scenes on earth. Are parents and children, are husbands and wives, are sisters and brothers, are the loving and the loved who are not kindred, are pastors and people, to be there intermingled, each one's personal identity entirely preserved, every one's powers ripened

into perfection, and there yet be no identifying sign, no mutual recognition, no hearty welcomes and blessed greetings?

It is Scripture. I mean that though it is not asserted directly, formally, positively, it is nevertheless presupposed and implied throughout the Scriptures, and that it is in many cases more than intimated.

It is implied in the doctrine of the Resurrection. It is to be a resurrection of *individuals*, as such; of distinct personal existences. Each one who is sleeping in the dust of death is to *rise for himself*, each one *to be himself*, each one to know that *he is himself*, and it is fair to infer that each one will be able to identify all whom he distinctly knew before they went down into the grave.

It is implied, too, in the doctrines of the judgment and retribution. Each one is to be individually judged, and to receive sentence and recompense according to his personal character. As every one stands forth to be judged, he will be distinguished from every other, and the history of the earthly life of each separate soul must be revealed. Now, could we listen to a revelation of the personal life and character of those whom we had previously known without recognizing them as they stand upon trial? Must not, at least, all our own associations and acts with them be distinctly recalled and reviewed? And if we know them *at the judgment*, be it by a special communication of knowledge, or simply in the exercise of memory, is it credible that the mutual knowledge thus acquired will be instantly and eternally obliterated? Shall we be able to remember, and shall we be conscious of responsibility and joy, or remorse, for every act of life, for all our *influence* even, and still not remember those to whom we have been related, with whom we have associated, and whom we have influenced, whether purposely or unintentionally, con-

sciously or unconsciously, for weal or for woe? And if we remember them, and are standing with them at the bar of judgment, is it credible that we shall not know them? And if we know them when on trial, is it supposable that we shall not recognize them when we come to take our place with them afterward on the right hand, or the left, of the Judge?

Scriptural representations of the social ties of heaven imply mutual recognition there. Heaven is the most perfect and blessed of all social states. It is "the *general assembly* and church of the firstborn." We read of coming "to the spirits of just men made perfect." When John was rapt in his visions of heaven, he heard the voice of great multitudes singing and praising, not separately, but unitedly, not each one apart and alone, but all together. So, all through the Bible, the redeemed are spoken of as dwelling in *society*, — the society of God, of the Lamb, of the angels, and of the brethren. Can there be society among those who neither know nor are known? What society is there, or can there be, where all are strangers to all? What would society on earth be, and where its charm, without mutual acquaintance and intercourse? Without mutual recognition, without intercommunion, there could no more be society in heaven than on earth.

To refer to some specific texts. Paul writes to the Corinthians, "As ye have acknowledged us in part that *we* are *your* rejoicing, even as *ye* also are *ours* in the day of the Lord Jesus." A similar passage is found in his first letter to the Thessalonians. "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not *ye* in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy." There is another significant text in his second epistle to the Corinthians. "Knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus

shall raise up us also by Jesus, *and shall present us with you.*" Can we read such words of Paul, and doubt whether he expected to meet those whom he had been instrumental in converting, and to recognize them amid the throng around the throne? How, otherwise, could he anticipate, in these converts, his glory and crown? How, otherwise, could they be his joy and rejoicing in the day of the Lord? Could they mutually rejoice before God, as spiritual father and spiritual children, without mutual recognition? He writes, again, to the Thessalonians. "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. And so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words." Observe, now, wherein lies the comforting power of these words. Not simply in the assurance they give that they that sleep in Jesus shall rise and live again, though even this were strong consolation, but the consoling power of this passage lies largely, if not chiefly, in the idea it conveys of future reunion and recognition.

Our Lord tells us that "many shall come from the east and west, and *shall sit down with* Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." But if they are to see these patriarchs, and sit down with them at the banquet above, can it be that they will not know them? If not, what motive were there, in this fact, to strive to attain unto the kingdom? Why should any be brought into the immediate presence of the patriarchs, unless they were to look upon them and to know them as such? If we are neither to know them, nor they to know us, what special honors or privilege were there in living in their presence? But, if

we may know *them*, much more shall we know those whom we have previously known and personally loved.

The doctrine of mutual recognition is suggested in the accounts given of the transfiguration of Christ. Moses and Elias appeared upon Tabor, distinct from each other, and in company with Christ. Their coming down *together* thus, leaves no room to doubt that they had previously been dwelling together in heaven; that they had known each other there, and that they knew each other as they came down upon the mount, and spake together there of the decease of Christ, and of the glory that should follow. If *they* knew each other, why may not *we*? But it is to be noticed that *the disciples* knew them, and not only so, but distinguished the one from the other, and also each of them and both of them from Christ. If the disciples knew them on Mount Tabor, why may they not know them upon Mount Zion? And if they knew *them* whom they had never before seen, and who had already been a thousand years in glory, why should they not know *others*? If the *apostles* knew them, why may not *we*? And if we may know *them*, why may we not know *others*, and especially *one another*?

The parable of Dives and Lazarus involves the same fact and truth. The former, in hell, is represented as seeing the latter in Abraham's bosom in heaven. Evidently, Abraham and Lazarus were dwelling together. Evidently, they knew and recognized each other, else it were idle to speak of them as so intimately associated. It also lies upon the face of the passage that Dives recognized and distinguished both Abraham and Lazarus, and that Abraham knew Dives and his character and condition. If Abraham knew Dives, and recognized him across the separating gulf between heaven and hell, and if Dives, looking up

from the depths of his despair, recognized Abraham and Lazarus on the heights of heavenly holiness and blessedness, distinguishing the one from the other, *can it be* that Christian kindred and friends, dwelling together in heaven, will have no recognition there?

It is objected that such knowledge as this recognition implies must greatly mar the blessedness of the saved in heaven, inasmuch as they must at the same time know that some of their friends are among the lost. But be it remembered that none will be excluded from heaven but the unholy and the utterly unfit for a world so pure and blessed. None will be banished thence but such as persisted in rebellion and unbelief until their dying day. Be it remembered, also, that the will of every redeemed sinner in heaven will perfectly acquiesce in the perfect will and justice of Jehovah. The ground of every sinner's condemnation will be clear, and both the beauty of holiness and the vileness of sin will seem so amazing that all will be constrained to say, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." We shall be so swallowed up in the will and glory of God, and in the holiness and happiness of the great family of the Redeemer, that it will not blight our joy to notice the absence of our dearest earthly friend, if that friend would not repent of sin, and believe in Jesus, and become fitted, through grace, for the home of the pure and the blest. There is no reason for supposing that the *angels* are unhappy, though they know that some of their former number are hopelessly lost. Why should not the same hold true of the saints?

What a spring of consolation this doctrine of mutual recognition opens for the dying believer. It assures him that he is not going into a land of strangers, but is going up where his best friends and kindred dwell, and where they wait to tender him their

welcomes and congratulations upon having safely arrived, at last, at his Father's house above. The thought of parting from so many loved ones here may sadden him, but he may well be cheered by the prospect of soon greeting many other loved ones who have gone before him, and of welcoming home one after another of those who shall follow him.

Equally consolatory is our subject to such as are bereft of believing friends. Those beloved and believing ones who have gone from us are not dead. They live. They

live as they never lived before. They live in a world where they are never to be sick again, and shall never die. And if ours, like theirs, be a true and living faith in Jesus, it will not be long before we shall be living with them there. There is another and a higher life, in which the sanctified intimacies and affections of this life shall be purified and perpetuated forever. Thanks be unto God for that gospel of his Son in which such life and immortality are brought to light.

GOOD MANNERS.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

VERY little is written upon that which has very much to do in making the world happy. We refer to good manners. We shall be excused for offering a few thoughts upon this subject at this time. Many aspire to what is thought or styled good manners; there are more who ape good manners or counterfeit them; all persons prize good manners; there are none but would take offence if thought deficient in good manners. The world is full of *manners*, of etiquette, courtesy, and apparent cordiality, but there is little comparatively that can be properly called good manners.

Our reason for writing upon this subject now is not that we have any special provocation to the effort; nor any hint from a next neighbor in this direction; but an impression that something of this kind is needed to relieve the moral and social friction of men. Scarcely any subject has more to do with influence than the cultivation of good feelings and habits; of social enjoyment and Christian character. The ancients regarded good manners to be indispensable as a civilizing agent, and their opposite as pernicious, in

tending to civil and mental deterioration. Good manners, next to good principles and teachings, give shape to society, and fashion the world. Paul says of charity, that it suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked; that is, shows itself in good manners, and its opposite or absence is shown in bad manners.

Good manners may be illustrated *negatively*, by showing what are specimens of *bad manners*. These wound; those heal. Bad manners offend; good manners please. The one tends to vice and degradation; the other to virtue and happiness.

Good manner accommodates one to the circumstances, and the inferiority, even, of others. It can come down with grace; it can stoop without *seeming* to do so. It can come into another person's world easily and naturally, and without going out of one's own world. Bad manner never does this, except for evil purposes. It essays to communicate with others without accommodating itself to them, or going at all into their world, or re-

specting their sympathies and tastes. It repels and embarrasses, and puts others at a distance. It belongs to the fine arts of good behavior to be able to pass easily into another person's sphere without sacrificing one's own principles and dignity; to go naturally into another person's world, and be at home there; and to carry your own world of refinement and beauty with you! Good manners are impossible without an interplay and interflow of good feeling. Everything of constraint, of needless restriction or assumed superiority is laid aside in them. Good manners will prompt one to kindness in reproof, and take away everything of dogmatism in advice and counsel. He who has good manners will unconsciously make sacrifices for another; he will be upon his guard to save the feelings of others. The late king of England, whatever may be said of his morals, was a model of good manners. He was pronounced the first gentleman of the kingdom. At a royal dinner party, one of the guests, from thoughtlessness or otherwise, set his cup upon the table-cloth, rather than in the saucer. The guests, in very bad manners, took notice of it, and looked at each other, and at the king; as if to express their disapprobation. That moment the king set *his* cup down upon the cloth also, and thus, by an act of royal good manner, put the disconcerted guest at ease, and into good company. Good manners do not consist in ease, so much as in the art of putting others at ease. They tend to give one a home feeling, and a refreshing sense of freedom in your presence. They put you above the suspicion of being watched, or the fear of offending. They do not consist in attitudes, etiquette, and graceful forms. Good manners are the absence of manners in the best sense of the word. They allow to another his *own* manners. They allow, they invite freedom of thought and behavior. Manipulated manners are usually bad manners,

especially when artificial and capricious, and render one singular, because difficult to imitate and reciprocate. Artificial bowing, measured mechanical movements, the artistic touching of the hat or the forehead, rubbing of the hands, a feigned laugh, fashioned politeness, superlative epithets in greeting or parting; much more giving one the tip of the fingers, or one finger, or the left hand in salutation.

We have heard of one who, to give his brother a suitable impression of the fact that the former was a city pastor and the latter a country pastor, was in the habit of giving him one finger, or the left hand. In the course of time this latter pastor was called up to a higher place in the church, when the *whole* hand was given him, and the whole heart apparently. But it was too late. It was impossible to remove the impression that it was the *place*, rather than the man, who was now honored.

Good manner is disinterested; it is self-forgetting. It enters with interest into another's success; it does not arrogate attention to one's own affairs, and monopolize the interest of the company in one's own matters. It is exceedingly bad manners to take it for granted that the company will be most interested by a recital of one's *own* adventures and successes; and to feel no interest in the affairs and successes of another. How often persons suppose themselves the centre of all interest; and *collapse* when the conversation turns upon what another is, or has done, that is praiseworthy, but kindle and glow when the conversation returns to themselves, or their family, or affairs!

Good manner is not always watching for improprieties; it is not easily betrayed into the insult of admonishing others of supposed ill manners. When you are in the presence of one whose bearing or manner constrains you, and cripples you, and hinders free utterance, and makes you feel awkward and

uneasy, and seems to say, I am the standard, I am the model or beau ideal of manners, you are in the presence of a person who has yet to learn the first principles of good manners. Good manners are always coupled with modesty; there is spontaneity in them; they give freedom to another; they are good feelings naturally expressed. The reason why genuine simplicity is so rare in this world, is that there are so few persons who can afford to be simple or natural.

We do not find a person of good manners always in a hurry or pressed with engagements and responsibilities, when he meets one whom he regards as his inferior. He does not plead weariness, or head-ache, or hand you a newspaper, to escape the responsibility of entertaining you. He does not let you stand on the threshold of his door without inviting you in; is not on the alert to provide conveniences for a select few to the disparagement or annoyance of others whose rights are thus infringed upon. He does not characterize those equally worthy, but in a lower rank, as the "*hoi polloi*," when it is proposed that they join in excursions or recreations, and decline thus their society.

Good people are bound to cultivate good manners. These are a grace in the social

sense, and have much to do with the growth of grace in a spiritual sense. St. Paul became all things to all men that he might save some. He commands us to seek to *please* another for his good unto edification. Unto all pleasing, are his words in another place. We have no doubt that the peace of society and the growth of Christian character are hindered often by the violation of Christian courtesy. How often are poisoned arrows let fly in the form of wit, or joke, or satire! Humor, pleasantry, are well if they do not wound the feelings. Satire should have common sense: wit should have wisdom. A joke that breaks the skin, or wounds the heart, is a hard weapon. The missiles of good manners are harmless. They heal rather than wound! It is not enough for us to say, we did not *mean* to do evil or harm, in what we said or did. We should mean *not* to do it. It does not suffice not to *mean* to offend, or injure, or wound; we should mean *not* to. *Not meaning* and *meaning not* belong to different orders of morals, and to different kinds of manners. *That* is a shiftless morality; *this* a noble morality. The one often violates good manners, the other is a safeguard of propriety and virtue.

IMPROMPTU.

TO THE LOVED PET OF AN ABSENT RELATIVE.

BY MRS. A. C. JUDSON.

CHARMING little fairy!
 I can see her now,
 With her tiny features,
 And her lily brow —
 Chirping birdlike music
 Through the livelong day,
 As the golden sunbeams
 Pure, and bright, and gay.
 Winsome, weesome Mary,
 Darling little pet!
 Winding hearts of parents
 In a silken net;

Winding them so closely,
 That indeed to part,
 Would be breaking surely
 Fibres of the heart.
 Choicest household treasure!
 May it be His will
 Who hath kindly given,
 To continue still, —
 Life and kindred favors,
 Cheering heart and home,
 With this joyous sunbeam
 Many years to come.

ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Two busy feet are crossed in rest,
 Two little hands are still ;
 How can we bow submissive to
 The heavenly Father's will ?
 When from our arms he takes this child,
 Our gentle, youngest born, —
 Could he not spare us this sweet bud
 Our garden to adorn ?

We weep above the marble form,
 So still, and mute, and cold ;
 We damp with tears the glittering sheen
 Of his hair's dusky gold, —
 Press anguished kisses on his brow,
 And on his silent lips,
 And touch the blue-veined eyelids, sealed
 In death's sublime eclipse.

Our earthly idol stricken, dead,
 Nipt by the chilling blast !
 O Death, thou art a fearful thing,
 A grim iconoclast !

But o'er the darkness of our sky
 A ray of sunshine beams,
 And lights the dim hereafter of
 This more than rainbow gleams.

Beyond the blue-embosomed stars,
 Beyond the purple sky,
 Up in the amaranthine fields,
 Beneath the Father's eye, —
 Our little child, crowned and white-robed,
 Lives in eternal day, —
 And angels' kisses dry all tears
 From his blue eyes away.

Oh, gracious God ! make him a link
 To bind our hearts to thee, —
 That when our own life-bark puts forth
 On death's storm-beaten sea, —
 Through all the gloom and all the fear,
 Our darling's blest right hand
 May be stretched out, to beacon us
 Unto the beauteous land !

WOODLAND VESPERS.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

WITH level rays along the wold,
 The sun low slants his paling light ;
 Like warrior hosts, with banners bright,
 The browning woodlands flame with gold,
 Where slowly mantles, fold on fold,
 The shadows of the brooding night :

Where songsters of the airy wing,
 Whose music pours like summer rain,
 Wide carol summer's later strain,
 But not the gleesome songs of spring ;
 For oh ! the wildest lays they sing
 Seem burdened with a secret pain.

The dove, erewhile a happy bride,
 Is sorrow-plainting, lorn and late ;
 Vain moaning for her vanished mate, —
 "How can I live, thy love denied ?"
 The quail, the meadow brook beside,
 Is sighing sad, "I lonely wait."

Scarce waiting for the brooding night
 To darken over vale and hill,
 In plaintive numbers, wild and shrill,
 As yearning for some lost delight,
 "Will never love this love requite ?"
 Complains the lonely whippoorwill.

Alas ! no spot o'er hill or plain,
 But troubled spirit darkly haunts,
 As every pulse of being pants,
 Some vanished glory to regain ;
 Or voices sad, with longings vain,
 Our homeless souls' undying wants.

If grief had touched the minstrel throng,
 Such as the tearful fountain stirs,
 Or nature, and that pain were hers,
 I know not,—or that sorrow-song
 Were in my breast ; for love and wrong
 Are sorrow-tongued interpreters.

The bobolink, with aching breast, —
 " Of all my darlings none are left,"
 While near, the robin, late bereft,
 Sits mute beside her empty nest ;
 Or grieves, " The hearts that I love best,
 The beak of fiercest hawk has cleft."

The oriole to music weaves, —
 " Of love, alas ! this heart despairs."
 The sparrows chirp, in sober airs,
 " Too soon, too soon the summer leaves."
 The swallows twitter from the eaves,
 Complaining,— " Oh, these household cares."

And he, of airy songsters chief,
 The thrush, that carolled late and long,
 Glad flooding all the woods with song,
 Sits silent in the hush of grief,
 Or only wakes, in measures brief, —
 " Oh, weary, weary world of wrong !"

The loon is crying on the lake, —
 " Oh for the days forever flown !"
 Along the shore, a peevish moan, —
 " Oh, pity me," the pewits make,
 While booms the bittern from the brake, —
 " Forever more alone, alone !"

NO MORE TEARS.

BY M. A. DEAN.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—*Rev. vii. 17.*

SUCH is the Father's promise, child. How
 tender
 Is the sweet message to thy soul oppress !
 Weep on awhile, earth's hold be very slender ;
 Soon thou from tears shalt rest.

Or if perchance amid those joys supernal,
 Thy *untried* powers dissolve 'neath load of
 bliss
 To calm thy spirit's rapture, the Eternal
 May office do, *like this*.

It cannot be that darkling *fear* shall enter
 A clime ambrosial with the Father's love,
 Where Jesus reigns, a sun within the centre,
 All other lights above.

Oh to sit down beside that peaceful river,
 Thy every path illumed with rays of truth,

And for thy brow, from the transcendent
 Giver

Take wreaths of *fadeless* youth !

To meet no foe, as on time's rocking billow,
 No wintry blast to fade fruition's leaf, —
 To find among those palms no drooping willow
 For silent harps of grief.

To know the death-king at the crystal portal
 Shall sceptre drop, and vanish from the light ;
 That sighs and tears may not be made *immor-
 tal*

Where comes no gloomy night.

Such is thy portion, child of ruthless sorrow !
 Thy pinions plume, and strike a tuneful lay !
 High o'er the hills see *flashing* in the morrow !
 When *thou* shalt soar away.

SHADOWS OF LIFE.

THERE is something dark and mournful in the very thought of shadows. In the natural world, it is the sun that enlivens all nature, that, shedding its rays on everything, imparts life and animation. But when there comes between the earth and the sun some dark body, the rays of light do not penetrate, but a dark spot is seen upon the earth, bearing the form of the opaque body.

As the sun was a little distance above the horizon on a clear, bright day, have we never loved to stand and watch the shadows? Some well-formed tree, perhaps, has attracted our attention by the perfect image of itself lying upon the ground. There were the same branches, the same leaves, twigs, and buds, and the same birds flitting from bough to bough.

If we stand in the bright beams of the sun, away from the protecting shade of trees, shrubs, and buildings, there will not be one continued brightness, but one dark spot in all our sunshine, which is the shadow of ourselves.

And so it is in the moral world. Perhaps not a cloud obscures the disc of the sun, or floats gracefully in the far-distant ether; perhaps everything is bright and joyous, and our happiness seems complete; but if our eyes fall just before us, they may behold one dark spot, the shadow of ourselves. This shadow accompanies us through life. Commencing with the curly-headed child, it follows him till his locks are all silvered, and the once manly form is bent beneath the weight of cares and trials.

Notice that merry little boy, as he skips carelessly and gracefully along over the garden walk. His heart is light, the bloom of

health is on his cheek, the merry twinkle of joyousness is in his bright blue eye, the smile of pleasure beams upon his countenance, while thoughtfulness mantles his already manly brow. A happy home is his. Kind friends procure for him every enjoyment which wealth can furnish or love obtain; and we are almost ready to declare that no sorrow can be found on that joyous heart. But not so. For at night, as he comes home after the sports of the day, ere he kneels by his mother's side to offer up his childlike petitions before the throne of grace, he stands aside by the window, looking out upon the green grass and beautiful flowers, but his thoughts are not of *these*. A cloud is on that usually happy face, and a tear-drop dims the brilliancy of those sparkling eyes, and in a sweet, low whisper he says, "Mamma, I have been naughty to-day. I spoke very unkindly to Charlie Howe, and I know he feels very badly about it," and laying his head upon his mother's knee, he sobs aloud. His childish voice falls heavily upon his mother's ear; for she knows, though all has been gay during the day, though she has watched the bounding steps of her child, and thought him perfectly happy, this *one thought* has been a *check* to his merriment. In all his sunshine that day, there had been one dark spot, and that the shadow of himself.

A school-girl, too, needs not to be reminded of that shadow which oftentimes is so near her. Happy faces meet her eye, glad voices reach her ear, and all around her is content and joyfulness. Teachers are kind as her heart could wish, doing everything in their power to assist their pupil, but she is careless and grieves them, as she well

knows. Lessons not committed are a source of anxiety to them, hasty words cause them sorrow. "Why is it," she sighs, "that I need appear so ungrateful, and make myself and others so unhappy? There is everything to make me happy but my own self. If I am not always happy, I have only myself to blame for it." She feels all this, and, wondering when her own actions will cease to cause her sorrow, bitterly laments that in all her sunshine, she finds one dark spot, the shadow of herself.

The middle-aged man in all the activity of business finds that it is not all sunshine around him, but that the shadows gather thick and fast. His elegant mansion with its beautiful surroundings testifies that time and money have not been spared in attempts to produce happiness; the terraces and flower beds, summer houses and fountains, statues and other works of art, attract the attention of the passer-by; a happy family cluster around the festal board, or are ever ready for a walk, a game, or a chat with "dear papa;" and the highest circle of society claims him as one of its brightest ornaments. What can be added to his pleasures? But is there nothing to dim the brightness of this picture? Yes, there are times when his heart is sad, when his noble brow is clouded, when his whole frame is agitated with inward sorrow, when he sighs in secret over his own unfaithfulness. To be sure, he has committed no sin that will bring upon him public disgrace, he has done nothing for which his most intimate friends could censure him, but in the eyes of his fellow-men he is perfectly honorable, perfectly moral; yet no one can know the bitterness with which he laments

over those little transgressions, known only to the searcher of hearts. He is not happy; there is something wanted to lend radiance to one dark spot. Could wealth do it, it might be procured; could learning, he might store his brain with knowledge; could kind friends, they might be summoned at his bidding,—but they avail not. There is need of a heart always prompting him to do right; this he cannot *now* obtain. In all his sunshine there is one dark spot,—it is the shadow of himself.

The aged man, also, as he nears the eternal city, the home of the blest, feels that there is a shadow across his pathway he would fain remove. Still, as he journeys on, it follows him. He thinks of his past life; of the blessings his heavenly Father has conferred upon him; of all the bright flowers constantly springing in his path to gladden his heart; but ever and anon there will pass a cloud over that countenance as he thinks of his own ingratitude, and of the unhappiness he has caused others by his sinful acts. In all his sunshine there is one dark spot,—it is the shadow of himself.

And so it is with us all. Perhaps there is not a day that we do not feel sad for acts of thoughtlessness or wilfulness, bringing sorrow to our hearts because they have to others.

But then the thought comes to us, Perhaps some time it will be different. When our hearts shall no more prompt to wrong deeds, when they shall have been entirely cleansed in the blood of Christ, then there shall not be even the shadow of ourselves in all our sunshine.

In the worst of times there is still more cause to complain of an evil heart, than of an evil and corrupt world.

Man's vain schemes of ambition make the whole world a scene of constant strife, and human life a misery.

TOM: OR THE SON'S RETURN.

A TRUE SKETCH.

It was Christmas morning; and within a hovel that was nestled among the snow-clad hills of North Alabama, sat two persons. One was an old man who was fast nearing the time allotted to man on earth. Jerry Wylie was, on this Christmas day, sixty-nine years of age. On the last Christmas, his wife was with him, and he thought not that ere another year rolled by he would be alone in the world. He had once been wealthy, but, in an evil hour, he went security for a large sum, the payment of which falling upon him, left him penniless. At the same time, his youngest son, Tom, ran away to sea. The double blow utterly prostrated him; and on this Christmas morning he was preparing for death, when a young man entered the hovel, and father and son stood together.

“Oh, my father, when on shipboard, with the raging waters around me, my heart

yearned for my childhood's home. The picture of the old brown house, shaded by the wide branches of the gigantic forest-trees, the spring, so cool and clear, and the crystal streamlet near the door, — all arose in vivid pictures before my eyes. In vain did I strive to drown such thoughts in the wine-cup, and when our vessel touched once more my native shore, I hastened to thee, my father,” —

“Just in time to receive my dying blessing. May God bless thee, Tom!” and Jerry Wylie sank lifeless on the floor.

It is needless to speak of the prodigal's grief. He buried his father by the side of his mother, and dwells in the old brown cot, at the present time, a grief-bowed man. Every evening, as the sun retires to rest in the distant west, Tom Wylie kneels by his parents' graves, and prays that he may be prepared to meet those dear ones in heaven.

O SLEEP.

BY MIRIAM M. COLE.

COME from the nocturnal shades,
Come to these world-weary eyes;
And bring with thee solacing dreams,
From the realm where the daylight dies.

Come like the odorous Spring,
Laden with blossoms and songs;
And make this poor spirit forget
Its Winter of trials and wrongs.

Come as the warm Summer comes,
Lulling as murmuring bees;
And still as the loitering brook
At rest in the shadow of trees.

Come as the rich Autumn comes,
Though not with withering leaves;
But bring the assurance to me,
The Reaper may find many sheaves.

Come as an Angel of Love,
When the soul is tired and sad;
Forgetting its manifold cares,
Let it rest in thy arms and be glad.

Then come dear sleep from the shades,
O come for the daylight dies;
And bring to my spirit bright dreams,
As night bringeth stars to the skies.

CONSTITUTION OF A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

[We are happy to lay before our readers a constitution of a Maternal Association, which has been furnished us by the Boston Committee, having this matter in charge. Mothers in the rural districts will find it just what they need to facilitate their plans of organization. — EDS.]

DEEPLY impressed with the importance of bringing up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, we the subscribers agree to associate for the purpose of devising and adopting such measures as may seem best calculated to assist us in the right performance of duty. With a view to this object, we agree to observe the following rules:—

ARTICLE I. This Association shall be called the Maternal——— of———. Any member of which sustaining the maternal relation may become a member by subscribing to these articles.

ART. II. The officers shall consist of a President, Vice-President, and Secretary, who shall be chosen annually on the first Wednesday in January.

ART. III. The duty of the President shall be to preside at all meetings, to call upon the members for devotional exercises, and to regulate the reading. In the absence of the President, these duties shall devolve upon the Vice-President.

ART. IV. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to register the names of the members and of their children. She shall likewise keep a record of the doings of the Association generally; and shall receive the money contributed by the children, and hold it to be disposed of as the Association shall direct.

ART. V. It shall be the duty of every member to qualify herself by daily reading, prayer, and self-discipline to discharge faith-

fully the arduous duties of a Christian mother; and she shall be invited to give with freedom such hints upon the various subjects brought before the Association as her own observation and experience shall suggest. Recognizing the obligation involved in her covenant engagements, she will pray for her children daily, and with them as often as circumstances will permit, and conscientiously restrain them from such courses as would lead to vanity, pride, and worldly-mindedness.

ART. VI. This Association shall meet on the first Wednesday in every month at three o'clock.

ART. VII. Once in three months, viz: January, April, July, and October, the members are requested to bring to the place of meeting such of their children as may be under the age of fifteen, and they shall be considered members of this Association. At the meetings the exercises shall be of such a nature as may seem best calculated to interest the feelings and instruct the minds of those children who attend.

ART. VIII. When a mother is removed by death, the spiritual welfare of her children shall elicit the warmest interest of each member of the Association, and to intensify such interest, and to lead to acts of sympathy and affection, prayer for the motherless children shall be offered at each meeting.

ART. IX. Any article of this constitution may be amended by a majority of the members present at any annual meeting.

It is recommended to the members of the Association to spend the anniversary of the birth of each child in fasting and prayer, with particular reference to that child.

Editorial Paragraphs.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"He always looks on the bright side," said Mr. Ashton, as if it were a great failing of his neighbor. But what side would he have him look on, if not the bright one, pray? What a queer taste a man must have to prefer the dark side, especially when he can enjoy the bright one just as cheap! What if he does get disappointed once in a while, because he has basked too much in the sunshine? that is not very bad; only just half as bad as it is to look on the dark side, and be disappointed, too. No! If a person can't look on the bright side, better not look anywhere. The bright side is much larger than the dark side. There is far more sunshine in this world than there is shadow. Sunshine is the rule, and storm the exception. So it is in the moral world. Joy is more plenty than sorrow. Prosperity covers whole acres; adversity darkens only scattered patches. Sunshine pours down in great floods of light day after day; but clouds hang darkling over us only now and then, just enough to make us bless the sunshine more. How, then, can a person help seeing the bright side? It is the very first side that the eyes gaze upon; generally the side next to you. But some people always manage to behold the other side first. They get a glimpse of the back side soonest. We can hardly tell how it is done; enough that it is done. But who wants to possess this wonderful faculty?

Bishop Hall once quaintly remarked, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be

thankful that it was not his neck." That is real Christian philosophy. He who saves his neck in some great calamity, ought to think himself fortunate, though a leg be missing. Not that he values legs less, but necks more; and his gratitude for the deliverance will show that he appreciates blessings just as God sends them. All for looking on the bright side! But the poor fellow who looks on the dark side, utterly ignores saved necks, and makes himself wretched over his broken leg. He sees every body else around him with two sound limbs apiece, while he has only one left, and it is such hard fare, in his view, that he mourns as if all were lost. The idea of seeing a bright side to a broken leg seems preposterous to him, and he is almost vexed with the simple-hearted, trusting Christian who suggests such a thing. Well! Let him take the worst view of it possible, if he will; it is just the way to spoil all his happiness hereafter. For one, we prefer a single sound limb and a bright side to two good healthy ones with a dark side.

It was Dr. Johnson, I think, who said that "the habit of looking on the bright side is better than a thousand pounds a year." Now we go in for this big salary, a thousand pounds a year. We never expect to get so much as this in clean cash, but then its equivalent should be joyfully accepted. And what is pleasant and really heart-stirring about it is, that every one who will can have this blessed income that is worth a thousand pounds a year. Since it depends not upon wealth or position whether a per-

son shall have a bright side to look at or not, but upon a trusting, believing, regenerated heart, all who will can share the prize. And it is a prize better than a farm or nice house, or even a store of goods, to many a probationer; particularly for the reason that it is never cut down by hard times. Then let no one forget that a bright side is worth a thousand pounds a year or more.

WHEN TO SAY AMEN.

Some people never know when to say "amen;" not in their prayers particularly, we do not mean, but in other things; that is, they don't stop when they get through. The celebrated Dr. Emmons had a parishioner who was rather "plain-hearted," and equally impudent. On one occasion, he became somewhat vexed with the doctor for something he had said or done, and subsequently he took occasion to express his mind to the doctor himself, and closed his lecture by saying, "There is one thing I will give you credit for, doctor; *you always did know when to say amen.*" This was a very just remark to be passed to the doctor's credit. It was his peculiarity to say "amen" in the right place, both in praying and preaching. We have heard prayers in which the "amen" did not come soon enough by three or four minutes; and so of sermons. Sometimes the speaker seems to be coming to a conclusion a long time before he does. He gets by the station before he can stop his train. The listeners sit anticipating a period, but are disappointed for a season; but it comes at length, when this, that, and the other person says within himself how much more effective the sermon would have been if it had closed at such and such a point, instead of where it did. A great preacher, like Dr. Emmons, always has a beginning, middle, and end, both to his prayers and sermons, and the "amen" always comes at the end, and nowhere else.

It takes no mean man to accomplish this. He must be logical, concise, and right-to-the-point, in order to do this.

But it is worth while to remember the lesson which this incident teaches. It has a practical bearing upon much that we do. It is a great thing to know just when to *stop*. In conversation, it is often the most perplexing part of all to know when we have said enough. Nothing is more common than for people in company to talk much more than they should. The sentences which they string out beyond the place where the period should have come, spoil the whole of their conversation.

We have noticed that money-makers know not when to stop. No matter how much they have accumulated, they generally want more. A great many men have intended to retire from business, but one speculation more has lured them on, until they lost all. If they had known when to stop, they would have been rich.

So when even good people begin to follow the fashion, and imitate the styles pertaining to dress, furniture, and other things, very few know when to stop. There is a point to which we may innocently advance, but how few halt there! They almost invariably run by, until every beholder is satisfied that they know not when to say "amen."

"THE VILLAGE PUDDING-STICK."

We have just read of a title that was conferred upon one of those annoying characters that are known in some villages as "busy-bodies" and "discord-makers," and it seems to us particularly appropriate. It was "*the village pudding-stick.*" Nothing was more common than for her unruly tongue to toss a word of discord into peaceful families, and sometimes she gave the whole village a pretty thorough stirring-up by the reports she put into circulation. Hence her nickname was just the thing, and it might be

adopted generally with which to christen the whole tribe of tattlers and fault-finders, both male and female. Mr. or Mrs. Pudding-Stick is really significant, and comes down *pat* upon the sin of which the so-named are guilty.

Now, there is every thing in a name, especially if it be descriptive of some peculiarity. Like the title of a book, the name is often about all that tells the story. So this name of a very meddling character seems to define the exact thing that is done, — creating discord, keeping people in ferment, embroiling a neighborhood in difficulties and petty warfares. It is a wretched way of carrying on a warfare with domestic and social peace, because it is underhanded and sly. It is a sort of guerilla strife that can never be dignified with the name of battle. Possibly some people may turn themselves into such puddingsticks without meaning it, or even knowing it. If so, there is some excuse for their sin, although there is another side to the question, and we may arraign them for their ignorance. It is certainly a truly contemptible way of living, this throwing firebrands into combustibles, saying and doing what sows the seeds of discord in the community. He or she who thus trifles with the peace of others, has not a little to answer for when the records of this life are reviewed at the highest tribunal. Peace is too precious a boon to be played with in this reckless manner, and when it is lost, it is too great a loss to be met with, and excite no loud laments. It is really a small offence to burn up another's property whose value may be restored, or to carry a contagious disease to his habitation, in comparison with this wicked tampering with the happiness of communities. If tongues cannot be used to better advantage, then it is better to be tongueless, and go dumb and speechless to an honored grave. "If any man among you seemeth to be reli-

gious, *and bridleth not his tongue*, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

A DREADFUL WISH.

The worst wish that good Job ever uttered was when he wished that his "adversary had written a book," (Job xxxi. 35.) It seems to have been uttered in a sort of despairing mood, when his three "miserable comforters" were pressing him hard with their so-called arguments. He did not desire to have them experience any thing worse than the consequences of writing a book. It was rather a singular wish, and we shall not pretend to have discovered Job's exact meaning in the utterance. All we have to say is, that the wish is not without its point, as many a man who has written a book can testify.

Just write a book, reader, and throw yourself thereby into the hands of the critics, who are a sort of intellectual hyenas, and see to what misery you have subjected yourself. Such a tearing to pieces as your authorial reputation gets is scarcely what you dreamed of. You, who was going to set the world all ablaze with a most taking and wonderful production, are handled without mittens, and subjected to a pen-and-ink castigation that leaves its very marks on your character. Every paper you take up joins in the general attempt to give you a basting, and show the world that you have done just the thing to disgrace yourself. You become almost afraid to take up a paper, lest a scorpion should spring out of it in the shape of some knowing critic's annihilating remarks. You begin to look upon yourself with disgust. You thought you knew something, but now the well-posted world conspire to show that you know nothing, and you almost believe it. It is the strangest thing that you should have perpetrated such a foolish deed, you now think; but it is too late to undo what has

been done, and so you submit to the conviction that is forced upon you, viz: that sometimes writing a book is the worst thing a man or woman can do for personal happiness. If Job wanted to make his adversaries wretched, how speedily the thing could have been done by getting them to write a book, and thereby becoming food for critics. There is no pleasure in being eaten alive; so avoid the critics, many of whom are literary cannibals.

Or suppose you write a book, all the while thinking that the best publishers will jump at the chance of issuing it with their well-known imprint. You labor on it month after month, without stint of effort, and finally write the last page and line, when "tired nature" droops like a plant in dry weather. You carry it to Boston perfectly satisfied that the biggest fish will jump at your tempting bait; but, *mirabile dictu*, the first publisher to whom you condescend to offer the manuscript does not wish even to examine it. You pass on to the next, who learns from your lips the drift of your volume, and then politely declines publishing the same. Nothing daunted, you "tote" the manuscript about from shop to shop, satisfied that you will yet find some publisher who does not stand in his own light, and whose good sense will lead him to undertake the Job. But Boston is searched in vain; no such wise man is found among the publishers. Then you try New York. Perhaps you send the treasure by some friend who spares not his shoe-leather in conveying it from one publishing house to another. Possibly it is forwarded to Philadelphia. But it comes back to you a poor, rejected, worn-out wanderer, destined to lie on the shelf in oblivious repose. How disappointed you are! You never was more unhappy in your life. You are perfectly satisfied now that Job could not have uttered a worse wish for his adversary than that he

should write a book. A great many people are made unhappy in this way; for it is a fact that only from one third to one half of the books written are ever printed.

Or suppose you succeed in finding a publisher, and the work will appear at a given time, and your fortune will be made! Expectation is on tiptoe. Poverty will take French leave soon, and your name will stand immortalized among the authors of Christendom. But what is your surprise to learn, three months after the work is issued, that it fell dead on the market; that not enough copies have been sold to pay the expense of printing. You are disappointed again,—exceedingly so. Your labor is lost; your fortune is not made. Now, this is not fancy, for actual statistics prove that nearly half of the books printed do not pay the cost of the same. Again we say it was a dreadful wish that Job uttered about his adversaries!

The following paragraph by George W. Curtis, Esq., will show that there is more truth than poetry in the foregoing remarks, and that Job's wish has been realized to the consternation and misery of hundreds.

"Out of 1,000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, etc., 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1,000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 80,000 works published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are hardly more than five hundred writers throughout the globe who have survived the ravages of time and the forgetfulness of man."

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

On the shores of the Adriatic a beautiful custom prevails among the industrious and simple-hearted people. About the going down of the sun, the wives of the fishermen repair to the sea, and, standing upon the wave-washed shore, they sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they stop and listen to catch an answering song from their loved ones on the sea. If they hear no melody, they sing another stanza, and then listen again. And thus they continue to send their melodious notes over the waters, until the answering songs of their husbands fall upon their ears to assure them of their safe return.

What could be more beautiful than this simple custom? Fit symbol of that more blessed relation of the members of scattered households which points to a safe and happy reunion above. Some have already "gone before," and are waiting on "life's other shore" for the coming of those who "a little longer stay." Their heavenly songs ascend from the banks of Jordan in lofty praise to Him who watches over each fragile bark on the sea of life. Oh, let their celestial notes be answered back by the melody of familiar voices that are nearing the peaceful shore!

GRATITUDE.

A certain man applied to another to become his bondsman to an amount that would sweep away his all if he should ever be forced to pay it. His wife, who was present, encouraged him to do it; whereupon a bystander expressed some surprise, and said, "Do you know what you are engaging to do, and that perhaps this may be the means of leaving you destitute?" The wife replied, "Yes, I do; but that gentleman found us in the greatest distress, and by his kindness we are surrounded with comforts; now, should such an event take place, he will only leave us where he found us."

Such an example of genuine gratitude is refreshing in a world like this. For it often happens that kindness is shared without awakening those grateful emotions which ought to swell the heart of the favored recipient. Some people very easily forget the kindnesses of benefactors. Their memories are not very long, even when this most obligatory of all deeds calls for grateful recollection. Hence it is really delightful to witness a recognition of brotherly kindness, as in the above incident, when the heart is so full of gratitude that it fairly runs over. It is a very sparkling, singing rill to spring up in this desert world.

PROMISE-BREAKING.

One of the marked features in this social state in which we live is the prevalence of promise-breaking. How few men and women do precisely as they promise, in all things! How many fail to keep their word with regard to performing work, paying their bills, and many other things! Did the tailor have your coat done just when he promised? Was the boot-maker prompt when he said your boots should be done on Saturday night? Did the milliner complete your work on the very day you expected? Did farmer Allen return your shovel and iron bar on time? Did neighbor Pike pay you that three dollars which he borrowed last week, as he said he would? Did Patrick Murphy come to work for you last Monday, according to his agreement, or did you not see him until Tuesday? Did your domestic, Margaret Mulligan, return the day after Christmas, as she promised, or did she return when she got ready? In short, who among your friends and acquaintances has been careful to keep every promise, little and great, at all times? Are there ten, five, two? If there be one, let him stand before the world as a bright example of rectitude, as beautiful as it is rare.

Health Department.

EXERCISE AND HOME.

BY DR. WM. M. CORNELL.

AGRICULTURE and horticulture are among best means to restore declining health and rejuvenate the exhausted and jaded mind. The benefit of such employment has been sung by poets and praised by philosophers from early ages. Reference is here had to clergymen as specimens of studious men. To all professional men, lawyers, teachers, students, these remarks are equally applicable.

Any sedentary invalid, who will resort to this heaven-ordained means of health of body and peace of mind, will soon understand why the old clergymen of this country had a long ministry, and a green old age. We have the reason in the following lines:—

“By *toil* our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung their nerves, and purified their blood.”

This more redounds to the health and happiness of an invalid, than travel; and he can have it without the exposure, fretting, expense, loss of society, bad food, uncomfortable beds, stinted sleeping-rooms, and a thousand other perplexities and annoyances which necessarily beset the path of the traveller. But it is the *fashion* to travel. We know it is, and “there’s the rub.” Fashion is a wonderful creature. She has access to all places, and operates throughout all time. She renders the wasp-formed female beautiful; and the greasy mustached beau fascinating. She gives a club-foot to the Chinese damsel, and a long tail to her brother; a flat nose and a bandy leg to the African, and

imposes many uncouth and inconvenient forms of dress upon the community.

In our own country there is much travel, ostensibly for health, where, we unhesitatingly pronounce that the injury far surpasses the gain. Inexorable *Fashion* says we must go from our home in dog-days; and in obedience to her mandate, there is a rush from all our cities and towns, from the metropolis down to the smallest village, to the places where this “goddess” specially presides. This is the season when our climate renders the quiet and comfort of home the most healthful and necessary. The best protection, at such a season, can be found at home. But, *de gustibus non disputandum est*, we must allow those who please (and who do not?) to exchange the large, airy, brick-walled rooms of the town, and the cool mattress and fine linen, for the narrow, wooden, sun-burnt chamber, the heating cotton, greasy feathers, and dirty sheets of a country inn, or a pent-up village boarding-house. We once knew a gentleman who, after a cab-ride of three hours around one of these fashionable resorts, to find accommodations, was at last compelled to take up with such quarters for himself and family as he would have scorned for his servant, or his dog, at home. But who could live through a hot summer without visiting Nahant, Newport, Saratoga, Niagara, or Cape May? It is not against visiting these places that we would speak; and towards those who *need* an oc-

casional plum to sweeten the acidity of their domestic circle ; or who want

“ That first sure symptom of a mind in health,—
Rest at heart, and pleasure felt at home,” —

we would not be so ungracious as to deny them the boon of absence. It is certain, however, that if life is not enjoyed at home, it will not be anywhere. If you would be happy, make home “ sweet home,” indeed. The chief blessing of life consists in having a good home.

But we protest against taking the hottest season to make these *periodical* visits, with the expectation of thereby promoting *health*. At this season, the organs of digestion are the least able to discharge their function. They sympathize with all the other parts of the body, and like them require rest: and is this the time to leave the frugal, wholesome fare at home, and rush to the gathering-places where every board groans with its life-killing feasts, and where the luxuries provided, and the exciting presence and example of hundred of mouths, eager to gratify the appetite, at the expense of the stomach, render it next to impossible to obey the laws of health?—where, besides, this poor pack-horse, this groaning organ is teased with mineral waters, wines, bitters, pills, tobacco-juice, and tobacco fumes, taken throatwise and lungwise, to ease itself of its cumbersome burden.

Would it not be wise for all studious persons, before they run such a risk, to ask themselves, “ Who is sufficient for these things ? ” and to pray, “ Lead us not into temptation ? ”

Nothing is more delusive than the impression usually present with persons visiting such places, that they are growing better, because, as they suppose, they are gaining flesh. Under the spasmodic action of this paraphernalia of stimulants, it cannot be de-

nied that there is often an appearance of more flesh. But it is diseased, not sound, healthy flesh, *mere bloat*,—like self-righteousness, the more a man has of it, the poorer he is. He vainly thinks he is on the high road to health ; whereas, he is fast hastening to the grave. For every pound of such flesh, nature will be revenged, and the day of retribution will surely follow.

Hence it is, that many persons, soon after a return from such fashionable gathering-places, have an attack of dyspepsia, biliousness, sick-headache, pulmonary affection, or cutaneous eruption. Like the morning dew, their ill-gotten flesh soon vanishes, and, as was the case with “ Pharaoh’s lean kine, it would not be known that they had eaten ” such fat things, but for their greater emaciation than when they left home. These abuses, occurring *periodically*, undermine the best constitution. More sudden deaths occur at such places of public resort, than in the safer place of a cheerful home. Such visitors may rest assured that, in nine cases out of ten, they will be injured rather than benefited by such sojourns.

Taking *children* to such places is the consummation of folly. More than half the so-called diseases of the season, and the deaths of children, which occur in August and September, arise from fashionable dissipation. No place is so good for children, if you wish them to live, as a quiet home. Country air is good for them, if they have a permanent abode. But to take them to places of fashionable resort, and stuff them with tempting viands, gravies, puddings, and pastries, is to cheat them out of two of the best things in the world, — *a good conscience*, and a *good stomach*. Even the crowded city, bad as it is, is better for them than such fashionable journeys.

Boys and Girls Corner.



THE GOOD DOG AND BAD BROTHER.

MAJOR was a large, nice dog. He belonged to Mr. Guy, and he was quite a character in the family. He was so good-natured that he would allow the boys to pull him about without so much as complaining of them. He seemed particularly fond of little Henry, who was the youngest son, and a very bright, beautiful boy. Perhaps Major thought Henry was the youngest, and so he must exercise a

faithful watch-care over him. At any rate he was very kind and affectionate to him, and always seemed delighted to play with him, though he was rather too dignified about his playing, probably because he was a big dog.

"James," said Mrs. Guy one day to her oldest son, twelve years old, "I want you should take Henry out with you, and look after him."

"No, mother, I want to play with Joseph Day," said James; "and I can't play, nor do anything else, when I have Henry to look after."

"Well, I can't help that," answered his mother, "you must make yourself useful, and do as I wish to have you. You must take Henry with you or stay in the house."

Upon this James went out of doors with his little brother, though he did not go with very good feelings in his heart.

"Hallo! James," exclaimed Joseph Day, as the former closed the door behind him, for Joseph had just come along; "let us go down to the pond-hole, will you?"

"I can't now," said James, not in the pleasantest mood, "I have got to take care of this little plague for a while."

"Let him go too," said Joseph, "he will like it first-rate."

"But mother won't," added James. "She would fly into fiddle-strings if she knew he went there."

But the temptation was too strong. He talked so much about the pond-hole with Joseph, that he resolved to go thither for a short time. So he directed Henry to stay just where he was, behind the barn, until he returned. Then away he went, thinking his mother would never know it, as he did not intend to be gone a long time.

Little Henry waited and waited, and, finally, he fell asleep on the ground. James was not aware that he was gone so long, as the time passed away very rapidly, and he almost forgot that he had left his little brother in the field. But Major did not forget it. No! He saw Henry sound asleep and alone upon the ground, and he went and laid down beside him, faithful dog that he was, so that nothing could harm him. There he is in the picture guarding the sleeper, and saying, as plainly as a dog could, "Sleep on, little fellow, nothing shall harm you as long as I have two eyes to watch."

Mrs. Guy began to feel uneasy about her little boy, as she had heard nothing from him for some time, so she put on her bonnet and stepped out to find him. She went through the garden, and into the orchard, and called

aloud for him; but did not find him. Then she went to the barn and shed, but was no more successful, until, going round the barn, she discovered him fast asleep, and good, faithful Major guarding him.

I need not tell you all that passed afterwards,—how James came back and could not find his brother,—the long, serious talk which his mother had with him about his disobedience, and the punishment he received for not treating his brother so well as the dog did.

But now, just think of that, boys! The dog, Major, better than James to take care of Henry! Who of you is willing to be outdone by a dog? Yet, I fear there are many boys like James, who don't want to take care of their little brothers. They are not so kind as Major. The dog sets them an example which they might well follow. Going to school to a dog! and a good teacher he is for some of the naughty boys, who do not treat their brothers and sisters kindly.

Think of Major, boys. When tempted to complain because you have to take care of the younger children, ask yourselves, "Am I willing to be beaten by a dog?"

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.

Not long since little Clara, a child of three summers, went with her mother to visit her grandma, who by the way is a remarkably fleshy lady. One day while there, a little girl of her own age came to play with her. They soon became very social, and the visitor remarked to Clara, in rather an overbearing way, "I've a new silk apron, and you have not. I've a *beauful* hat, and a *yeal* nice dolly, and you have not." The other readily replied, in a very decided manner, "*I have got a great large grandma, and you have not.*"

"Oh, see!" said a little girl, as she went to the window one morning, "the ground is all covered with snow. I am so glad. Now pa will harness the horse, and give us a nice sleigh-ride."

"The roads, my dear, are still very muddy, though covered with snow," replied her mother, "so there will be no good sleighing to-day."

"*Why, ma?*" said the child, in a very earn-

est tone, "*Our heavenly Father, that watches over us, made it freeze up, last night, so I think we can have a ride.*"

"Ma, don't you mean to be a better woman before you die?" inquired a little girl after returning from church with her mother. "This interrogation seemed a more eloquent appeal to my heart and conscience," said that mother, "than all the words of the faithful pastor to which I had just listened."

Little Lizzy was sitting by her mother and looking earnestly up, inquired, "Mamma, do you love God?" "Why, yes, my child, I hope I do; but why do you ask?" "Because, ma, if you do, I should think you would *talk about him*, as Aunt Olive does."

THE BIBLE IN A COAL-MINE.

In one of the coal-mines of England a youth, about fifteen years of age, was working by the side of his father, who was a pious man and governed and educated his family according to the Word of God.

The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible; and the son, who had received one at the Sunday school, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever he enjoyed a season of rest from labor, he read it by the light of his lamp. They worked together in a newly opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool, when the arch above them suddenly fell between them, so that the father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran towards the place, and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal.

"My son," cried the father, "are you living?"

"Yes, father, but my legs are under a rock."

"Where is your lamp, my son?"

"It is still burning, father."

"What will you do, my dear son?"

"I am reading *my Bible*, father, and the Lord strengthens me."

These were the last words of that Sunday scholar. He was soon suffocated.

A HANDSOME SOUL.

One day last winter, a little boy from the South, who was on a visit to the city, was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's rich silk dress. Surprised mortified, and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an earnest apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind," exclaimed the lady, "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought you would be very angry with me for being so careless."

"No, no," replied the lady, "better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"Oh, isn't she a beauty?" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is yellow and wrinkled."

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the little hero, "*her soul is handsome, anyhow.*"

A shout of laughter followed, from which the little fellow was obliged to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he remarked—

"Oh, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions, I will think of what she said: "Better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."—*Friend of Virtue.*

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

A little girl in Yorkshire, when water was scarce, saved as much rain water as she could, and sold it to the washerwomen for a cent a bucket; and in this way cleared nearly five dollars for the Missionary Society. When she brought it to the Secretary, she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," said he. "Call it, then," replied the little girl, "rain from heaven."—*Selected.*

WILDGROVE CAROLS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

CAROL IX. — SEPTEMBER.

ANOTHER monarch, crowned to-day,
The sceptre wields with sovereign sway,
With royal grace adorns the throne
By right accorded as his own;
September, autumn's first glad king,
Calls from my bower a carol-strain,
I tune my harp, and gayly sing
A welcome to his opening reign.

The August queen his model seems,
Like her his kindly visage beams
With glowing light, whose every ray
Seems straying from a summer day;
So like that queen his earliest hour,
So like her does he wave his wand,
We almost dream his arm of power
Directed by her gentle hand.

There'll come a change; for chilling dew,
And frosty air, the hectic hue
Will bring to Nature's lovely face,
While sleeping in the Night's embrace;
Bright tints betok'ning early death,
More beautiful than life's soft shade,
All deeply dyed by one full breath,
Will mark each valley, grove, and glade.

The elements, with fiercest rage,
In sweeping contest will engage,
For wind and wave, for battle rife,
Will rush to meet in wildest strife,
Soon as the equinoctial hour
Shall strike the call for such display
Of martial force and warlike power
As e'er are wont to note the day.

The contest o'er, a milder scene,
Lulled winds and waves, and sky serene
Will follow; then we'll quick repair
Where orchard trees their burdens bear,
From bending branch or grassy floor,
Where'er the tempting fruit is spread,
We'll basket for the winter's store,
Ripe apples, — golden, russet, red.

Next comes the call to yonder field;
Now grasp your faithful hoe, and wield
It gently through each wee earth-mound,
Where, snugly in the mellow ground,
Les pommes de terre so closely lie,
Nor shrink from contact with the soil;
September's gifts ye well may buy
With honest, cheerful, earnest toil.

ABOUT MYSELF.

My hands, how nicely they are made
To hold, and touch, and do!
I'll try to learn some honest trade,
That will be useful too.

My eyes, how fit they are to read,
And mind my work, and look!
I ought to think of that, indeed,
And use them at my book.

My tongue, 'twas surely never meant
To quarrel or to swear!
To speak the truth my tongue was lent,
And to be used in prayer.

My mind, for what can it be given?
For thinking, to be sure;
That I might think of God and heaven,
And learn my faults to cure.

My heart, and all the fear and love
That in my bosom dwell;
My love was made for heaven above,
My fear, to fly from hell.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is a mine
Of very precious things;
There gold and sacred jewels shine,
And truest knowledge springs.

This book is sent to me,
Down from my God on high;
And how ungrateful should I be
To throw it useless by.

He will one day inquire
Of this his talent lent;
If not improved, in endless fire
Too late shall I repent!

Editor's Table.

AN OFFER.

ANY person who will send us a new subscriber and TWO DOLLARS, shall receive a volume of the Happy Home, or Illustrated Souvenir (which they choose), for the same. Each of these works contains six steel engravings; nearly 200 pages of matter, and both are substantially bound in cloth.

Any person who will send us a subscriber to Mother's Assistant and ONE DOLLAR, shall receive a volume of the work (12 numbers) well bound in cloth.

This offer is only intended for war times.

CHIMES OF FREEDOM AND UNION. A collection of Poems for the Times. By various authors, Boston. B. B. Russell, 515 Washington Street.

It is a very good idea to collect the poems of the present crisis in this convenient form. Many of these poems are excellent.

VERMONT SCHOOL JOURNAL AND FAMILY VISITOR. Devoted to the educational interests of Vermont. A. E. Leavenworth, A.M., Hiram Orcutt, A.M., principals and proprietors, West Brattleboro'.

This work is published under the sanction of the Vermont State Teachers' Association, and it is a very interesting publication. The July number before us is the first one that we have received, and we can truly say that it is ably edited. The friends of education in Vermont ought to see that the work is well sustained. Mr. Leavenworth is principal of an academy in Brattleboro' for boys and young men, and Mr. Orcutt is principal of a young ladies' school in the same place, known as "Glenwood Ladies' Seminary." Both of these are very flourishing and popular institutions, and we are glad to see that the public prize them, as their large number of pupils indicate.

It is well that the School Journal is in the hands of these teachers.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER.

As good as ever. Every teacher in the State should take it. One question which committees should put to teachers when examined is, "Do you take and read the Massachusetts Teacher?"

THE NEW YORK TEACHER.

We have seen but two numbers of this work, and we are pleased with it. It seems to stand well beside its fellow-teachers in sister States.

THE PENNSYLVANIA TEACHER. Rev. Samuel Findley, editor. July, 1861.

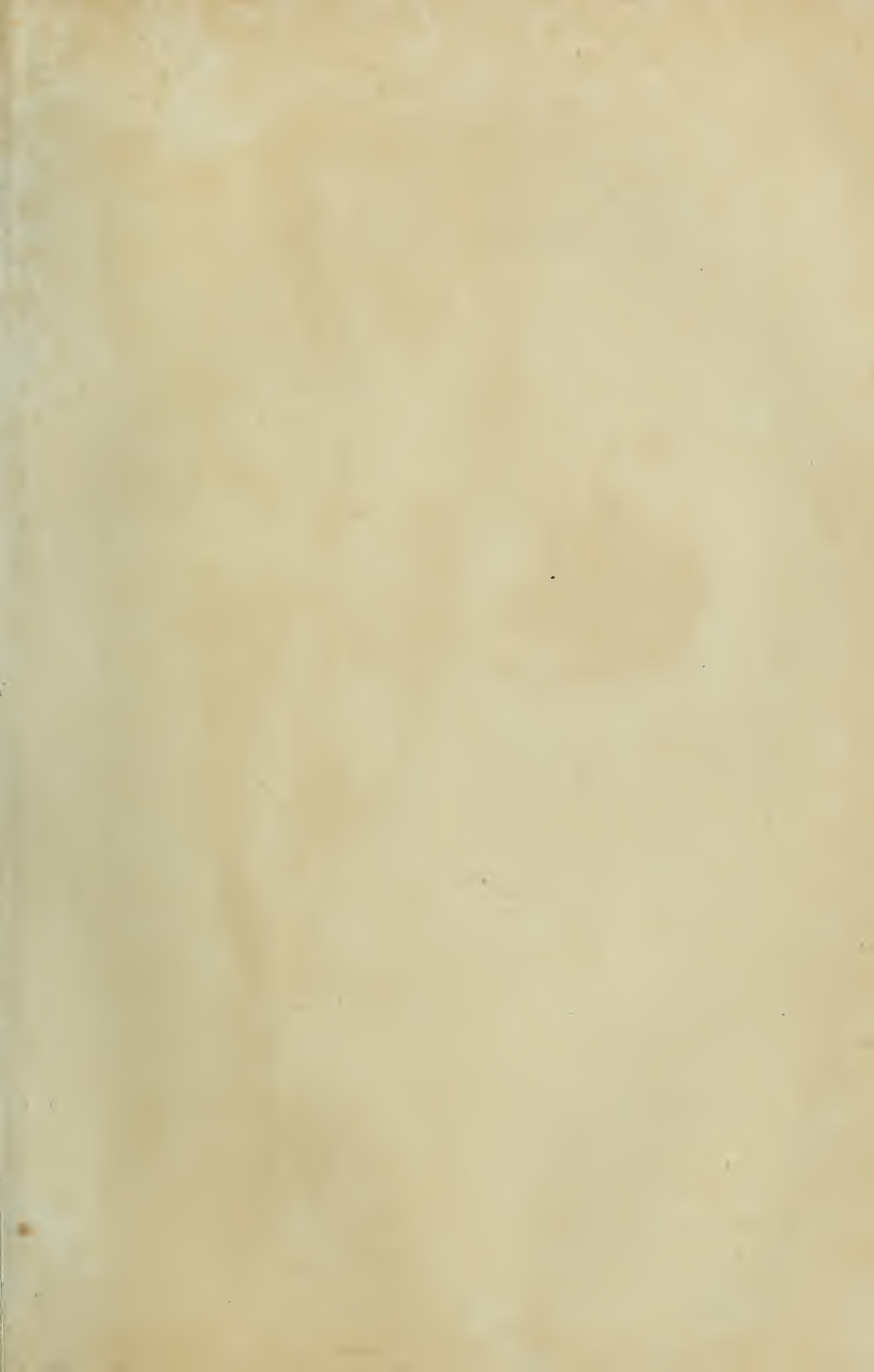
This is the first number of this work we have seen, with a good editor and racy contributors. Our old friend and present contributor, Dr. Cornell, has a valuable article in it. The doctor has a prosperous Sanitarium in Philadelphia, where feeble girls go to study and recover health. It is just the place for fathers to send their invalid daughters.

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND BIBLICAL REVIEW. Edited by Charles Hodge, D.D.

The July number of this substantial and valuable quarterly is before us. It contains six elaborate articles. (1.) The kingdom of Christ. (2.) Knowledge, faith, and feeling, in their mutual relations. (3.) The subjects of baptism. (4.) Motley's Dutch Republic. (5.) Annals of the American Pulpit. (6.) The General Assembly. Sold by Crosby, Nichols, & Co., of this city.

OUR AGENT IN LYNN.

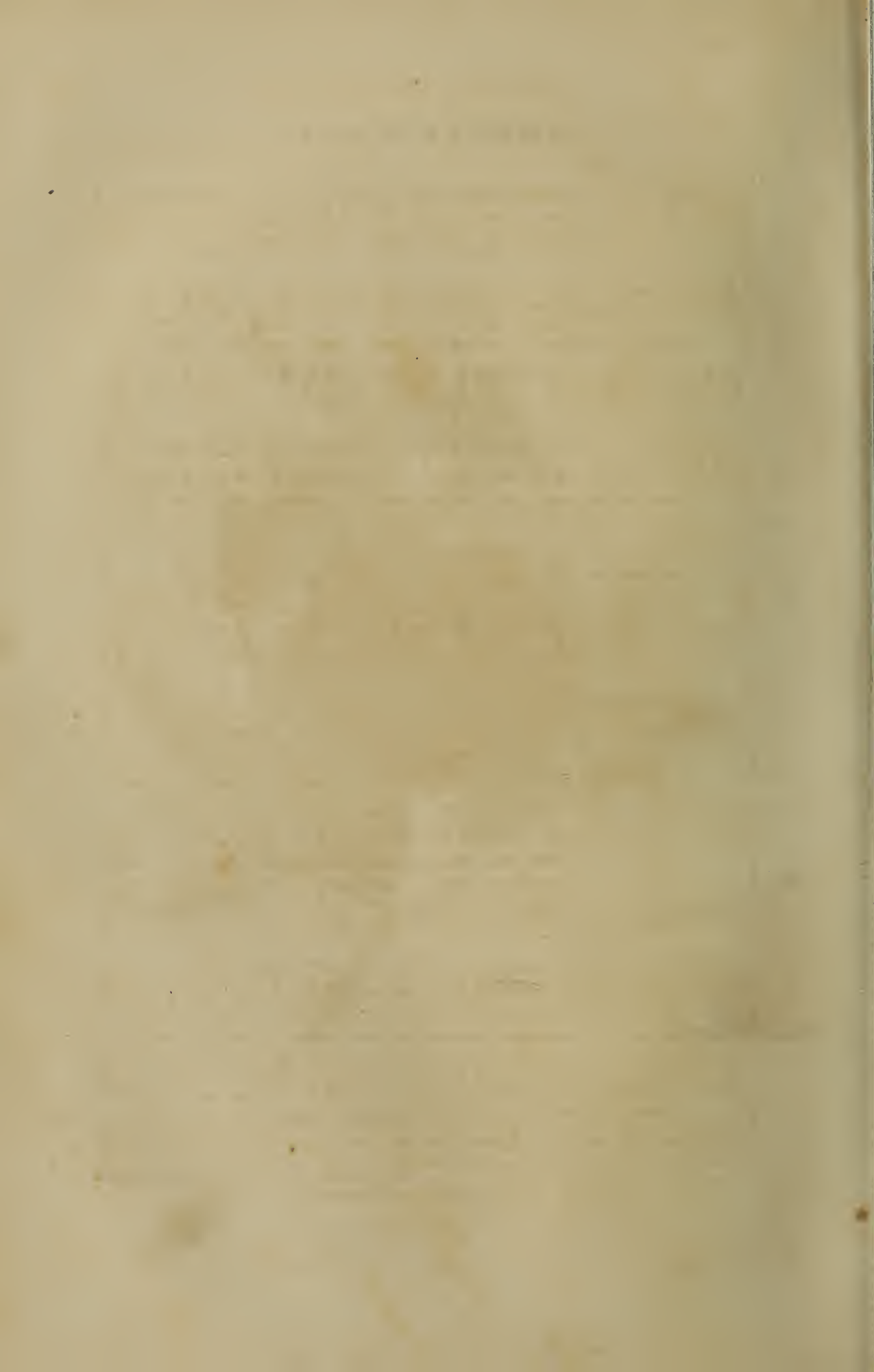
Mrs. M. A. Green, of Lynn, Mass., is no longer an agent of ours. Subscribers indebted to her will please pay at our office, No. 11 Cornhill, Boston.







CHINA ROSE.



GENTLE WORDS.

E. R. BLANCHARD.

AIR. Duet.

1. A young rose in the summer time Is beauti-ful to me,
2. The sun may warm the grass to life, The dew the drooping flow'r,
3. It is not much the world can give, With all its subtle art;
INST.

And glo-ri-ous the ma-n-y stars That glimmer on the sea!
And eyes grow bright and watch the light, Of Autumn's op'-ning hour;
And gold and gems are not the things To sat-is-fy the heart.

AIR. CHORUS.

But gen-tle words and lov-ing hearts, And hands that clasp our own,
But words that breathe of ten-der-ness, And smiles we know are true,
But, O, if those who clus-ter round The al-tar and the hearth,

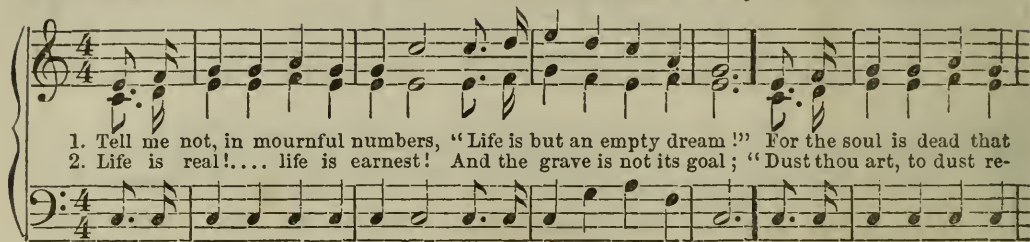
Are bet-ter than the fair-est flowers, Or stars that ev-er shone.
Are warm-er than the sum-mer time, And bright-er than the dew.
Have gen-tle words and lov-ing smiles, How beau-ti-ful is earth!

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by E. R. BLANCHARD, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

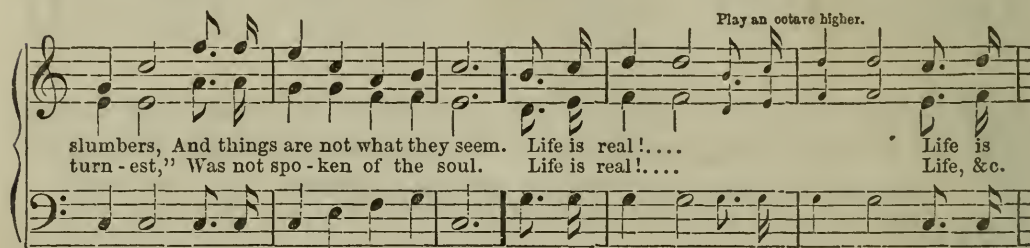
PSALM OF LIFE.

LONGFELLOW.

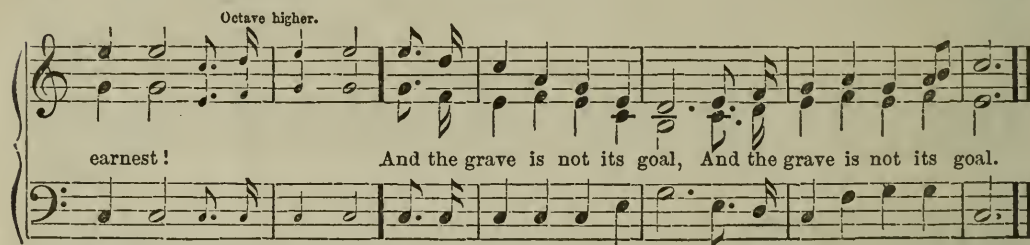
Furnished for this work by Dr. E. R. BLANCHARD.



1. Tell me not, in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream!" For the soul is dead that
2. Life is real!... life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal; "Dust thou art, to dust re-



slumbers, And things are not what they seem. Life is real!.... Life is
turn-est," Was not spo-ken of the soul. Life is real!.... Life, &c.



earnest! And the grave is not its goal, And the grave is not its goal.

- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
Cho.—Life is real, &c.
- 4 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—
(Omit Chorus.)
- 5 Footprints which perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Cho.—Life is real, &c.
- 6 Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
Cho.—Life is real, &c.

THE HISTORY OF EDWARD GRAY.

BY WALTER C. CLARENCE, ESQ.

EDWARD GRAY was a schoolfellow of mine for four years ; consequently, in the intimacy of schoolboy friendship, I had a good opportunity of studying his character and disposition. Not that I did so at the time. Schoolboys are not usually apt to be so philosophically inclined. But from what I knew and saw of him in after years, I am confident that a shrewd judge of human nature might have predicted the results of certain temptations and trials, by a careful study of his peculiar habits, manners, and character at that early period of his life. His father, Mr. Simeon Gray, was a respectable druggist in the city of P——, who, by dint of energy, industry, and strong integrity, had risen from the humble condition of a shopboy to be owner of the house and proprietor of the store whence he now dealt out drugs and made up prescriptions to hundreds of the most respectable and wealthy citizens and physicians of the city. His mother was of equally humble origin. She had, on becoming a widow when but a few months a wife, entered the service of an influential and popular clergyman as housekeeper. Naturally of a serious disposition, she had been happy in her situation ; somewhat late in life, she was married, for the second time, to Simeon Gray, at that period just commencing business on his own account ; and when, some eight or ten years later, she found herself the mother of a fine handsome boy, and the wife of a now prosperous tradesman, she became fired with the laudable ambition of seeing her own child “ wag his pow i’ the poopit,” as our Scottish cousins say, hoping that some day he — her own boy — would rise to become as much

reverenced and beloved as the Rev. Mr. Plumtree, in whose service she had lived for so many years.

There was much in the disposition and temperament of Edward, even at the early age of ten years, when he first entered the school at S——, which encouraged the belief that he was naturally peculiarly adapted for the ministerial career marked out for him by his doting mother. He was a strong, active, and very handsome boy, and, when he gave himself up to enjoyment, he was always amongst the foremost in the sports of the playground ; but he needed much persuasion to induce him to set aside his books, and quit his studies, or his drawing implements, or his microscope, or his miniature chemical battery, — the last-mentioned being a much valued present from his father, — and enter the arena of schoolboy sports. Leader amongst his fellows, as he was when he chose to be, of his own accord he would rarely have united with them in their boyish sports and plans, but would have preferred the perusal of some new book, the examination of some botanical specimen, the delineation of some attractive office, or even some more abstruse study, to any of the noisy recreations which most boys of his age, at that period, conceive to be the acme of human enjoyment.

As he grew older, this almost morbid love of study and seclusion gained upon him, and at the age of fifteen he was as fit to enter college as most lads that are intended for a professional career are at eighteen or nineteen years of age. His secluded, studious habits had the usual effect of rendering him excessively sensitive. He formed strong

friendships with a select few, and to serve these he would at any time sacrifice his own pleasures, but he could not endure the thought that any one of those he called his friends should prefer the society of another to his own ; the least fancied slight offended him, and affected him deeply for the moment, though he was ever ready to forgive and forget ; and, when once he had taken any one into the narrow sphere of his friendship, he would not believe that that person could do wrong, but was ready with an excuse for any misdeed he might commit. He was an amiable, high-minded, affectionate youth, but so weak-minded, in regard to his friendships, that he was often tempted to be generous to his friends before he was just to others, or even to himself. In a word, he was one of those who, so long as the world goes well with them, gain and deserve the love and esteem of all who come within the sphere of their influence ; one of those who would manfully bear up against and resist any great temptation ; who would be shocked at the very thought of committing any act of open wickedness or injustice, but who are too apt, in consequence of their morbid sensitiveness of temperament, to allow themselves to be secretly assailed until they fall, before they are aware that any danger is to be apprehended.

At the age of sixteen, Edward Gray entered college, and I lost sight of him for several years. When next I heard from him, I had just returned from a long residence abroad. He was married to an amiable and affectionate wife, the daughter of a poor but respectable tradesman, who lived in the same city in which Simeon Gray did business ; and he was happily settled as pastor of a rich Episcopalian congregation in a city about thirty miles from P——.

I had been absent from home ten years. Nearly eighteen years had elapsed since we had been schoolboys together, and the

Rev. Edward Gray wrote to invite me to visit him at his delightful parsonage, and make the acquaintance of his wife and his children, three fine boys, aged respectively eleven, nine, and seven years.

I eagerly accepted the invitation, for I was anxious to renew my acquaintance with my former schoolmate, and, when I arrived at the parsonage, I found him as comfortably and happily situated as it is well possible for a man to be in this world.

His salary was liberal, for his congregation comprised many rich men, and men of education and refinement, who were capable of appreciating the talent and scholarship of their minister. The parsonage was a beautiful abode, situated just beyond the city, and the surrounding country was exceedingly picturesque and romantic. The society in the neighborhood was agreeable ; the members of the church, rich and poor, were devotedly attached to their pastor, whose influence over them was unlimited. His wife was all, and more than all he had represented her to be, and his children were, save in one respect, such as any father might well be proud of.

I say save in one respect, but that in which they failed was their father's fault more than their own. It was the consequence of the one great weakness in Edward Gray's character to which I have heretofore alluded. He loved them to an extravagant excess, and, as was the case with all whom he loved, he was too easy with them. He could not be brought to perceive that they ever did wrong, and therefore he never corrected them. They were allowed to have their own way in everything, for, although their mother sought to curb, in some degree, their overflowing vivacity, which often became obtrusive and even impudent, what is the use of a mother's endeavors if they are counteracted by an over-indulgent father, who, as was the case with Edward Gray,

from the nature of his profession, is almost continually with them at home ?

In fact, he was ever present with them, for, having abundant leisure, he educated them himself.

Now, I do not mean to say that the children of Edward Gray were more unruly than other boys of their age. Such was indeed far from being the case. They were healthy, high-spirited boys, possessed of all their father's talent, and of the natural kindliness of disposition peculiar to both their parents ; but that very high spirit, which if properly directed would have been a valuable feature in their character, led to frequent outbreaks, and acts of insubordination, and deeds of wilfulness, evident enough to a stranger, though not perceptible to an over-indulgent father.

While they were mere children at home, under the eye of their parents, and the special influence of their mother, the evil was not so apparent ; but I could not help thinking that they would be difficult to control when they went forth from the parent roof to make their own way in the world amongst strangers, who would not regard them with the indulgence of parents, and I sometimes sighed to think how their father was spoiling them, and perhaps embittering their as well as his own future by his overweening fondness and blind indulgence.

These remarks, however, apply chiefly to the younger lads, Edward and George ; Simeon, the eldest, named after his grandfather, was much the quietest and gentlest of the three brothers. In fact, he possessed much of his father's peculiar sensitiveness of disposition, and had the like fondness and inclination for study. He was intended for his father's profession, and the hopeful, partial parents looked forward to the day when, old age and its infirmities compelling the pastor to resign his trust, he would be succeeded in the pulpit by his eldest boy.

After a few weeks' sojourn, I bade them farewell, and quitted them, to resume a wandering life, with something like a pang of regret at leaving a home and a neighborhood so replete with happiness, abounding in all that was calculated to make this lower world a paradise, an emblem of the happier world which some day we all hope to gain when our earthly pilgrimage is ended, though too few of us keep strictly within the straight and narrow path which we must tread ere we can reach its portals.

"A home so full of love and happiness," I murmured to myself as I stood on the summit of a rising ground, and took one long, last lingering look at the pretty parsonage standing amidst the shrubbery, and almost concealed by the luxuriance of the summer foliage. "Ah, Edward Gray is a happy man ! I almost envy him, and wish I had chosen his career instead of my own more restless one. And, while I lingered and gazed, a small, still voice, that warning voice which may be heard in the cottage and in the palace, in the seclusion of the country and in the bustle and strife of the city, bade me

"Call no man happy till he dies !"

And, as I passed on, the same thoughts which had occasionally, during my sojourn at the parsonage, occupied my mind, in spite of myself, as if the still voice had spoken ominously, to rebuke me for my envious thoughts —

"Call no man happy till he dies !"

"God grant," I murmured, "that my friend's happiness be not shipwrecked by the future of his children !"

Perhaps the thought was a harsh one ; but most truly I hoped my reverend friend, my former schoolmate, my playfellow and fellow-student in boyhood, would be mercifully preserved from evil. Perhaps I judged him harshly, but I had often thought, and

did think, that as a minister of the gospel, as an example to and a teacher of his fellow-men, he sadly, sinfully, though perhaps unintentionally, unwittingly, failed in his government of his own children.

Again twelve long years passed away, during which Edward Gray was as much a stranger to me, save occasionally when he and his family were present to my wandering thoughts, as if he and I had been inhabitants of different worlds, as we were actually separated by the vast ocean which rolls between two hemispheres. But, at the expiration of this period, I again returned home, and almost my first care was to inquire after the welfare of my old friend Edward.

Alas! the time of sorrow had come upon them. Trouble had sorely oppressed those whom I had left in the possession of so much earthly happiness, and the trouble had come, as I had singularly anticipated, through their offspring.

A daughter had been born to them a short time after my visit, who was now nearly twelve years of age; but they still had but three children, for Simeon, the quiet, studious, earnest Simeon, had been taken from them, and Edward, the second son, had brought them to such grief, that well might they have cried —

“ Oh, why was he given to us thus to bring our gray hairs in sorrow to the grave ? ”

Two years prior to my second return, the sorrows of Edward Gray had begun. His oldest son Simeon, who had become a youth of distinguished talents, and who was admired and beloved by all who knew him, was drowned in a lake near his father's house, while he was paying a visit to the parsonage, during the vacation of the college where he studied. It was on a fine, warm summer evening, and the young man had gone to the lake to bathe. They heard his cries from the parsonage house, but could do nothing to save him, when, rushing

to the water's reedy and rushy edge, they saw him sinking in hopeless entanglement among the long, strong roots of the water-lilies!

Of the shock they thus received, nothing need be said; but from that day, much as they strove to overcome their grief, it was felt in their congregation that they never were the same people as before; that their faces never wore such bright smiles, and that, when in society, they often looked at each other with tearful eyes, as if an accidental word or allusion had awakened in their hearts a remembrance too tender or too terrible.

But they had scarcely recovered from the agony which the death of their oldest born had occasioned, when their attention was directed to the singular behavior of their second son Edward, who had been placed as a clerk in a commercial house in the city of P——.

It was the young man's custom to come to the parsonage every Saturday, and to remain till Monday, when he returned to P——, and to his desk in the merchant's office, early in the morning. They had both questioned him as to the cause of his evident trouble without success, when, one stormy evening in winter, Edward unexpectedly entered his father's study, and, dropping on his knees before him, confessed that he was a ruined and lost man; that he had formed a guilty connection with a woman who had led him on to destruction, and that she had embezzled his employer's money; nay, done worse, had forged his name, and that, unless he could make his escape, he must expiate his and her crimes in the State prison, a convict for life!

If the death of Simeon, the oldest son, the pride and hope of his father and mother, had racked their hearts with sorrow, how much more bitter and poisonous was the arrow which now pierced their hearts?

“My poor, wretched boy!” cried the minister, “your crime is terrible, but I cannot reproach you while your person is in jeopardy. Oh that I knew how to save you! Oh, Edward, Edward, I would willingly die, if by so doing I could cleanse your soul from guilt, and clear you of the consequences of your evil doings.”

He sat for some moments, his hands pressed upon his forehead, and then, addressing his son, said —

“Fly, Edward, fly! I will give you money, and perhaps I may be able to replace what you have embezzled. Oh, Edward, my beloved, now my oldest child, who have so often sat in innocence upon my knee, and whom I have so often put to bed after you had prayed by my side, has it come to this?” and father and son knelt together and prayed. It was a black, stormy night, and Edward went away without seeing his mother and sister. He went away, but he never returned. He made his escape to the West Indies, and died, a few weeks after his arrival, of the yellow fever.

The miserable father knew not how to break the matter to his wife and daughter. They saw his affliction, and he told them that he thought Edward was a profligate. But next night the door of the parsonage house was entered by two officers of justice. All concealment was at an end, and next day it was known, not only to the poor mother and sister, but to all the neighbors round, that Edward Gray was a criminal, and had escaped to a foreign land.

Over the grave of the eldest son, his parents could shed tears of a resigned sadness; but for him who died unattended, far away in a foreign land, their grief was bitter and inconsolable; and now the unhappy father took to himself the blame. “God has severely chastised me,” he said. “I have been too weak. I have not held the

reins of authority over my children as I ought to have done.”

No one in the city now uttered Edward’s name, though but a few months before there was not a house where his hearty voice and cheerful laugh had not been welcome. Still, ill as he had behaved, affection for his memory was in every heart, but a grave look or a sigh was all by which any one could show his sorrow and sympathy now, and the unhappy minister understood the silence of his congregation, for his dead son had been a felon. He had written a letter to his father on his death-bed, containing but a few words, but those words had gone to his father’s heart.

“Oh, father,” he wrote; “you meant well. You loved me better than I deserved to be loved. But if sometimes, when my quick temper got the better of me, you had corrected me instead of excusing, I do not think I should have done as I have done.”

Misfortunes, says the proverb, never come singly. One brings a cloud with it. The proverb is true. Not that misfortunes of themselves never come singly, but because one misfortune is the cause of another, as one sin leads to a second, as one success leads to another. We mistake the sequence for an original fact, but such is not the case. It is the mischief which attends one act of folly or crime which brings about a second and a third, as it is the skilfully and well-laid plan which brings one success which conduces to a second. We are the arbiters, in a great measure, of our own destiny. God has endowed us with reasoning powers, and has given us his divine chart for a guide, and it depends, more than we are willing to believe, upon ourselves whether we steer clear, or fall foul of the rocks and shoals which lie in our course in our voyage through life.

Now there was but one son and a daugh-

ter, but one brother and sister, left for a parent's and for each other's love. To be sure, poor Simeon's memory was enshrined in the hearts of his parents, for his death had not been such, terrible as it was, as to cause them to shrink from thinking of it, and often his father's and mother's eyes rested tearfully upon the stone, in the little grass-grown churchyard, which bore his name and the few short years of his young and guileless life.

Under all the afflictions, Mrs. Gray bore herself to the wonder of all who beheld her. She attended to everything about the house as before; none of her duties was neglected, and but for her, it is said, her husband must have sunk beneath his sorrows. But little do we know of each other's hearts. Mr. Gray was disconsolate, miserable, despairing, but his health did not suffer, and, after a short suspension, he was able to discharge his ordinary duties as before. She who administered to him really needed comfort more than himself, for HER grief preyed inwardly in the midst of her serene resignation, and struck in upon her very heart. Her strength decayed; she drew her breath with pain, and although no one, not even her medical attendants, feared immediate danger, she was one day found sitting in a bower in the garden, to which she had retired to avoid the noonday sun. Death had come gently into that bower, and touched her heart, perhaps during a peaceful slumber. Her head was reclining against the green leaves, and the Bible she had been reading was open in her lap.

When the minister discovered that his wife was taken from him, his grief knew no bounds. He would perhaps have become insane, but his daughter needed his care. The scarlet fever had broken out in the neighborhood, and she had been seized with it, and the intelligence of her mother's sudden death, told to her injudiciously by an

ignorant nurse, had such an effect upon her that, just as the disease seemed to be taking a favorable turn, she was taken with a relapse, and within twenty-four hours she rejoined her beloved mother in heaven.

But one child, George, his youngest son, was now left to the bereaved minister, and this son, a high-spirited youth, who, like his unfortunate brother Edward, had entered a merchant's office in the city, he resolved to bring to his home to serve as a companion, now all others whom he had loved had been taken from him. He went to the city purposely to bring the boy home to the deserted parsonage, and arrived, alas! to find him too about to be snatched from him.

George Gray had, like his brothers, been petted by his father, until he could neither submit to control, nor control his own temper when he was annoyed or insulted by others. One day some of his youthful companions had insulted him by cruelly alluding to the disgrace his elder brother had brought upon the family. He replied angrily; a quarrel and a fight ensued, in which several took part; some on one side, some on the other; and George Gray received a blow, from whose hand no one knew, which stunned him. He was carried home, but he never recovered or spoke a word, and he died on the following day, just at the moment when his stricken father had arrived to take him home, without having for a single moment recovered his consciousness!

The calamities which had befallen the unhappy Edward Gray were great as heart or imagination can conceive,—great as those that Job, the model of patience and submission to God's will, was called upon to endure. Yet such calamities have been borne by many human beings, who have afterwards recovered from the shock to enjoy some satisfaction in their existence,—men, we have all known, with cheerful countenances,

and apparently placid minds, whose best enjoyments have been sorely cut down, and who, at one time, no doubt, thought and felt that for them never more could there be one glimpse of joy on earth. But necessity is to many afflicted spirits, although a stern, yet a sure comforter. The heart, in its agonies of grief, is rebellious, and strives to break asunder the fetters of its fate. But that mood cannot be sustained. It is impious and irrational, and the soul can find true rest only in resignation and submission. Then mingled motives to better and calmer thoughts arise. Men see the wisdom of a calm and temperate sorrow, the folly and wickedness of outrageous grief. They begin to wish to obey the laws that ought to regulate the feelings of mortal creatures. In obeying them there is consolation, and a lightening of the sore burden of their distress. Then come blessed thoughts of the reward of the righteous who have gone to God; remembrance of all their beauty, innocence, or goodness while they sojourned with us here, and hope, faith, and belief that we shall yet meet them face to face, and be no more severed. Thus does time cure the wounds of the heart, just as it covers the grave with verdure and with flowers. We cannot, if we would, live without often sorrowing; but neither can we, if we would, sorrow always. God is kinder to us than we are to ourselves, and he lifts us up when, in blind passion, we would fain lie grovelling in the dust.

So it is with many, with most men, but it is not so with all. There are some peculiar temperaments which render their possessors the happiest of mortals so long as adversity keeps at a distance, or at least does not approach too near, nor strike too harshly; but who, when such is the case, seem to sink beneath the blow, and to give themselves over to utter despair. Of such was the Rev. Edward Gray. He seemed now to be with-

out any object in the world. His very zeal in the cause of religion, which he dearly loved, seemed deadened, and he often dared not utter the things he thought, when preaching of the loving-kindness of God.

A rueful change was indeed beginning to take possession of Edward Gray's soul, of which no one out of the parsonage had any suspicion, and which for a while was not suspected even by his own attached and faithful servants. He daily turned his thoughts to some means of alleviating his miseries, and sought to obtain slumber and forgetfulness through the influence of deleterious drugs.

No doubt his mental sufferings were thereby relieved, but the sum of his misery was increased.

Horrid phantasies oftentimes assailed him; his health suffered; a deep remorse was added to his other agonies; the shame, the perturbation of despicable vice, and the appalling conviction was brought upon his conscience that his understanding was weakened, and that his life might terminate in imbecility or madness.

But very soon the manners and appearance of the minister, once so popular and so beloved, became apparent to the most careless eye.

His former sedate demeanor was converted into a hurried and distracted wildness. His attention to the decencies of dress was not the same. His face wore the wrinkles, but not the pallor, of grief; his hand trembled; his voice changed; at last, his degradation could be no longer concealed, — Edward Gray, the temperate, the pious, and the just, had become an opium-eater, and a drunkard!

Still his church did not yet forsake him. The congregation knew how he had been tried, and they said —

"Is he not a widower, childless? Few have been tried as he has been. His grief

has affected his brain. He is not in his right mind. We trust in God he will get better."

Such were the words of many, and the wishes of all; for he had no enemies; and he had for nearly twenty years been a friend to them all in things temporal, and in things eternal, and enslaved as he now had become to his vices, or rather, perhaps, I should say to his disease, such was the solemn and awful power the Sabbath day possessed over his mind, that he had never yet polluted or violated its sanctity. But at length that hour came, and Edward Gray was ruined beyond redemption.

The next day the elders called at the parsonage house. They entered and went to the minister's room.

He was sitting at the window in his library. He did not rise when they entered, and they feared to turn their eyes upon him as he sat by himself in the midst of them,—pallid, ghastly, shuddering. At length, he spake —

"Lost am I to this world and to the next! I have disgraced the order to which I belong; I have polluted the church; I have insulted the Saviour who redeemed me!"

He dashed himself upon the floor, and besought that no one would lift him up.

"Let me hear your voices," he said, "while I hide my face. What have you to say to your wretched minister? Say it quickly, and then leave me, — leave me forever."

They had come to remonstrate in severe terms with the clergyman who had so disgraced himself, but they could not utter their denunciations now!

Why should they be stern and cruel to this sorely stricken man, — they who had never known a tithe of his grief?

They had often sat at his board, when his wife and family graced and blessed it; he had often, familiarly and brotherly,

sat in all their houses, humble, but scarcely more humble than his own. He had joined some of them in wedlock, remembered them in his public and private prayers when any of their households had been threatened with death.

He had prayed by their bedsides in their own houses; he had given them worldly counsel, and assisted them in their earthly trials, and was all this to be forgotten now? — and were they to harden their hearts against him? Or were not all these things to be remembered, with a grateful distinctness, and to soften their hearts, and even to bedew their faces with tears, and fill their souls with pity, sorrow, and affection, and the sadness of brotherly love towards him, who, so good in many things, had, at last, been weighed in the balance and found wanting?

They all felt alike now, however different their dispositions and characters. They did not long suffer him to lie on the floor; they lifted him up, tried to comfort him, wept along with him, and when the miserable man implored one of them to offer up a prayer for him, they all solemnly knelt down, and prayed that God, who was now called upon to forgive his sins, would extend his mercy to all his fellow-sinners who were there on their knees before him.

Edward Gray was no longer a minister of the gospel in the church over which he had been pastor for so many years. He left the church and the neighborhood, and ere long it was thought, by many, that he was dead; that shame and remorse, and the disease that clung close to his soul, had killed him at last. But it was not so. The hour was not yet come, and his death-bed was to be of a different kind indeed!

The unhappy man had a brother, who for many years had never been heard of or from, but who, it was known, was doing well out in the Far West. To this long, almost

forgotten brother, the now penitent but outcast, though but lately popular preacher, wended his weary way. He had no doubt that his brother would receive him kindly, and his only desire now was to remain with that brother and his family, on his clearing, amid the western wilderness; there to work out his repentance, forgotten by all mankind besides, and there, at last, to lie down and die.

He was kindly received, as one who had risen from the dead and come amongst them, — as one superior to themselves, whom it was their duty and their delight to reverence; but it was no part of the repentant minister's purpose to eat the bread of idleness. He insisted upon doing his meed of work upon the farm, and in leisure hours he instructed his young nephews and nieces in the ordinary branches of education. They were to him, not quite, but almost, as near as the children he had lost; but he had learned a severe lesson, and he carefully watched over the moral as well as the intellectual culture of these, knowing now that the former is of the greatest importance, and that the latter, without the former, is but a training, as it were, to evil.

Here, in this wild, yet beautiful and romantic and secluded spot, he resided for five years, and here he recovered in some degree the peace of mind which he once thought he had lost forever. Still, at times, in the still, calm watches of the night, thick-coming fancies, and thoughts of days gone by, and of a wife and children beloved and lost would come upon him, and oppress his soul with a weight of anguish which well-nigh drove him to madness; but he would seek relief in prayer, and a flood of tears would relieve him from the burden of his despair, and gradually the dark clouds would break, and the star of peace and hope and faith would shine forth with renewed lustre.

Then, at times, growing stronger and

stronger as years passed away, would come upon him the desire once more to visit the scene of his former labors, of his happy home for many years, and, alas! of his deep degradation. Nay, more, he had a strange desire once more to stand in the pulpit whence he had for so many years preached the gospel of life and hope and truth to hushed and earnest, intently listening audiences, — and where his falling off, his deep, grovelling sin and shame had, alas! been made manifest to his shocked and offended hearers.

His brother Isaac had been many years absent from the civilization and culture of the thickly settled States, and he, too, had a hankering to visit them once again, and then to return and spend the remainder of his days in the rude wilderness which the diligence of himself and his offspring had made to blossom like the rose.

So, one bright day, at the close of autumn, the two brothers set out for the dwellings of men in cities, in the distant East; the once popular and cultivated and refined pastor, now prematurely wrinkled, and old and gray; his hands hardened by toil; his face embrowned by wind and sun, and his spirit humbled by sore trials and by penitence. The younger brother, though but two years Edward Gray's junior, also toil-worn and embrowned by labor, but strong and healthful and cheerful, and, to appearance, a younger man by twenty years.

Together they came to the city of P——, and one Sabbath morning Edward Gray, leaving his brother in the city, journeyed to the village in which the old parsonage house stood. It was early morning when he set out, unknown to any one, without even informing his brother whither he was going, and he reached the village before any one was astir on that fair, peaceful Sabbath day.

He stood before the parsonage house,

lovely and quiet as ever, and tears came to his eyes as he thought how that was once ; how, but for his own sin, it might have been still, his own happy home. He would willingly have entered the dwelling, but he dared not. Presently a little curly-headed child came forth on the lawn, and advanced to the gate. How she reminded him of his own daughter, at her age, now sleeping by her mother's and elder brother's side in the quiet churchyard near by. He stooped and kissed the child, and the little thing, half pleased, half frightened, ran in doors and told her father how a great big white-haired *old* man (he was but little more than forty, but grief had made him old before his time,) had kissed her and bade her be a good girl, and obey her parents ; and the pastor came forth and addressed the stranger. He thought that, perhaps, the old man might stand in need of charity ; and he asked him in, and bade him rest and partake of some refreshment ; but he would not accept the invitation, — he dared not. He craved but a glass of water from the old well, which was readily given, and to his lips no wine, no nectar, ever tasted half so sweet as that clear, cold sparkling water ; and having drank at the well, he went his way.

More than one person whom he knew passed him by in the village street, but no one recognized in that toil-worn, aged-looking, farming man, the once neat, studious-looking pastor.

He entered the churchyard, and stood before the grave of the loved ones, and knelt and prayed ; and then, as if urged by an irresistible impulse, he entered the church, which was yet empty, although the hour appropriated to the morning service was at hand. Looking neither to the right nor the left as he passed up the aisle, he ascended the steps of the pulpit, (one of those old-fashioned round boxes, with a sounding-board overhead, now seldom seen,) and entering, shut

himself in and knelt and prayed again. The congregation gathered together, and awaited the arrival of the pastor, ignorant of the fact that the pulpit was already occupied ; for the seat was low, and its occupant could not be seen.

The minister entered, and made his way with sedate demeanor and solemn steps to the vestry, to don his white robes for morning prayers. The rustle of leaves was heard, as the congregation turned over their prayer-books, and marked the different portions of the service. Then all was hushed, as they awaited the forthcoming of the pastor.

But before he came a tall, gaunt figure, with white hair, and browned and furrowed visage, was seen to rise silently and suddenly as a ghost ; and then, in that gaunt figure and that furrowed visage, many of the elders recognized the figure and features of Edward Gray !

The congregation was struck with awe, — not a breath could be heard. All eyes were fixed upon the pulpit where stood, as many believed, the apparition of their former pastor, who had not been heard of for five years, and who was supposed to be dead.

The minister came forth from the vestry and stood fixed like a statue, gazing upon the man who had usurped his place in the pulpit, and in whose figure and features *he* recognized the aged stranger who had half an hour before begged a drink of water from the well.

But very soon Edward Gray satisfied them that he was no spirit, but their ex-pastor, come again amongst them in the flesh. He opened the Bible, and spreading his hands entreated the congregation to kneel in prayer. All knelt at his bidding, even the astonished rector, who now perhaps was the only person present who was not aware who the strange intruder was ; but his people knelt, and he felt himself con-

strained as by some controlling power to kneel with them.

And now Edward Gray poured forth his whole soul in prayer to God, for himself, for them, for God's churches everywhere. He thanked the Almighty that he had once again, and for the last time, been permitted to occupy the pulpit whence he had preached and prayed so many Sabbaths; that he had been permitted to announce from that pulpit which had been the scene of his utter degradation, his penitence and his pardon.

When the prayer was ended there was not a dry eye in the church. The rector now knew who the stranger was who had so singularly intruded upon his proper functions; for he had often heard the sad story of his predecessor's shame, and he showed no desire to interrupt him in the service; but seating himself near the communion table, he listened with the rest.

Edward Gray read through, as if with an inspired voice, the beautiful service from the episcopal prayer-book, even to the end of the solemn litany, and never in that church had the responses been made by the congregation more faithfully or more solemnly.

Then he closed the book, and opening the Bible, read from beginning to end our Saviour's sermon on the mount, and this concluded, he commenced his sermon.

He first briefly recapitulated the several events of his past life, from his earliest entry into the ministry, through his long sojourn in their midst, to his fall and degradation, and to his repentance, won at last through many prayers and tears and much suffering.

He urged his hearers to beware of that sensitiveness which too often leads to selfishness; to an indrawing of the feelings until they become centred upon one's self, and upon idols of our own creation; and he especially warned fathers and mothers, while he urged upon them to love their children, to

avoid that idolatrous love which cannot see their faults, and which forbears correction, however much it be needed. To this he attributed his downfall, — through this, two of his children had fallen into crime, and one had perished from violence. He thanked God, now, that he had mercifully taken from him his oldest son, and his beloved daughter, ere they too had fallen like their brothers.

“Still,” said he, “I know God is merciful as well as just, and I hope he has pardoned my erring sons. They had but little time to prepare for death, but a moment with God is as a thousand years. I hope soon, very soon, to rejoin all my children in heaven, and there to meet again the beloved partner of my joys and sorrows, whose death was hastened through my sinful neglect of my children's best interests. She died of a broken heart, caused by the disgrace that her children had brought upon her, and *I* was to blame for all. While I was preaching to others, I was neglecting those whom God had placed under my special charge. I have been bitterly, bitterly punished; perhaps more bitterly punished than many who have sinned as I have done; but not more, — nay, not so severely punished as I deserved to be, — for was not I set in a high place to be a guide and an example to others? But I thank God he has conducted me through the dark valley of humiliation into the glorious light of day again. He has forgiven me. My sins are pardoned, and now he has permitted me to proclaim his pardon in the presence of those who were eye-witnesses of my sin and shame! For this I have lived for many months, — nay, for years past, — and now that my wish is accomplished, I can truly and earnestly say —

“Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!”

He ceased. The congregation sat bathed in tears. All the errors of him who had suffered so terribly were forgiven and forgotten now. They only looked with pity akin to awe upon that prematurely aged man, who for many years had been most deservedly loved and revered by them; who had united many of them in wedlock; who had shared in their joys and festivities; and had prayed by the deathbed of their relatives, and performed the last solemn service over their graves.

Long, long was that sermon, that Sabbath day remembered; never will the solemn words he preached be forgotten by those who listened to them.

"Let us pray," he said; and the entire congregation fell upon their knees.

Edward Gray commenced the prayer in a loud voice, which gradually became more feeble until it was no longer audible. Still the congregation remained upon their knees until the silence became painful; then they rose, one by one. Edward Gray was still kneeling; the pulpit concealed him from their sight.

It was strange, — awful, — this long silence!

At length the sexton mounted the pulpit stairs and opened the door. His face grew pale; he started back as if struck with terror.

Then the words, "He is dead!" were passed around in low, solemn, and awe-stricken whispers.

It was true. Edward Gray had preached his last sermon in the same pulpit in which more than twenty years before he had first commenced his Master's work.

His spirit had passed away while he was praying for the congregation he had never ceased to love.

He was carefully borne to the parsonage house, and three days afterwards was interred in the village churchyard by the side of his wife and his oldest and youngest child. His funeral was attended by the entire body of his former congregation; and a tombstone commemorating his virtues, and his long services in the church, was placed over the grave by the piety of his once loving people. His errors were forgotten. God had forgiven him. It was not for them to withhold their forgiveness, or to remember his frailties, so sorely punished.

In writing this story, or rather I should say this history of the career of one whom I knew well, I have hoped to warn young parents against the sin and folly of an overweening fondness for their offspring, which leads them to pass over faults, which if not corrected in youth, often increase to crimes in manhood.

FEED MY LAMBS.

BY REV. J. DODGE.

DURING the third interview that our Saviour had with the disciples after his resurrection, he commanded Peter, three times, to feed his flock. Perhaps this repetition was to make a deep and lasting impression of his guilt in thrice denying so gracious a

Master; and to give him full assurance that he was "converted," or recovered from his fall by the grace of God.

Twice he says feed my *sheep*, and once feed my *lambs*. Not that he would have the provision for the lambs less complete, but be-

cause the shepherd, in caring and providing for the sheep, provided for the lambs also : the young seek *maternal* support first and chiefly ; hence, to feed the sheep, is virtually to feed the lambs also.

No minister of Christ is to be accounted wholly unmindful or neglectful of the children and youth of his flock, while he feeds the older portion of that flock faithfully ; as his attention to the latter includes an interest for the former. It is scriptural to regard what a person causes to be done, as if he did it himself. Solomon built the temple, but not with his own hands. And surely no small part of pulpit instruction, in our day, has reference to this matter ; its direct aim being to guide and aid older persons in their attention to those under their care.

Thus, is brought about a *necessary* division of labor among Christ's servants ; and he who performs this part of it faithfully does an important work ; whether it be his full share or not is another consideration. Our opinion is that a pastor's responsibility does not end with his labors bestowed upon the older portion of his flock ; but, like the great Shepherd, he must "gather the lambs with his arm." And we are happy to know that not a few Christian ministers in this country would account it a privilege to be teachers in the Sabbath school did time and strength remain to them which might be appropriated in this way after fulfilling their official duties.

The work of instructing the young religiously devolves especially upon two classes of persons, — parents and Sabbath-school teachers. The Saviour says to them, "Feed my lambs." Though the latter may be regarded as auxiliary to the former, as the family relation is strictly of *divine appointment*. Both find this precious work sufficient to tax all their energies. And there is one requisite which we can not fail to notice in this connection, viz : their own con-

secration to Christ, in order to a proper performance of this work. The Chief Shepherd would not have employed Peter except that he had loved him, as well as his lambs. And let every one who would do this work well undertake it in the exercise of Christian love. Then their labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.

As to the matter of teaching, let it be the truth : the *truth as it is in Jesus*. I speak here of religious instruction. Most children in religious families long for it ; and many in families that are irreligious. This inquisitiveness should be gratified in a proper way, and turned to the best account.

And this work cannot be begun too early. Lambs must be fed from the first. Jehovah commanded his ancient people that the *first lessons* imparted to their children should be of him and his works. (Deut. xxxi. 13.) And those who were faithful and favored in their covenant were not unmindful of this command. Paul felt assured that Timothy was wise and faithful when he called to remembrance the unfeigned faith that was in him, which dwelt first in his grandmother Lois, and in his mother Eunice, and the fact that from a child he had known the Scriptures which were able to make him wise unto salvation through faith that is in Christ Jesus.

Let the religious education of children be neglected till adult age, and if they are then converted, their piety will be very defective ; whereas, if they are trained for God, from the hour of their personal consecration, they will be intelligent and useful.

Religious instruction should be given to children in its simplicity.

The mode of teaching children is often formidable because formal, and irksome because too profound. You would not put such food into your child's stomach as you knew he could not digest till years later in life, — why, then, deal so differently with

the mind? Meat for persons of full age, but milk for babes.

I freely admit the prospective utility of committing lessons which are not understood at the time. In this mode of teaching parents may find countenance in the mode of their heavenly Parent's dealing with them. Truths thus learned may be understood and appreciated afterward.

The answer to the inquiry, "What is the chief end of man?" had in my boyhood

days no significance, but now those words echo from every chamber of my soul, "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." This mode of religious teaching is infinitely better than such shameful neglect as marks many families in this age. Still it is better, on every account, to have the instructions of children adapted to their age. They should be fed with the *sin-cere milk of the word that they may grow thereby.*

DAYBREAK.

Died, half an hour after daybreak, Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, at Florence.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

THE morning blushed out from the heart of
the summer,

And rippled its rosiness over the world;
It dawned where the shadows slept under the
murmurs

Of cadenced white waterfalls, silvered and
curled.

It stroked its white fingers o'er beards of
bowed barley,

And rippled its breath over billowed wheat
seas;

O! never a day has stooped o'er us so fairly,
With peace in its sunshine, and balm in its
breeze!

The core of the year, with its affluent glad-
ness,—

Its beauty, its music, its plumage of corn,—
Passed deep in the shadow of infinite sad-
ness;

For she, our Queen Poet, went up with the
morn.

O! pale grew the robing that folded the moun-
tain,

And wrapped its grieved face in a sorrowing
spray,—

Exhaled the last heart-drop from poesy's foun-
tain,

When she sang with angels at breaking of
day.

O Freedom! thy priestess lies dead at the
altar!

And well for thy temple her life had been
long.

When Liberty chanted, her voice did not fal-
ter;

Transfigured, God made her Archangel of
Song.

And well may Italia bow low in her weeping!
And well may the summer grow pallid with
ruth!

Cavour rests in silence, and Browning is sleep-
ing,—

The foeman of tyrants,—the singer of
Truth.

Be hers in Valhalla the throne-room of glory,—
The sceptre of poets,—the crown she has
won,—

The purple of spirits;—and ours be the story,—
The sweet rhythmed life which at morning
was done.

WORDS FOR YOUNG MEN.—No. VIII.

BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

ROUTINE AND REALITY.

Most young men will agree with me that the repetition of duties, under some fixed rule, is difficult to reconcile with freshness and heartiness of life. Sometimes we chafe at the rule, and indulge in vague dreams and sentimental theories of action without plan, and life without law. Sometimes we sink down under the monotony, grow indifferent through familiarity, and suffer life to become a tame and spiritless succession of tasks, a dull, grudging, grubbing subserviency. Is there no remedy or reconciliation? Is there no such thing as joining the company of whom Coventry Patmore says —

“They live by law; not like the fool,
But like the bard who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
Yet finds in them not bonds but wings?”

Get the Christian answer, and instantly that whole order of servile offices rises into new dignity. A free allegiance to the Father of goodness transforms the abject state, and sets the slave on a footing with kings. It is like the touch of the angel's spear that giveth life. Bondage is ended. “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” The devout soul is lifted, at once, above the degradation, and beyond all the circumstances, of slavery. If the chains are not taken off, they gall the limbs no longer. “Fear and trembling” give place to “good will.” When the spirit of a man looks up, and chooses its master in its Saviour, though the externals of coercion may remain, thralldom is abolished, and a nobler kind of being begins.

You will recognize the bearing of this truth on the freest as well as the most restricted member of the community. The degree of the compulsion is not material. To a certain extent, most human conditions involve subjection. Society is an equilibrium between obedience and command. The state, the family, the army, the school, even commerce, the professions and day-labor, imply regulation, and regulation is a form of law, and law is constraint. The best mutual benefits seem to require obligations. The highest and freest men, indeed, put themselves voluntarily into a sort of compulsion for the attainment of orderly results; and only weak, or fickle, or indolent natures chafe at it. Here on earth, regularly recurring duties, exacted by statutes, are the appointed way.

But chafing at them is not at all the fault now deprecated. It is rather the opposite fault of growing inert, mechanical in them. It is succumbing to the mere framework of allotted tasks, putting no original, individual moral life into them. It is letting regularity become routine, and service degenerate into servility. It is going through the round of performance without drawing daily the deep inspirations of religious purpose. In this *Home Monthly*, last January, you were reminded of the need of *beginning* every earnest work in the name and Spirit of the Lord. It is just as much required by a living gospel that all work should be earnest work. Those are not Christian men who make a religious profession, or even a religious sensibility, an apology for a listless,

nerveless habit ; nor is a passive yielding to outside pressure anything less than a sin. Solemnity is no excuse for idleness. And he who guides his efforts only by the requirements of rules, will never be one of those effective, heroic workmen whose acts are embodiments of thoughts, nor one of those convincing orators who "believe, and therefore speak."

Such doctrine is by no means limited to one set of employments ; for the mischief is not so limited. If we could strike out what is everywhere done in dull conformity to precedent and fashion, and what is done only in eye-service as men-pleasers, substituting an honest, independent, individual doing of all things by personal choice, "with good-will, as unto the Lord," or because it is right, what vocation, trade, household, would not gain in the interest and power of that renovated existence ? Business would be transacted not by mere commercial maxims, but by Christian principles. Literature would be cleared of cant. Common labor would not be common or unclean. The church would be rid of make-believe. Politics would be purged of official bondage to precedence and prejudice. Families would not be stupefied with mutual unconcern, or deadened with the humdrum of cooking, providing, mending, and cleaning. Households would not be herds of animals stabled together for feeding and sleeping, and for sleepy or sensual pleasure, but animated groups of beneficent and entertaining souls.

It is evident that the mischief in question does not terminate in mental stagnation. The hurt is equally serious to the liberty of the will, the sincerity of the heart, and all the springs of character, as to vigor of intellect. Under the paralyzing stroke, all the interior forces halt together. All energies are benumbed. Stripped of that secret inspiration which makes existence a march, instead of a drift on the current, your

manlier attributes grow inferior. With the powers of execution, the powers of resistance fail also. The soul is set open, on every side, to its enemies, too careless to shut the gates, too idle to repel the invader. A multitude is followed to do evil. Bad fashions sweep the supple conscience their own way. Local usages are erected as a standard, instead of the high and eternal principles of right. For the unchangeable morality of the gospel, you have a morality that is local, conventional, unsteady. Life becomes spiritless and stale. Charm, and fascination, and glory fade off from the world. More and more, man dries into a piece of mechanism, unless, as is more likely, the senses, not withering with the will, but furnishing a corrupt excitement of their own, take the weakened soul, and bear it on to dissipation and to ruin. Pleasures of appetite taint the finer, rational tastes, till the peevish, disappointed profligate begins to complain of natural retributions as invasions of his privilege, counts his bodily indulgences his rights, and finishes indifference with blasphemy.

If there should be,—as I cannot think there is,—in any one of you an entire insensibility to these things ; if they sound improbable or unreal, there is a very simple way of making them real. You have only to suppose the case that of another person, instead of your own, to transfer the field of judgment out of yourself to the heart of some other man. Then you will not hesitate to say, at once, that a life of apathy, or of self-indulgence, or of mere pleasure-getting, is not the kind of life that ought to be. You will say it is all unworthy of anybody's manhood ; that it is impossible to respect it ; that it is poor, unprofitable, and without any fair prospect for the future. You will confess, then, whenever you meet any man that is living so, younger or older, that he is a spectacle of waste and perversion, such as

you cannot associate with high honor even. I am not sure but every one of you will go farther, even the whole length of the Christian truth of the matter, and say it is worst of all, as being an affront to that God and Father, the earnestness of whose care for us is reason enough for earnestness in our obedience and devotion to him. If you do, every occasion for argument or remonstrance is superseded. To put you in remembrance of a truth so vital, and not less vital for being familiar, will be all that is needful. Then it will only remain for us, turning what is *right* into what is *righteous*, carefully to see to it that our awakened activity springs from a religious motive; that our service of good-will is rendered to the Lord, and not to men; that the energy and spirit which men everywhere respect as traits of a character fitted for this world are consecrated by a Christian faith, and joined to a world that is above this and beyond it.

It might be said, I know, Why insist on any *special quality* of goodness much, when all particular virtues must grow up from one grand principle of Christian faith in the heart? Why not strike home at once to the very seats and root of character, reaching after *regeneration into the Spirit of Christ*, which reacheth and reformeth all things?

It is a reasonable question; so much in accordance with the actual method of the New Testament, with the real philosophy of the subject, and so completely commanding assent, that I rejoice if it arises in any one of the minds of my readers. Only consider this: that as it is this interior and radical principle, a decisive allegiance to the will of the Father, that throws out all the traits and habits of a Christian man, so, for that very cause, by taking up any one of these, and following it back to its origin, you will come to the primary or essential thing. A steady attention to some individual virtue, or fault, or danger, conducts us best to the very

heart of the whole matter, uncovering the deep things of the gospel, and rendering us not less, but more conscious of that eternal Spirit who searches within. Besides, that goodness, which is Christianity, is a spirit of all life, reforming all things with its sanctity. It insists on having the whole man for its own. If shut out from any one part, its total unity is denied, and its complete authority insulted. Now, to a Christian character, this vigilant and vital energy of purpose, here treated, is *essential*; not an accidental accessory, but an indispensable element. Without it, you will not find a religious character. Without it, you will not be a religious man. It is not recommended to you as a becoming ornament. It is not set forth as a convenient appendage. Christian principle is such a thing that into whatsoever heart of man it enters, it puts him upon a fresh and diligent pursuit. When it is a possession, or an experience, at all, it quickens the powers, enlivens life, refashions the soul. Only when you get a kind of fire that gives out no heat nor light, will you get a piety that does not kindle and spur the faculties. There is an interest in that true calling, and some enthusiasm in that true loyalty. It creates efficiency, entertainment, intelligence, enterprise. If there is one characteristic of primitive New Testament Christianity, it is zeal or heartiness. That quality of faith planted the church and multiplied its altars, nerved the martyrs and matured the saint, traversed seas and lands, endured persecutions, conquered danger, converted idolatry, and set up on prostrate thrones the kingdom of an indestructible and immortal idea. And, wherever it spreads to our common wants and common hearts, it says again, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."

Is not the path of Christian endeavor plain? Keeping the safe framework of

regulation and law, it is to lift all that up into freedom by a heart of Christian devotedness richer than rules, and larger than any statute. Living here in these circumscribed scenes, encompassed by familiar, recurring tasks, it is to see to it that duty never becomes a drudgery, nor the engaging struggles for heaven monotonous.

Doubtless we need to be girded for sharp conflicts; to be shod for rough ascents. But the most of our way does not lie in very dark places, nor on very high places. Moments of mysterious inspiration, mounts of transfiguring splendor, are no man's every-day experience. If we are lifted up thither now and then, it is that we may come down to work on the common level with a more sacred earnestness, and a more faithful memory that heaven is over us. Such better hours keep alive the feeling that, by and by, the mystery will be opened, and be found full of reality; that these rare glimpses of truth and of God, which sorrow and midnight give, are light cast from a world more actual than this visible one, more solid than the planet, more satisfying than matter, — where we shall yet live and breathe, seeing face to face, and knowing as we are known. Meantime, this world we are in is sacred and worthy; a place to work in, not to complain in, nor to be idle in, nor to be amused and to enjoy ourselves in, nor to spin aimless speculations in; not to sigh sentimentally for visions, nor to deplore their cessation, but to do our personal work. Let us not imagine that when the moments of special light are gone, God is gone; that when the rare vision passes, God's unseen angels will come no more to visit us. The dreary dripping of trifles is often worse than the fierce onsets of great foes, for heavy oppositions often nerve the courage to confront them. Ordinary scenes, not very bright nor very sombre, tolerable prosperity, affections not very ardent, neglects not very cruel, many hard

tasks, novelty ever losing its freshness in familiarity, perplexing problems of practical management, domestic monotony, a great deal of drudgery and more of commonplace, — this, in simple fact, is the sort of life which, for the most of our time, we have got to live. The fields, and shops, and streets, and walls around you are where you are to behold your God, or you will behold him not at all. The sky will not break to reveal him. The mountains will not bow down to persuade you to worship him. Faithful hearts will find him wherever their duties lie. He has a design, a direct dealing, a purposed discipline, with each of us. Our life goes on regularly; let us not turn the regularity, which is a blessing, into a heartless repetition, which is a curse. Our life is uniform; it need not therefore be dull and dead. Moral apathy is a dreadful disease, and never more mournful than in the young. That is a wonderful expression that "the inward man is *renewed* day by day." What a picture of immortal youth and vigor it presents! There is only one life, one "glory of the Lord," that can create and support that everlasting newness. May true glory fall upon all your paths, a shadow in the heat, a flame in the frost, a shelter in the storm, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. This will animate the dullest spirits, brighten dark hours, hallow hardships, and make familiar work divine.

Disasters of life, says a letter-writer, like convulsions of the earth, lay bare the primary strata of human nature; they expose to us elements we might forget, or supposed to be transmuted by the alchemy of civilization. In this respect they are like those geological expositions, useful lessons and mementoes to the law-maker.

The shortest life is long enough in which to accomplish some good.

TO A CALYPSO BOREALIS.

J. W. C.

"A very rare and beautiful plant, found in cold bogs and wet woods, the bulbs resting in moss."

Gray's Manual.

THING of celestial air,
 Though shaped in earthly mould,
 Of northern climes the nursling fair,
 Where frosts their revels hold !
 I found thee in the wild,
 Mid aspects rude and drear,
 No cultured landscape on thee smiled,
 No gems of beauty near.
 No gentle summer sigh
 Called forth thy opening grace ;
 But early spring with changeful skies
 Met thee with chill embrace.
 Yet not unloved wert thou,
 Fair daughter of the wild ;
 For many circling forms bowed low,
 And smiled on Nature's child.
 Trees of the forest gathered round,
 With friendly sheltering care,
 And humbler shrubs and herbs combined
 To shield thy beauty rare.
 Mosses around thy feet,
 Clinging with lowly love,
 Their generous service freely brought,
 And moist bands round thee wove.
 And wind, and sun, and rain,
 And earth, and sea, and air,

Poured forth their treasures not in vain,
 For thou art wondrous fair.
 Thy drooping, pensive head,
 Seems bent in gentle prayer,
 Thy petal wings outspread,
 Heavenward thy love to bear.
 Thy single leaf of green,
 Wrapped round thy slender stem, —
 A swaddling band, outgrown I ween,
 Or casket of rare gem !
 Thy robes of crystal texture wrought,
 So pure, so undefiled,
 With skill that Nature never taught,
 Sweet floweret of the wild !
 I'd bring thee, glad, to gardens fair,
 I'd choose the sunniest spot,
 I'd shelter thee with tenderest care,
 Thou shouldst not be forgot.
 But ah, thou'dst shrink from culterer's hand,
 Thou'dst pine for native soil ;
 Thou'dst wither in our foreign land,
 Thou'dst die beneath our toil !
 Then fare thee well, thou gentle flower,
 God's smile enshrined below ;
 I leave thee in thy lowly bower,
 I bless thee as I go.

EVENING.

BY DELIA DAYTON.

THE glorious monarch of day,
 Encircled by clouds of rich hue,
 In his chariot is speeding his way,
 And veils his bright disc from our view.
 As swiftly receding away,
 A parting memorial sends,
 Now the gossamer clouds to array,
 In his last golden beams which he lends.

What grandeur and beauty unite,
 In those varied and delicate hues !
 As the vapors, so fleecy and light,
 A pleasing enchantment diffuse.
 Dian, night's beautiful queen,
 Asserting her own rightful sway,
 Arrayed in her silvery sheen,
 Now gilds the cerulean way :

Thus leads on a numerous train,
 Unveiling her pure, lovely face;
 With gentle yet dignified mien,
 Glides onward with beauty and grace.

While there, a *red* glittering light,
 Far off in the regions of space,
Arcturus most lovely and bright,
 Anon meets the eye in its gaze.

Another fair gem now we view;
 'Tis *Lyra*, so gleaming and bright;
 And sparkles with *varying hue*,
 Thus marking its soft, mellow light.

We silently gaze and admire,
 While memories gently awake,
 Like the musical notes of the lyre,
 And still of new beauties partake.

TALKS WITH MY OWN SEX.—No. VIII.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

Smiles from dead faces, how ye float around;
 Thoughts of great minds, I hear; your pinions sound;
 Hands of blest guides, ye bear me up on high,
 Till, low in dust, the world's dim glories lie.

Do you love books, my dear young ladies? I scarcely need ask the question, for I never heard an educated person say that they did not. Still, the taste for reading, which is a source of sweet pleasure, requires guidance, as well as cultivation. It was forcibly said by an ancient Roman philosopher, that "in exercising our faculties, unless well advised, we exercise our faults also, and get evil habits, as well as good." The use of judgment in this matter, would be more indispensable in our times than in his own, the multitude of publications being so much greater, and embracing such diversity of subject.

The love of books has been pronounced of peculiar value to our sex, who, being conversant with lesser or material things, may be in danger of losing the intellectual appetite.

Their sphere of household employment, engrossing much attention to its cardinal points, "what shall we eat, and wherewithal be clothed," disposes the mind either to pine away in the atrophy of ignorance, or to be puffed up with the vanity of superficial knowl-

edge. A taste for reading is therefore to them, an armor of defence. It is also a resource, when the world reveals its emptiness, or the things of the world confess their inability to satisfy the heart. Men go abroad into the busy current of life, and throw aside their chagrins and disappointments, and lose the narrowness of personal speculation, in its ever fluctuating tide. Home, the woman's province, admits of less variety. She should, therefore, diversify it by an acquaintance with the world of intellect, and shed over it the freshness derived from the exhaustless fountains of knowledge. She should render herself an entertaining and instructive fire-side companion, by daily replenishing her treasury with that gold which the hand of the robber may not waste, nor the rust of time corrode. The love of books is also a refuge in those seasons of indisposition, when active duties are laid aside, when even conversation is a burden, and that gayety of heart which was as sunshine to life's landscape, has taken its flight. In youth and

health, you can scarcely appreciate the truth of this argument. But confirm *now* your taste for reading into a habit, and when the evil days come, you will be better able to prove its value, than I am to enforce it.

Devote even the fragments of your leisure to some useful book. Pliny employed a person to be always reading to him, as he rode from place to place, in his sedan. He made extracts, even from common works, for he said, "There is no book so poor, as not to afford something valuable." The great Roman orator, Cicero, read with a pen in his hand, ever making comments. "Secure the interstices of your time," says the celebrated Robert Hall, "and you will be astonished to find how much reading you will get through in a year." Yet I trust that you will not be contented to leave a pursuit of such magnitude, to casual and interrupted portions of time. I hope to persuade you to establish a systematic course of reading. A statesman of Queen Elizabeth, who was well acquainted with her habits, said in the quaint language of those times: "That great princess used, to the very last year of her life, to appoint set hours for reading, scarcely any young student of any university, more daily, or more duly." Set apart a stated period of each day for this employment. Have it understood, that it is not to be dispensed with, except from imperative necessity. Do not dismiss your habits of study, when you cease to attend school. That crisis is often a hazardous one, in the history of a young lady. If she has gained distinction there, without a radical love of knowledge, her improvement ceases with the excitement that sustained it. If a latent fondness for expensive dress and fashionable amusements was cherished in her period of classical education she will rush into them with an eagerness proportioned to her previous restraint. Satisfied with past honors, and believing that she "has already attained, and is already perfect," she slum-

bers at her post, and, in a few years, perceives those outstripping her, whose talents she once held in contempt. Every young lady who, at leaving school, entertains a clear and comfortable conviction that she has finished her education, should recollect the reproof of the venerable Dr. Rush to a young physician, who spoke of the time when he finished his studies. "*When you finished your studies!* Why, you must be a happy man to have finished so young. I do not expect to finish mine as long as I live." Life is but one great school and we are all pupils, differing in growth and progress; but all subjects of discipline, all invested with the proud privilege of acquiring knowledge, as long as the mind retains its powers. There is an affecting lesson in the death of that philosopher, who, after it was supposed that breath had forsaken him, faintly raised his head to listen to some improving conversation that was conducted in his chamber, and even drew the curtain, saying, "*I shall be most happy to die, learning something.*"

But while the value of knowledge renders a *taste for reading* so important, the *choice of books* is equally so. They produce the same effect on the mind that diet does on the body. They may either impart no salutary nutriment, or convey that which is pernicious. Miscellaneous reading has become so fashionable, and its materials so multifarious, that it is difficult to know how to select, or where to fix a limit. May we not say, with my Lord Bacon, "There seemeth to be a superfluity of books. But shall no more be made? Yea! make more *good books*, which, like the rod of Moses, may devour the serpents of the enchanters."

Works of imagination usually predominate in the libraries of young ladies. To condemn them in a mass, as has been sometimes done, is hardly just. Some of them are the productions of the finest minds, and abound with the purest sentiments. Yet, discrimination,

with regard to them, is exceedingly important, and such discrimination as a novice can not exercise. The young should therefore ask guidance of an experienced and cultivated mind, and devote to this class of reading, only a moderate portion of time, as to a recreation. Frequent and long indulgence in it, creates disgust at the patient acquisition of solid learning, as compound and poignant dishes destroy a relish for plain and healthful food. It forms habits of desultory thought, and uproots mental discipline. It makes it an object not to *read and remember*, but to *read and be amused*. So the fanciful palate is pleased, and the imagination pampered, while the hungering judgment, to borrow Cowper's simile, "looks up and is not fed."

Among works of this description, those which are denominated novels of deep and stirring interest, are calculated to heighten in the young mind those powers which need no excitement. In the language of Mrs. Hannah Moore:—

"They add fresh strength to what before was strong."

Habits of excursive fancy, and illusive views of life, are not salutary in their influence on those whose business it is to reason, and to act; to bear, and to forbear. If such works ever exercise a beneficial tendency, it must be in the season of age, when torpor is stealing over the faculties, when the feelings need quickening by touching the nerve of early and tender association, and memory would sink into lethargy were she not awakened by the heart. They can no longer mislead the traveller when his journey is accomplished. He can compare their highly colored delineations with the sober truth of life's "twice-told tale," and be safely entertained. Yet there is no need for the young to exhaust the cordials of age. It is wiser to be busied in furnishing a full storehouse for that approaching winter, when the errors of

seedtime can not be corrected, nor the sloth of harvest repaired, when the mind in its weariness, is too feeble to dig, and in its poverty, to "beg will be ashamed."

Are the sweet young friends, with whom I find it so agreeable to converse, fully aware of the value and capacity of the retentive powers? I am inclined to think memory capable of indefinite improvement, by a judicious and persevering regimen. Read, therefore, what you desire to remember, with concentrated and undivided attention. Close the book and reflect. Undigested food throws the whole frame into a ferment. Were we as well acquainted with our intellectual as with our physical structure, we should see undigested knowledge producing equal disorder in the mind.

To strengthen the memory, the best course is not to commit page after page verbatim, but to give the substance of the author, correctly and clearly in your own language. Thus the understanding and memory are exercised at the same time, and the prosperity of the mind is not so much advanced, by the undue prominence of any *one faculty*, as by the true balance and vigorous action of *all*. Memory and understanding are also fast friends, and the light which one gains will be reflected upon the other.

Use judgment in selecting from the mass of what you read the parts which it will be useful or desirable to remember. Separate and arrange them, and give them in charge to memory. Tell her it is her duty to keep them, and to bring them forth when you require. She has the capacities of a faithful servant, and possibly the dispositions of an idle one. But you have the power of enforcing obedience, and of overcoming her infirmities. At the close of each day, let her come before you, as Ruth came to Naomi, and "beat out that which she has gleaned." Let her winnow repeatedly what she has brought from the field, and "gather the

wheat into the garner," ere she goes to repose. This process, so far from being laborious, is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. To condense, is perhaps the only difficult part of it; for the casket of memory, though elastic, has bounds, and if surcharged with trifles, the weightier matters will find no fitting place.

While memory is in this course of training, it would be desirable to read no books whose contents are not worth her care: for if she finds herself called only occasionally, she may take airs, like a froward child, and not come when she is called. Make her feel it as a duty, to stand with her tablet ready, whenever you open a book, and then show her sufficient respect, not to summon her to any book unworthy of her attention.

To facilitate the management of Memory, it is well to keep in view that her office is threefold. Her first effort is to *receive* knowledge; her second, to *retain* it; her last, to *bring it forth*, when it is needed. The first act is solitary, the silence of fixed attention. The next is also sacred to herself and her ruling power, and consists in frequent, thorough examination of the state and order of the things committed to her. The third act is social, rendering her treasures available to the good of others. Daily intercourse with a cultivated mind, is the best method to rivet, refine, and polish the hoarded gems of knowledge. Conversation with intelligent men, is eminently serviceable. For after all our exultation on the advancing state of female education, with the other sex will be found the wealth of classical knowledge and profound wisdom. If you have a parent, or older friend, who will at the close of each day kindly listen to what you have read, and help to fix in your memory, the portions most worthy of regard, count it a privilege of no common value, and embrace it with sincere gratitude.

Weekly societies, organized on the plan

of recapitulation, render very important assistance to those who are earnestly engaged in a course of history. They should comprise but few members, and those of somewhat congenial taste and feeling, that no cause of restraint or reserve may impede the free action of the mind. Three or four young ladies, with one or two older ones, will be found an agreeable and profitable number. Let the system to be pursued and the authors to be studied, be a subject of mutual arrangement, and at the stated meeting, let each compress the substance of what she has read during the week, relate the principal events with their chronology, and as far as possible mention what was taking place, at the same period of time, in the annals of other nations. Opinions dissenting from those of the historian should be freely given, with the reasons for such variations, and the discussions which arise, will both serve to fix knowledge firmly in the memory, and aid in forming a correct judgment of the character and deeds of those whom history has embalmed. If to read, each of the same era or people, produces monotony, the history of different nations may be studied, or one can pursue a course of biography, another of mental philosophy, the natural sciences, or theology, and thus vary the mental banquet. From this partnership in knowledge, great increase of intellectual wealth will be derived, while your subjects of thought and conversation will be perceptibly elevated. "*The elevation of the mind*," says Burke, "ought to be the principal end of all our studies: which, if they do not in some measure effect, they are of very little service to us."

Books, as a species of property, seem to be often incorrectly estimated. They are borrowed and injured without compunction, borrowed and not returned, and still the conscience is at rest. The owner may sustain inconvenience by waiting, or damage by loss, but the depredator is unmoved. If a young

lady borrows a shawl or an umbrella in a shower, she returns them without injury; if she takes the loan of a dollar from her friend's purse, she repays it promptly. But a book from her library, she may be months in reading, or in not reading; may abuse and see abused, or not restore at all, unless the owner take the trouble to claim it. Are the treasures of Genius less regarded than the silkworm's web? and is it dishonest to steal a dollar, and honest to detain, deface, or destroy a book worth twice that sum?

I have known a kind-hearted owner of books, who prized literary property as it ought to be prized, persist in lending to careless persons, who continued tenaciously to retain possession, till at length she would be forced to go and "gather together her dispersed, that were scattered abroad." To collect and identify them was no slight labor, but patiently would she search book-shelf, sofa, and work-basket, and return loaded with her recovered treasures, like a shepherd bringing stray sheep from the wilderness.

I would have books treated with reverence. I can not bear to see even a child spoil the spelling-book from which it has learned the alphabet. It savors of ingratitude to a benefactor. Were the books of children composed of better materials, and executed in a more tasteful style, the habit of preserving them would doubtless be earlier and more faithfully inculcated. A sort of sacredness seems to attach itself even to the *page*, on which knowledge has impressed its lineaments, and the cover which protects it from defilement, and from the atmosphere. "Every child," says Dr. Dwight, in his theology, "should be taught to pay all his debts and to fulfil all his contracts, exactly in the manner, completely in the value, punctually at the time. Every thing which he has borrowed, he should be obliged to return, uninjured, at the time specified, and every thing belonging to others, which he has lost, he

should be required to replace." Would that this excellent principle were wrought in with the basis of female education.

And now, dear young ladies, let me release you from this long dissertation upon books, after I have commended them to your intimacy as *friends*,—safe, accessible, instructive, never encroaching, and never offended at the neglect of any point of etiquette. Can this be said of all your associates?

When intercourse with the living becomes irksome, or insipid, summon to your side the departed spirits of the mighty dead. Would you think it an honor to be introduced into the presence of princes and prelates, or to listen to the voice of Plato or Socrates? Close the door of your reading-room, and they congregate around you. Yea, a *Greater than Socrates* will be there, if you ponder his words, with an humble and teachable soul. If trifles have disturbed you during the day, sages will admonish you of the serenity and dignity which ought to characterize the immortal mind.

Has ambition deluded you? the fallen monarch will show you the vanity of adulation, and the hollowness of all human glory. Are you out of spirits? the melody of the poet shall soothe you, and do for you what the harp of David did for the moodiness of Saul. Has friendship grieved you? *They* offer you consolation, on whose virtues death has stamped the seal, *never to change. Make friendship with the illustrious dead.* Your slightest wish, as a talisman, will gather from distant climes, and remote ages, those who can satisfy the thirst of the mind, from the deepest fountains of knowledge.

One volume there is, whose spirit can heal the wounded heart. When it sorrows for its own infirmities, and for the unsatisfying nature of earth's vaunted pleasures, the voice of prophets and apostles, lifted up from its inspired pages, teaches the way to that world "where is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

'T WAS BUT A WORD.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

'T WAS but a word ; I marked his cheek grow
pale,

The iron will forget its olden sway,
Whose haughty heart was never known to
quail

In the fierce battle's wild and bloody fray.
It was to him the knell of hope and love ;

It made life's morning sky grow dark and
dim ;

And naught in earth beneath, or heaven
above,

Can bring its olden beauty back to him.

Among yon group is many a happy heart,

Love many a youthful bosom wildly stirs,

Yet one there is who sadly sits apart,

For oh, the stranger's lonely lot is hers !

'T was but a word, a light and careless word,

To other ears a gay, unmeaning jest ;

But oh, the bitter fount of grief it stirred,

Whose wakened memories will not let her
rest !

'T was but a word, a harsh and bitter word ;

The impulse of some quick, impatient
thought,

In anger uttered, and in anger heard,

But who can tell the bitter woe it wrought ?

It changed the warmest love to bitterest hate,

Severed the ties of long and pleasant years,

Bringing the wild remorse, that comes too late,

Too strong for utterance, and too deep for
tears !

His brow grew dark, his glance was stern and
high, —

Her gentle eyes with tears grew sad and dim ;

She spoke one word, a low and soft reply,

Breathing forth all the love she bore for him.

In those stern eyes it made the tear-drops
start ;

His softened look showed that the storm was
o'er ;

He drew her warmly, closely to his heart,

And all was harmony and love once more.

With thoughtful brow, irresolute, he stood,

Two lives, two open paths before him lay ;

One led to ruin's wild and fearful flood,

The other to the realms of perfect day.

Oh ! brief and simple was the word that burned

Along his youthful veins like hidden fire ;

But oh, to ruin's path his feet it turned,

Whose fingers might have swept the angels
lyre !

I saw a youth amid a studious band,

Whose feet wild folly's pathway long had
trod ;

'Gainst Heaven he boldly raised his [impious
hand ;

Denied his Saviour, and defied his God.

'T was but a simple word, at random cast,

(Its worth eternity alone can tell !)

It brought the wandering rebel home at last,

It snatched a brother from the brink of hell !

'T was but a simple word. Beware, beware !

The looks, the smiles you wear, the words
you speak,

The quickening seeds of life or death may bear

To some warm heart, with toil and suffering
weak.

Speak gentle, earnest, truthful words to all ;

Scatter them on the wayside as ye go.

Though some on hard and stony places fall,

Their worth another day than this shall
show.

ENERGY IN BUSINESS ; OR, TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

BY HARA LEZA.

"I HAVE lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many. Poker, tongs, and all, keep them all going."

Some think they have too many irons in the fire, and do seem to have, when the trouble isn't so much the *number*, as that they have got hold of the wrong ones. They think their neighbor's are in danger of burning, and leave their own to look after those with which they have no business to meddle. The consequence is, they get their fingers burned for their trouble, their neighbor's work is not done at all to his own liking, and their own irons cool off entirely for want of attention. Pity they shouldn't burn their fingers enough to remember not to meddle with their neighbor's irons in future. But scarred fingers are too plenty to be very generally heeded.

Then again, many people seem to think, if they smooth away a little with one or two irons, about fast enough nearly to keep up with a travelling snail, they are doing a great stroke of business; when if they would give themselves a thorough shaking and wake up their energies, they might as well keep half a dozen flying in as many different directions and do their work better too.

The fact is, half the people in the world underrate their own abilities (or have no energy to use them), not their real knowledge and worth, but their powers of body and mind. They will rub away with one iron till it is stone cold, and then think, because it takes all their strength to use that, and still they accomplish nothing, they cer-

tainly never could endure to wield half a dozen. Very true, they never could in that style. That is no way to manage. The trouble is, they don't know how to set about their work. They don't understand at all that they should have plenty of irons and keep them well heated. Then they must be moved in double quick time to keep them from burning. The hotter they are the easier and faster they will slip; the better execution they will do; the more work is accomplished the quicker and better it is done.

A celebrated writer remarks, "There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do. The more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

Keep the mind working as well as the physical powers. If one iron grows cold and don't work, put it heating; rest that corner of the brain and try another. Never rest satisfied that the highest possible point has been reached either in actual acquirements or even in ability to perform.

A thousand times better "wear out than rust out." "Work with a stout heart and resolute will;" let your neighbor's irons alone and look well to your own, and you will be calling for more irons, instead of complaining that you have already too many.

I love to sit on the ancient rocks, watching the sea-weed sway with the swaying tide, and listening to the boom of the great white-capped waves, as they throb and break at my feet, — tossing up a shower of gleaming pearls that sprinkle me, like an oft-repeated baptism from the fingers of him who holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand!

A DAY IN THE CITY.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

A DAY in the city is a sort of treat to us rustics. No matter if we do make an occasional visit thither, say once a month, or even oftener, there is that in the noise and bustle, the show and fashion, the crowd and hurry, and the wide contrasts, that render such a visit more or less spicy.

Sight-seeing is characteristic of our fallen race. Indeed, we think our good father and mother in the Garden of Eden had some taste in this direction. How they longed to try the forbidden fruit! How curious they were to know more of it just because it was forbidden! It is not the only instance in which curiosity has led to fatal results.

We suppose it is this sight-seeing propensity that makes us country people like to go to the city. It brings a change, and human nature loves change. Hills and valleys, forests, lakes, and lands are all good in their place; but these and nothing else pall upon the sense. So our city friends need not wonder to see curiosity on tip-toe when rustics walk their streets. No, dear friends, it is really curious to look into your countenances, and behold the shades of difference there. Notwithstanding there is such a crowd of you, no two faces are alike. No two of you can smile or walk alike, if you try. Must not God be a sovereign fashioner to make you so that even your smiles differ. Those thousand and one little faces that I see in the window, in the shape of dolls and statuary, the work of men's hands, bear a striking resemblance to each other. Their marked similarity proves them to be the work of human skill.

But I wander. As I alighted from the cars, and passed through Elliot into Washing-

ton Street, my attention was called to a gentleman directly ahead of me, engaged in the most animating conversation with a friend. "Now," said he, "I require my son, not yet twelve years old, to keep an expense-book, where he notes down all the money that he receives, and how he disposes of it. Occasionally I call for his book, and run over the record with him, making such remarks upon the value of system, economy, and accuracy, as I desire. And," he added, with emphasis, "the boy will never forget these lessons; and they will do him a world of good one of these days, should he go into business." We wanted to add, "Yes, sir, you have hit the nail on the head. Your son will show the golden fruits of such discipline twenty years hence, and through his whole life. Go on, and you will make him a competent business man for almost any sphere. It is the want of just such qualities that has ruined half the traders in this great city, and caused commercial convulsions and earthquakes, such as made hundreds tremble." We passed on, well satisfied that Boston has, at least, one wise father.

"Step into my office," said a publisher, as we entered his bookstore. Some business, which prudence bids us withhold, having been transacted, we inquired what he thought of a proposed work for the young. "Well," he replied, "but whether it will sell is another thing." "But you appear to have the faculty of making books sell," we added. "And this is the way it is done," he responded, at the same time presenting for our inspection a bill for advertising, which had just been sent to his office. We examined the same, and found that it

amounted to more than thirteen hundred dollars. It was for advertising in a single paper for only six months. "If the question is not impertinent," we said, handing back the bill, "may I ask how much you pay for advertising in a year?" "TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, and we have to sell a good many books to pay even that," he answered. "The great difficulty in selling books is to get the knowledge of them before the people. We can find readers enough when we can make them understand the character of our books." This gave us light upon an interesting subject. We remembered how advertisements had brought us to many a shop, heretofore. Indeed, we entered that very store to purchase two volumes which we saw advertised. The same is true, probably, of other people, so that the multitude are depending on advertisements for information. Merchants understand this. It is one of the secrets of success, discovered in these modern days.

Passing down State Street, a merchant ran out of a store into a bank, with a slip of paper in his hand. It led me to soliloquize somewhat as follows: How much is depending on such slips of paper, which a gust of wind might blow away, or the flames devour in one minute! Thousands of such bits of paper are flying through this mercantile community every day, and its life and prosperity hang upon them. Were some mysterious power to snatch them suddenly away from drawers, pocket-books, and human hands, business operations would come at once to an unexpected stand-still. In what a vain show do we move! Not only life, but everything else hangs upon a slender thread. Just think of all this grand display of stores and business, this whole mighty theatre of mercantile strife and triumph, dependent upon a quarter of a sheet of paper, multiplied by a few thousands or millions! Can anything be more

fragile than this? Ah, Boston, with a penny candle I could burn up all this ground of your confidence in fifteen minutes! It would make no great fire neither.

We stepped into a jeweller's shop to get a pencil repaired. A little package, containing a new dress for the better-half, we deposited on the show-case. A few minutes were employed in transacting business, when, starting up to leave, our package was not. We looked where it was, and it wasn't there. Thought is swift-footed, and I exclaimed, "My package is gone, and that woman who came in and went out in such a hurry must have taken it." A female followed us into the shop, and inquired for thimbles. She made her purchase while we were bargaining with another clerk. When the bell of the Old South Church was rung for 1 o'clock, she started with surprise, saying that it reminded her of an engagement, and away she went, as only a woman can. When I saw the package was missing, I concluded that her hurry was only a way of taking it. "James, you run up street, while this gentleman goes down, and one of you will overtake her," said the proprietor of the store. Off we started, I *down*, and he *up*, for what we supposed was a thief. I had not proceeded more than twenty rods, however, before the boy came running after me, saying that the woman had returned the little bundle. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that the female took the dress by mistake, and we learned that it is best for people who lose such things not to be too suspicious.

We stepped into the great store of—— and there had an illustration of the superiority of one mind over another. Here were a large number of clerks, all dependent upon the plannings and orderings of one proprietor. It requires no little thought and management, no little foresight and circumspection, to control such an establish-

ment, so that all things move on as clock-work. Perhaps there is not another mind among the whole number that could do this. That one plans and contrives for all the rest, — perhaps thirty or forty of them. It has been said that Napoleon's mind was worth forty thousand like those of his soldiers, for planning. He planned, and his soldiers executed. This is what the mass of people are doing. The conception and management of great enterprises belongs to a few leading minds in every age. Men do little thinking for themselves. A choice few think for them. So in that great mercantile house, one mind thinks for the rest. How busy it must be to take into one wide range all the circumstances and events, actual and possible, that necessarily affect such an enterprise. It must be a strong mind, too, gifted for generalship somewhere. We imagine that Napoleon would have made a skilful manager of a mammoth trading-house in these days of unparalleled traffic, though he might not have measured tape and calico any better than the boy-clerk of to-day. It requires many of the qualities of the successful general to prosecute a great business successfully, when a man meets with difficulties, like so many lurking foes, at every turn.

There is one store in the city, the sight of which always reminds us of a painful incident. We were the instrument once of sending a youth there to officiate as clerk. He was a bright, active, intelligent boy, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. He was correct in his habits, and appeared like one who could be trusted amid the temptations of the city. So we told his doting mother, who tremblingly consented to his becoming a city clerk. But, alas! how weak is human nature. He withstood the allurements of the street for a few months only, then grew negligent and foppish, and finally was taken home to save him from

greater sins. How many thousands have gone from happy country homes to these stores, now so full of life and activity, and from thence to ruin! Few, very few, withstand the corruptions of city life. Could the walls and beams of these massive warehouses speak, what a tale of misery, shame, and moral death they would tell! How many hundreds can look upon some store, with us, and say, there a promising youth or young man commenced his course to ruin! Not that the proprietors thereof were men of corrupt principles, — no. For, it is true, that many, while rendering service to the best of employers, have yielded to the temptations of the street, and been destroyed.

One of the most pitiable objects we ever beheld, met our eyes just as we turned into School Street. It was a poor little girl picking up rags, bits of paper, and whatever else might afford the means of a scanty subsistence. Oh, what a contrast between poverty and riches! We had just passed a richly attired lady leading a little boy by her side, so apparelled that we involuntarily stopped to gaze. That jewel hanging from the lady's ear cost more than the wretched little girl in School Street ever wore in the shape of clothing. How much joy and gladness would its worth carry to the stifled attic, or deep, damp cellar, whence came the dirty stranger! Such contrasts the city presents. "How dreadful to be poor!" something whispered within. "To be cast moneyless, breadless, and friendless, into the streets of a populous city, — to feast the eyes upon the piles of good things that are collected in every street, yet not permitted to touch, — to nestle together on a bed of straw, old and young, — to sicken and languish away from the eye of pity and affection, where doctors never go, and cordials are unknown, — to die in pinching want, without leaving a sheet for a shroud or a nail for a coffin, unknown and unlamented! This is the bitter, bitter

experience of the poor. Thousands thus live and die in this city of wealth and refinement.

A friend, into whose office we went, said he was just going out to raise some money "to pay another man's debts." "You are kind," we responded, "and he ought to consider you the best friend he has." "I can't say that *I* feel very kind about it," he continued, "for I never expected to be called upon to pay the note when I indorsed it." Reminding him that city people cannot expect to have all the good without some of the bad, any more than we men and women of the country, we added, for comfort, the anecdote of Rev. Rowland Hill. This divine was accustomed to preach a sermon at the beginning of the year in behalf of the "Benevolent Society of Sunny Chapel, for visiting the sick poor at their own habitations." On one of those occasions, he gave an account of his visit to a poor woman, who was reduced from affluence to poverty in consequence of becoming security for a relative. He improved the opportunity to warn his hearers against committing this fatal error, "I would advise all my friends," said he, "to do the same as I do myself, when any request of this kind comes to me. I just walk out of one room into another, and consider what I can afford to *give*, and what I *ought* to *give* to the applicant; then I return and say, 'Here, my friend, I make you a present of this sum, and if you can get a few others to help you in the same way, perhaps you will get over your difficulty.' " "Then," said Mr. Hill, with emphasis, "I know the end of it; but were I to lend my name, or become surety, I know not *how* that might end." Our friend thought that this *modus operandi* would not be practicable among business men. We told him that Mr. Hill probably found that out; for soon after he exhorted his hearers as above, he became bondsman, with another person, for

an intimate friend, in the amount of a thousand dollars, and had his part of it to pay. "That is the difference between preaching and practice," said he.

Returning, on our way to the depot, we fell in with several youths, who seemed to be deriding one of their number, and one of them made use of the slang phrase, "*Does your mother know you are out?*" We have heard this a great many times before, but it never struck us with such force as now. Who knows but that this sneering way of alluding to the boy's regard for parental authority may induce him to break away from all the wholesome influences of home? In just this way have many young men, who have gone from the country to the city, been ruined. With the recollection of home and loving parents restraining them amid temptations, they have declined attending the theatre or visiting a gaming saloon with fellow clerks, when this same, derisive, "*Does your mother know you are out?*" is thrown into their faces. They could withstand a blow; for they could strike back again; but the finger of scorn, the laugh of derision, was altogether too much. They yielded to its power, and were ruined.

It would demand a volume to record all the scenes of a single day in the city. So we will stop, congratulating our city cousins and their neighbors upon having such a bustling existence, if it is for nothing more than for curious country people to see.

A poor, simple man once said, "I have lost all my property; I have lost all my relatives; my last son is dead. I have lost my hearing and my eyesight; I am all alone, old and poor; but it makes no difference, — Christ never grows old; Christ never is poor; Christ never dies, and Christ never will forsake me."

OUR ENGRAVING.

"SAVED!" A family scene is this? Yes, a thrilling one to the family immediately concerned. For the engraving is a faithful representation of an actual occurrence. LOTER was a large dog, belonging to a wealthy manufacturer, and almost as well beloved as his human play-fellows. He was wellnigh as careful and watchful of little Freddie as his parents were. He seemed to think that he must devote special attention to the youngest of the flock; so Freddie seldom skipped and tumbled in the door-yard except he was under the supervision of his shaggy friend LOTER. One day he strayed away from the house, and accidentally fell into the water in the harbor, where he would have drowned but for the timely aid of the sagacious dog. The latter, seeing the perilous situation of his juvenile friend, plunged into the water after him,

and succeeded in bringing him to the shore ere life was extinct. Think you it was not a thrilling family scene to the overjoyed parents? That faithful dog was a member of the family before, and had his place and fare and affection, as really as any member of the home-circle; but now he was thrice valued, and very properly so. He was Freddie's deliverer, and henceforth he was petted and loved more than ever. Nor was it any disadvantage to the children to cultivate such tender feelings towards the noble animal. Without meaning to eulogize dogs in general, we simply speak a good word for this one in particular. He died at last, and his master laid him in a handsome coffin, and honored him with a decent burial and honest tears. Over his grave he erected a monument to his memory. And no marvel!

LILLIE'S GRAVE.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

(MAUD IRVING.)

SWEET Lillie's grave, I love the spot,
The flower-spangled mound;
I love the soft wind's gentle moan,
It is a welcome sound;
It seems to me to sympathize,
And with its gentle breath,
Whispers there is nought to fear
In the cold embrace of death.
It tells me Lillie's now at rest,
Where death is never known,
That in that land of happiness
I'll meet my cherished one.

That I will feel upon my cheek,
As in the days gone by,
Her gentle breath, and gaze into
Her mild and loving eye.
It tells me grief will nought avail,
And bids me cease to weep,
That Lillie, darling Lillie, rests,
In a long and dreamless sleep.
That when the last great day shall come,
And all the dead arise,
I'll stand beside my Lillie dear,
Above, beyond the skies.

"Riverside," Munroe, Mich., 1861.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER AND INDIAN'S BRIDE.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

FICTION can scarcely boast of tales of more thrilling adventure and suffering, than are found in the early history of our country. It was truly a "furnace of affliction" into which the good men and women of that trying period were cast, but they came forth as gold from the fire. We are quite disposed to think that these are "hard times" on which we have fallen, and that such an experience as that which we are now having is almost without a parallel; but this is an error. There is scarcely a page of early New England history on which is not found some record of trial, in comparison with which, these are only halcyon days. Particularly in those years when the revengeful savages plundered and desolated many a village and neighborhood, do we find whole chapters written in tears and blood.

From those early records, we select a single fact, for its thrilling details and romantic results. It relates to a devoted pastor's daughter, who became an Indian's bride.

About the year 1702, when the Indian hostilities had reached their climax of cruelty under the instigation and conniving of the French, one of the pleasantest towns in western Massachusetts was attacked and burned by a party of three hundred French and Indians, led on by that notorious miscreant, Hertel de Rouville. It was the town of Deerfield. The last day but one of cold, blustering February had closed, with many rumors flying through the town, and over all New England, concerning the evil designs of the red men. On that very day, the inhabitants of Deerfield had learned indirectly that an attack was to be made upon their town, and a force of twenty soldiers was detailed to defend it. Sad hearts were

in the settlement on that night of startling rumors, and earnest and tearful were the prayers that ascended from the trembling hearts of fathers and mothers as they laid their little ones away to sleep. Ere another rising sun might awaken them from their slumbers, the savage war-whoop might be heard in their streets, and the torch and scalping-knife do their dreadful work.

The town had been partially fortified, so that the twenty soldiers could keep watch to better advantage. The snow, too, was four feet deep, and was piled up in huge drifts along the fortifications, behind which the faithful sentinels kept guard. Here they lay in anxious watchings until the night had worn almost away; when, supposing that the hour of danger had passed, they all retired. But they were sadly deceived; the enemy were all the while observing their movements, and no sooner had the soldiers retired, than these fiends incarnate rushed into the town, startling the inhabitants with their savage yells, and at once commenced their work of death. They proceeded from house to house on their murderous errand, slaying some and taking others as prisoners. When the sun was an hour high, forty of the inhabitants were slain, and more than a hundred were taken captives. The snow was reddened with human blood, and the village was wrapt in flames.

Among the captives was the family of the minister, Mr. Williams. He had seven children, two of whom, with a negro servant, were brutally murdered, and the rest were driven away with the prisoners. Their condition can be better imagined than described. Compelled to take up a long and dreary march in the midst of winter, with poor pro-

tection against the inclemency of the weather, and that, too, with a terrible uncertainty as to their fate weighing down their hearts. Their mental torture, to say nothing of their physical sufferings, must have been excessive. The weaker ones among the women and children, who wearied and tottered by the way, were remorselessly butchered before the eyes of their friends and neighbors, while the stronger ones knew not but that a still sadder experience awaited them. Among those who were thus cut down by the tomahawk, was the wife of the village pastor, Mrs. Williams. She had just risen from her last confinement, so that her strength rapidly declined under the severe exposures and trials of the way. A single blow from the strong arm of a savage terminated her sufferings. It was the severest trial of all to her devoted husband, who was thus compelled to witness the murder of his wife, without even the poor privilege of saying, "Why do ye so?" They were completely in the hands and at the mercy of pitiless desperadoes, and silence was "the better part of valor."

The greatest comfort which the captives found in their perilous journey, was derived from a copy of the Bible which some one of their number very wisely carried away. When they halted at night, this precious volume was opened and read in their hearing, and never did its truths and promises seem half so dear as now. It directed their thoughts to the only source of strength and support in such an hour of darkness and sorrow.

Suffice to say, that Mr. Williams and five of his children were carried to Canada, where they were treated much more kindly than they had reason to expect. Their trials were by no means small, yet their experience was less aggravating than the barbarous attack upon Deerfield would naturally lead them to anticipate.

It is not known exactly how long Mr.

Williams was held in captivity, though it was for a considerable period of time. At length, however, after the resentment of his captors had become somewhat softened, he was allowed to return to Deerfield with four of his children. His youngest child was a daughter, about seven years of age, and the Indians claimed her as their own. She was adopted by a family, while the four older children were allowed to depart with their father. This circumstance embittered the hour of his release, so that liberty was scarcely preferable to slavery. To leave one of his dear ones to the care and mercy of a savage tribe, was an affliction to which his father's heart was truly alive. How could he tear himself from the embrace of one whose young heart clung to him all the more for her timid shrinking from savage men! It was a difficult question to settle, whether he should leave his beloved daughter to such a fate, or remain and link his own destiny with hers. But, for the sake of his other children, and with the thought that Providence might open the way for the recovery of his daughter, he resolved to accept of liberty and return. With an anguished heart he pressed his doomed child to his bosom, and bade her a sorrowful farewell.

Years passed away. The village pastor had returned, and was engaged in his Master's service, his long and trying afflictions having wed him more closely and lovingly to Christ. Grateful that four children were spared to him from a captivity that once seemed more deplorable than death, he applied himself with renewed diligence to train them for God, while he ministered faithfully to a sympathizing people. Still, his thoughts often wandered over the hills and forests to his captive daughter, and he found himself anxiously and tenderly inquiring after her fate. Thoughts of the little captive were often the sharpest arrows in his heart; and but for the grace of God, he would have sunk

down in despondency and hopeless despair. As it was, he rolled the oppressive burden from his trusting heart upon Him who condescends to bear our burdens for us.

No tidings came from his captive child. Five, ten, fifteen years elapsed, and still no intelligence concerning her gladdened his heart. If the worst he feared had really been her bitter experience, a knowledge of it would have afforded some relief. But no tidings whatever, not even a flying rumor, relating to her condition, came to his ears.

Age had bowed the form of the venerable pastor. His tottering step, and white, snowy locks, told too plainly that his earthly labors were rapidly drawing to a close. The prospect was that he would die without receiving one reliable message from his daughter. Indeed, he had abandoned the idea of learning anything concerning her fate, and rather concluded that she had followed her butchered mother into the world of spirits. After the lapse of so many years, it was scarcely probable that he would hear from her again.

What, then, must have been his surprise, to receive an unexpected visit from one who claimed to be his daughter! One day an Indian and his wife appeared at his door, and the latter reported herself as the long-lost, captive daughter of Mr. Williams. She was clad in Indian costume, and but for her fair complexion might have passed for a veritable Cahnewaga squaw. The announcement was startling to her aged father, who had long before yielded all hope of ever hearing from his beloved again. He scanned her from head to foot, and finally saw in her beaming countenance unmistakable proof that she was his captive daughter. Oh! what an hour it was! Long, long years of painful thought and solicitude had passed away, and now she for whom he would have given his life gladly, was restored to his sight! Though clad in Indian costume, and the wife of one of the race who had burned his habitation over his

head, and slain his children, many years before, he forgot the past in his joy over her "who was lost and is found."

The news of her coming spread among the people, and they rallied from different quarters to congratulate the rejoicing father, and behold his recovered daughter. We need scarcely say, however, that their surprise was great to learn that she was the wife of an Indian, and the mother of several children, whom she left in her distant wigwam. But they scarcely stopped to doubt that she would renounce her Indian life, and adopt the more rational and civilized habits and customs of her native village.

The community was astonished to learn that she did not intend to remain with her father. Perhaps he was even more surprised than his neighbors to learn that it was only a brief visit that she intended to make. He besought her to leave her husband and children, and remain to comfort him in his descent to the grave; but his entreaties and expostulations made no impression upon her heart. The people around, deeply sympathizing with the sorrowing father, united their persuasions and appeals with his; but all was in vain. She would be unhappy away from her home and her children, although that home was but the Indian's wigwam. And though at first her resolve seems strange and surprising, it was not so strange, after all, when we consider the following brief sketch of her life.

We have seen that she was seven years old when her father left her a captive among the Indians. The family into which she was adopted treated her with kindness, and it was not long before she became accustomed to the habits of Indian life. Their dress and mode of living, though repulsive to her at first, became congenial at last, and she lacked only the peculiar complexion of the Indian to make her appearance that of a genuine daughter of the forest.

In early womanhood, a young Cahnewaga chief, fell in love with her, and sought her for his bride. His love was reciprocated, and she cheerfully consented to become his wife. The nuptial rites performed, and she found herself installed over a wigwam as its mistress and presiding deity. It was a new and strange sphere for a pastor's daughter to fill, yet it had for her the charm of a home, and many a dear tie bound her to it, and these waxed stronger and stronger from year to year.

In the course of time several children constituted her family group, none the less dear to her for being born in a wigwam, and their father an Indian chief. She loved them with all a mother's tenderness, and where they lived was the dearest spot of earth to her. Talk not to her of her father's home and the altar at which she was born, and from which she was torn with merciless cruelty, so long as children of her own nestled in a wigwam, that humble abode was more attractive to her than a royal palace !

It was not so strange, then, that she firmly resolved to return to her family. It was singular that she could so readily accustom herself to the habits of the red men, — singular that she could ever so far forget the home of her infancy as to consent to dwell with savages, singular that she could reciprocate the love of an Indian, and become his bride ; but, after all this was done, it was not so singular that she should prefer to dwell with her children even to the sacrifice of her father's better home.

She returned to her home with the children of the forest, happy in having gazed into the face of her beloved father, but still more happy in clasping to her bosom her sons and daughters. She entertained no other thought than that of spending her days with her family, content to share the wild, untutored life of the Indian.

Such an incident shows how readily human nature adapts itself to circumstances. It may become accustomed to what is at first revolting, and finally accept a condition that once was viewed with the strongest aversion. The law of assimilation thus transforms the feelings and inclinations of the heart. It is all-powerful to direct and mould the habits of life.

But most of all do we see in this romantic history the strength of maternal affection. The mother's love can forego almost any comfort for the sake of her children. It can make any sacrifice, endure any privation, perform any labor to promote their welfare. In the case before us, we can but respect the strength of that maternal love, however surprising it may seem to us, which could make the pastor's daughter prefer her wigwam to her father's peaceful dwelling. It is a beautiful yielding of self to the noblest promptings of the heart, and more than verifies all that poets have sung of a mother's love.

“ Ere yet her child hath drawn its earliest breath,
A mother's love begins, — it grows till death !
Lives before life, with death not dies, but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.”

FABLE. — A gourd had wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

“ How old mayst thou be ? ” asked the new comer.

“ About a hundred years,” returned the palm.

“ About a hundred years, and no taller. Only look ; I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you count years.”

“ I know that well,” replied the palm ; “ every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me as proud as thou art, and short-lived as thou wilt be.”

Words are little things, but they strike hard.

THE CHARMED CIRCLE.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

A SACRED circle o'er which love presides,
 Her altar stands within their midst, nor waits
 The crowning sacrifice, for ever piled
 Thereon the free-will offerings upward curl
 In clouds of sweetest incense. Taking hues
 More heav'nly than the rainbow tints, awhile
 they rise,
 Then gently falling back, and settling round
 Each brow in halos beautiful and bright
 Each blending with its next, a floating wreath
 Of airy guise surrounds the magic band,
 Dropping its odors down to permeate
 Through ev'ry heart.

 All lovely, loving, loved,
 This happy circle, where are mingled charms
 The purest born of earth; a pleasant spot
 It is wherever forms the magic ring,—
 The cheerful hearth-stone of a *happy home*
 Its centre, round which ranged in harmony,
 And clustering in sacred beauty, meet
 The fireside group. Enthroned in nobler
 state
 Than ever king or monarch sat, behold
 Th' united head, the wife and husband fond,
 As parents almost worshipped,—honored,
 loved
 Within their little court, whose loyal hearts
 Such homage pay as may be rendered none
 Except a faithful father, and a true,
 Devoted mother.

 Ties unseen, yet strong
 As life, the members of that quiet court
 Bind, each with ev'ry other, heart with heart,
 In that most sweet relation, where the soul
 Unblushingly pours forth its deepest love
 And best affections in a treasury
 Home-consecrated, free to all who bear
 Therein a brother's or a sister's name.
 Throughout the circle runs such sympathy,
 That ev'ry joy or sorrow felt by each,
 At once is universal; injure one,
 And all receive the wound, as goes the shock

Of batt'ry round the ring; or flies along
 The telegraphic wire with lightning speed
 The subtle agent titled Galvanism;
 Or through the labyrinth of human nerves
 Dart pain and pleasure instantaneous,
 Tuning the maze of strings in unison.
 Oh, who admireth not the constant love
 And union that distinguish such a band?
 Who would not have a name and place
 therein?

These noble brothers with protecting arms
 Their gentle and devoted sisters shield,
 And folding to their manly bosoms close
 In pure embrace, fond hearts commune with
 heart;

The inner temple of the soul is oped
 And entered; mutual confidence reposed,—
 Bright hopes are breathed that meet a warm
 response,

The mind's most holy thoughts are inter-
 changed;

The spirit's deepest love is all revealed
 Most trustingly, for gently is the veil
 That drapes the altar in affection's true
 And sacred sanctuary, drawn aside,
 And well each feels the untold costliness
 Of all the off'rings choicely treasured there.
 When one by one steals out that fireside
 group,

His wonted station left, to wander forth
 And battle with life's stern realities,
 The circle is not broken, not a tie
 Is sundered, only lengthened is the chain
 Of love, and strengthened in its ev'ry link.
 Fond memory her busy fingers plies
 Through all the hours of absence, weaving
 out

And back from heart to heart affection's new
 And clasping fibres that keep springing forth
 From home to each, from each to each, and
 home.

And when, perchance, a time of meeting
 comes,

When all around the same old spot again

Are gathered for a season, Oh how blest
 The hour! the tender offices, how sweet!
 The free communings more than ever dear!
 Such circle merits well the title, *Charmed*,
 For ev'ry member throws a potent spell
 O'er every other. Beautiful the scene
 When such a band have met; e'en those
 without
 The allied company, who gaze thereon,
 The magic influence feel, and own the charms
 Of their united int'rest, sympathy,
 And constant love. And yet there may be
 breathed,
 And often is, throughout the happy group,
 A spirit strength'ning ev'ry silken tie,
 Enhancing ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry charm
 Increasing, brightning ev'ry cherished hope,

Sweet'ning each cup of joy to ev'ry lip,
 Exhaling through the very atmosphere
 That circles and pervades each loving heart
 A purity and perfume only born
 From paradise. The happy family,
 Who welcome and adopt within their home
Religion undefiled, as Jesus taught,
 Whose daily lives are moulded by its will,
 Have sought and yielded to an agency
 Empowered to multiply their happiness
 An hundred fold. It stamps on such a group
 The hues of heaven, brings the celestial down
 To beautify terrestrial loveliness,
 Adds holy charms to earthly scenes of bliss,
 Presents to wondering eyes a sacred home
 Where God, our Father reigneth, all in all,
 And gives the world a *circle truly charmed*.

STREET SOUNDS AND THEIR SUGGESTIONS.

BY E. E. F.

NOTES innumerable and full of discord, and yet it may be harmony not understood, like some of Bethoven's grand symphonies! But our own supposition grows improbable amid the jargon of vibrations that comes rolling in from the busy thoroughfare this sultry morning, and we fancy the very air to tire as we specialize. Wheels rattling, news-boys screaming, vendors vociferating, cars rumbling, organs grinding, miniature drums beating, with occasional larger ones, the tramp of pedestrians, the patter of hoofs, the loud calls of juveniles, the click clack of implements, the clatter of machinery, all these and still more make the orchestra of this Monday's concert, as we vainly seek a quiet for indition. But very indicative are these same sounds, and it may be we shall yet force a logic to recompense for their noisy distractions, though we do it grudgingly.

There's a dirty urchin under the window whose "Morning's Herald, latest edeetion," has so besieged us that, splenetically, we wish it was not only the latest but the *last*, and never again could the sentence be compounded. But no! it may be those four words hold a life at issue, bread-procurers, or, weightier still, each one may have the charge of an existence, so fractional is poverty, and our freckle-faced news-boy assumes proportions.

An ice-cart thunders along completely submerging the "edeetion," and though so demonstrably present, we almost forget it for the hints it carries. 'Tis a hot day, mercury ninety in the shade, perhaps, but, for all that, we stand on a frozen pond, where many men make much merchandise, and watch the filling in of the huge water-blocks with their pure sub-strata ascending and descending,

while spaces continue, till in the wintry remembrance we involuntarily re-wonder how it can ever be warm enough for their consumption. 'Tis true, 'tis a fleeting digression, but as substantial as that other one which the ice-cart induces, cooling viand 'neath a sweltering sunshine, which, being not present, are no less mythical.

The next sound is a trifle lower, but disagreeable, and, of course, audible. Somebody whistling, and whistling, too, the very patriotic air of Yankee Doodle, for these very patriotic times, but none the more euphonic! Suggestive, perhaps, of a mind at ease, a happy exception amid the general discomfort.

The stentorian lungs of a fish-monger ejaculates "mack-er-eel," till deaf indeed must be the ears of the housewife that don't hear it. Dead fish 'neath a wooden bed! but there's a mighty ocean teeming with them, and there are coves and inlets where little barefooted boys hang from massive ledges and throw tempting bait, and there are grand banks where husbands and fathers trust months of being to a plank, and there are high seas where huge leviathans tumble, and there are Arctic bays where bold mariners perish, and these, and not the gridiron, are what the "mack-er-eel" suggests.

A swarthy faced foreigner is cranking ditties, operatic airs abbreviated, and we can't say but that this pump-music is fully competent to the drawing-room execution of dainty demoiselles, where "I receive instruction from one of the most popular professors in the country; his style is decidedly *distingué*."

"Cabbagees! cabbagees!" from a sturdy specimen of the suburban yeomanry. No doubt, good sir, your "cabbagees" are very good for the price; but we remember a little back-door patch of them, so fresh, and so green, that, pardon us! yours seem like mockeries in the contrast. Big green roses

we called them, and, studded with gems of sparkling dew-drops, bright, roseate, sunshiny dawns, rare things of beauty to our childish perceptions. "Cabbagees! cabbagees!" never mind! if you don't hear we've said it, that satisfies.

"Charcoal" screams a smutty-faced Yankee. And where does that take us? only half a hundred leagues or so. There are roses where we write, — painted, woven ones but between us and them come laurel, and hardhack, and cranesbill, and mullein, and mustard, and alders, and scraggy oaks, and lofty cedars, and bushy hemlocks, and trailing vines, and cinquefoil, and daisies, and towering ledges, and silvery streamlets, and acorns, and berries, and something else we see besides. There are slender trunks of sapplings in pyramidal piles, wonders they were to our childish ignorance, but we found them out, and our first charcoal lesson appends itself to every sample of the ebony merchandise, and a single thought is the mother of a thousand.

There's the tinkling bell of a scissors-grinder! that don't take us far, only to the grinder himself, protracting mortality by four penny bits. A queer world is it! a piece of bread the potentate!

"Oat straw! oat straw!" Some body anxious for the beds! another lie-aspirant! You look tired and dusty, and the hot sun is scorching you, but you've oat straw, and you know where it grows, and you've been there, and you've seen the green sea waving when the zephyrs passed, and you've watched dancing moonbeams, pattering showers, passing shadows, till you fancied it all a panorama where the growing grain was the canvas. Indigent vendor of oat straw! we pitied you, but now we envy!

"Rags! old bottles!" The voice sounds worn, like the rags; from constant association, perhaps. So you're one of the gleaners, and in truth, you look as though you

had been gleaned yourself, till there was barely enough of humanity for recognition. Haggard, sallow rag-solicitor! does your ambition ever distance a dirty junk-shop? We won't say; saints *have* masked themselves, and can again.

Ding! ding! ding! ding! the city clock has come to the rescue! "Latest edecation," "cabbagees," "rags," "mack-cr-cel," go home to your dinner, for we intend to! Yes, a queer world is it! a piece of bread the potentate!

AUNT MARY'S CAT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

AUNT Mary's cat three snowy kittens had,
Playful and fat and gay; so she would sport,
And let them climb upon her back, and spread
Her paws to fondle them,—and when she
saw
Her mistress come that way, would proudly
show
Her darlings, purring with intense delight.

But one was missing,—and Grimalkin ran,
Searching each nook with frantic eagerness,
Garret and parlor, sofa, box, and bed,
Calling her baby with a mournful cry,
And questioning each creature that she met,
In her cat-language, eloquently shrill,
And then she left the house.

Two hours passed by,
When, dragging her lost treasure by the neck,
Her head held high to shelter it from harm,
She joyous laid it with its sisters twain,
Who mewed loud welcome, and with raptured
zeal

Washed and rewashed its velvet face and
paws.

It had been trusted to a lady's care,
By my aunt Mary, out of pure good will
To pussy,—fearing she might be fatigued
By too much care and nursing. But she sought
From house to house, among the neighbors all,
Until she found it, and restored again
To her heart's jewels.

One full month she fed
And nurtured it,—then in her mouth she took
The same young kitten, and conveyed it back
To the same house, and laid it in the lap
Of the same good old lady, as she sat
Knitting upon the sofa. Much amazed,
She raised her spectacles to view the cat,
Who, with a most insinuating tone,
Fanning and rubbing round her slippered foot,
Bespoke her favoring notice.

This is true —
Aunt Mary told me so. Did pussy think
Her child too young for service? and when
grown

To greater vigor, did she mean to show
Full approbation of her mistress' choice,
By passing many a nearer house, to find
The lady that its first indentures held?

This looks like *reason*, and they say that
brutes

Are only led by *instinct*. Yet 'tis hard,
Often, to draw the line where one begins,
And where the other ends.

Yet this we know,
That kindness to inferior animals
Improves their natures, and would seem to be
Fitting respect to Him who formed them all
So carefully, and lent them unto us
For use, and comfort, or as humble friends.

—*Gleanings.*

MEMORY.

MARIA J. BISHOP.

MEMORY! thy harp new-strung from heaven,
Sweeps all its silver chords again;
And through my quivering soul is driven
The thrill of pleasure, blent with pain.

Back through the *past*, the golden past,
With thee I stray through starry gates,
Through hours too fair and bright to last,
Where Hope, the angel-portress, waits.

How fair thy sunlight shimmers still
On childhood's dancing brook of joy;
E'er I had learned the name of ill,
Or known of earth one dark alloy,

My gentle mother's placid brow,
Each silver thread smoothed out by thee!

Looks lovingly upon me now,
And clasps me, oh! how tenderly!

And youth is there with visions vain,
E'er disappointment's bitter power
Tendered the heart lofty gain,
And gemmed with sadness life's brief hour.

Memory, how fair thy pictured scenes,
Thy Elim-waters softly flow;
But ah, the *present* intervenes
To *life*; Enchantress, let me go!

And from the present now I soar
On faith's strong wing to realms above;
Yea, in the past, this will adore,
And bend rejoicing to his rod.

Health Department.

HYGIENE.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

BY DR. HAMILTON.

IF we compare with each other the three learned professions, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, we shall see between them a striking parallelism, and such as must command our special attention. They relate severally to the interests of the soul of man, to his civil interests, and to his physical. The priest is responsible for the faithful exposition of the divine messages which are intrusted to him embodied in the ten holy commandments, and called the laws of God.

The lawyer is responsible for a just interpretation and righteous administration of the laws of state; and the physician is responsible for an earnest and complete declaration of the laws of health.

It does not interest us now to know which of these professions contributes most to the great end and sum of human happiness. Each, no doubt, has its place and position, and perhaps its rank; and each in its appropriate sphere may extend its walls and

build outward to the world's limits, and yet the one need not at any point jostle or trench upon the other.

We propose only to inquire which of these three has performed its functions most completely and efficiently; believing that it will be found that in one essential particular the profession of medicine has hitherto grievously failed.

In the homely proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is embodied a great truth of universal application; and, applied to the liberal professions, it instructs us that each embraces two distinct arts, which may be called, respectively, the art of prevention and the art of cure.

As to the manner in which we have performed our duties in this last respect, the world has but little reason to complain of either of us.

The clergyman as well as the physician visits the dying patient, and in the last hour of a life spent in sin, finds the unhappy soul laboring under a moral leprosy which nothing but the grace of God can remove. With a zeal which challenges our admiration, he addresses himself to the work commissioned to him; nor do his labors cease until the light of intelligence has altogether gone from the eye; not until the windows of his soul are darkened, and the heavy casements are closed forever.

The lawyer visits the prisoner in his cell, and listens attentively to his own account of his offence. He writes down carefully every circumstance of palliation; and when the day of trial arrives, he stands before the court, armed with all the evidence which his genius can invent, which the laws and decisions can supply, or which the facts themselves will warrant in proof of the innocence of his client.

So also the physician, when summoned to the bed of sickness, does not fail one whit of his responsible duty. He hears patiently

the history of the source and progress of the sufferer's malady, and examines carefully his present condition. He counts every wave of his feeble pulse: he listens attentively to the murmur of his breathing, and measures the drops upon his brow. All that science or art has contrived for the preservation of life, or for the mitigation of suffering, is impressed speedily into his service; nor does time or season interrupt his anxious labors. Night does not suspend his vigils, nor does the storm delay his attendance.

Over the entrance to the House of the Royal Humane Society in London is placed a basso-relievo, representing an infant blowing upon a few expiring embers, and underneath is written *Lateat forsan scintilla*, — Perhaps a spark lingers. So we have often seen the physician, in cases of sudden death, unwilling to trust to the judgment of his erring senses, continue his efforts to awaken the spark of life long after all just grounds of hope have ceased.

In the practice of the art of cure, we yield nothing to either of our noble sisters. To this duty we have brought as much talent and genius and persevering industry as have the members of either of the other liberal professions, and I think they will not hesitate to make us this acknowledgment.

Let us see now whether we can fairly claim as much for ourselves in that other and broader field, the art of prevention.

Divinity begins to instruct its pupil almost as soon as the petals of its intellect commence to unfold themselves. Like a gentle dew it distils upon the opening bud from the earliest dawn of life, imparting a color and fragrance which are never afterward wholly dissipated. In the nursery, religion and morals are taught by the catechism, and by the simple, but to the child, the yet unmeaning prayer, repeated silently both morning and night at the bedside. The mother

daily watches the growing plant ; like a faithful gardener she supports its tender stalk gently in her hands, that it may continue to grow heavenward, while its fibre is becoming harder, and its habits and direction are becoming fixed.

The same watchful care follows the child wherever it goes. In the Sabbath school, pious teachers, the Bible and its commentaries, with a library of well-chosen volumes, repeat the lessons of morality. The child himself soon becomes a teacher, and his knowledge advances far beyond the simple rules of virtue to the more abstruse doctrines of the church.

The clergyman also warns from the pulpit, Sabbath after Sabbath ; he exhorts, entreats, and threatens.

Is not the Bible in every man's dwelling ?

If the Bible and the statute-books were the only channels through which their instructions could be conveyed to the multitude, many must have forever remained in ignorance even of those ordinances which are the most simple and easy to comprehend ; since many are unable to read, and others would never incur the expense, nor devote the time requisite to possess themselves of such knowledge ; but, as we have seen, such is not the fact. The Bible and the statute-book are the sacred wells from which all who wish may freely drink ; but their waters are carried in pitchers to those who are unable to reach the fountains, and by ten thousand ministering hands lifted to the lips of those who are ready to perish.

But the physician has very few helps in his labor of diffusing medical knowledge of any kind. The people do not go up to Siloam ; and the physician must not only draw from the pool, but he must himself carry the buckets upon his own shoulders, and cry out at every man's door, up and down, in the narrow gangways, in the

cellars of the poor, and the houses of the rich.

Our books are sealed in a great measure, even to the intelligent lay reader. Our opinions are never discussed or asked in public assemblies. The physician never enters the forum. Even the daily prints, which are subservient to the other professions, and which might be made subservient to ours, are so constantly filled with lying and scandalous advertisements, under the pretence of disinterested medical counsel, that all respectable physicians would refuse to occupy their pages, even if allowed to do so.

Beyond the little that can be accomplished through the medium of our standard books and our medical journals, there remains, therefore, only the channels of private communication : but these channels, each one of which is narrow, and necessarily limited in its influences, are in the aggregate so numerous and so broad that they ought to be ample for all the purposes required. All men, sooner or later, and most men constantly, seek advice from doctors. The desire to take medicine is as universal, and seems as natural to man, as is religion : indeed, there are those who appear to think this the great end of human existence. The nurse administers medicine to the infant as soon as it breathes ; and by one or another it is poured into the mouth of the dying man until he ceases to swallow. From birth until death he feeds upon it, — blessing him who gives, and turning away from him who withholds it. Few men are born, fewer die, and none live without a doctor ! The opportunities, therefore, will not be wanting. It is only necessary that they should be faithfully improved, and that with each pound of cure you administer the one ounce of prevention.

Where will you begin ? In what manner

shall you address yourselves to this work of reform?

It is not very material, we think, where the labor is commenced. The field is fallow everywhere about you, and wherever we plough we shall open a virgin soil. In all of the civilized countries of Europe, and especially in Great Britain, hygiene not only is studied, but it is practised, and its results are seen in the stouter forms and happier faces of the people. Even London, with the largest population of any city in Europe, has, we are told, the lowest rate of mortality among its inhabitants. We, as a nation, although sprung from the best blood of Europe, the blood not of kings, or of nobles, but of laborers, who drew their milk from the bosom of the earth, and whose veins were enriched with its strong juices, are already physically the most feeble, and seem rapidly falling into a premature decay. M. Mayor, late of Lausanne, in Switzerland, a distinguished surgeon, who is now a resident of this country, in a letter addressed to the writer a year or two since, expresses his astonishment at the habits and physical condition of Americans, and especially of American women. He says they are pale and without strength, and at the present rate of degeneration he cannot see how our race can survive more than a few generations. Nor is he at a loss for the cause of this decadence, when he observes how constantly both in the city and country they shut themselves up in close and overheated houses, as people do nowhere else in the world. All travellers among us notice the same alarming facts, and, disguise it as we may from ourselves, the common sentiment of intelligent foreigners, as well as my own personal observation, confirms the truth of the comparison.

Men must be first made to understand fully that the laws of nature in regard to health are inviolable, and that no man can

any more break them with impunity than the laws of nature relating to the motion of the planetary bodies can be disturbed without interrupting the harmony of the universe. "If celestial spheres," says Hooker, "should forget their wonted motion, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way, as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a great giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and the seasons blend themselves by disordered and confused mixtures, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be deprived of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield relief, what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?"

It is a law of nature that man cannot live without air. Air is the "breath of life," created, too, with invariable elements, and with invariable proportions of oxygen and hydrogen; from which we ought to learn that these elements in these exact proportions, are more natural and most needed for the growth and repair of the human system. They cannot be increased or diminished, alternated or modified in any way without detriment to health; you will find, however, that the great majority of the people who are to employ you, do not know this, or if they know it, they at least act as if they did not.

They build strong, air-tight houses, and shut themselves up in them; they make double windows, and place strong porches over the doors; they have even walled up the open fireplaces,—in short, they have adopted every possible expedient to render

it certain that no air shall get in or out ; and now they sit down to breathe the few cubic inches they have imprisoned, until in the laboratory of their lungs they have converted nearly the whole into carbonic acid.

Within a few years the air-tight stove has been substituted for the iron dogs, and for the first time since men began to live in houses we have no "fireplaces." The shrine of the lares has been removed, and our houses have been literally pillaged, — robbed of the domestic hearth, toward which so many associations have always centered, for which the blood of nations has been poured, and which in all ages has been regarded as the symbol of home with all its social comforts.

Not content with this, these enemies to our race have still more lately taken away the stoves which, destitute of the essence, still occupied the places, and served to remind us at least of the ancient fireplaces ; and instead, they have built for us iron furnaces — *Ætnas* — under ground, so that now what of the oxygen we are not able to consume and convert into carbonic acid, is vitiated by impure gas escaping from its hidden chambers, by invisible particles of coal dust, and by other impurities which clog up the air-cells, and close the avenues of life, or stick along the parched fauces as if reluctant to convey their poisons to the lungs.

Stoves have no doubt abridged the sum of human life, but by these subterranean iron furnaces we are truncated, — cut short in the middle. It is an error to suppose that hot-air furnaces can ever be so constructed or managed, at least in private houses, as not in any degree to prove detrimental to health. We wish we could persuade ourselves that this is not so, for it is certainly very agreeable in a climate like ours to enjoy throughout all the rooms and passages of the house warm and uniform temperature ;

but it is just this even warmth which is one of the sources of mischief. The inmates are so little accustomed to the cold within doors, and become so morbidly sensitive, that they shudder at the idea of going out, and if they ever do venture into the air, the frost enters into their own pores, and they hasten back to their shelter, chilled, exhausted, and discouraged. They are no better able to endure the storms of winter than a plant reared in a hot-house. It was the venerable Bede, I think, who said, "When men lived in houses of willow, they were of oak ; but when they lived in houses of oak, they were of willow." But the willow, which bows to the storm and hangs its pliant arms to the earth under its weight of frost and snow, has elasticity in its fibre, such as you will not find generally in the occupants of oaken houses at this day. The cockneys of this generation and of this country are no longer even men of willow, but men of straw, from whom the marrow and essence of life is dried out ; or if they still retain some natural moisture, the spirit at least is gone, the alcohol is evaporated, and they congeal at the same temperature at which water freezes, and are as worthless for all practical purposes in this climate as spirit thermometers would be if supplied with water instead of wine.

The truth is, unwelcome as the truth may be, that we must accustom ourselves to moderate cold within doors, and for this reason no rooms ought to be warmed in any man's dwelling, except those in which the family sit and eat. The halls and bedrooms at least should be kept carefully cool, so that the inmates may, during a large part of their in-door lives, enjoy its invigorating and acclimating influences.

For us who live at the North to occupy constantly heated apartments, is as irrational and suicidal as it would be for those who live under the tropics to shelter themselves,

during the heats of the day, in an ice-house, or in underground apartments.

There are many other evil consequences resulting from living in over-heated rooms, to which I do not find time to allude; but allow me to remind you of the process by which the livers of geese are diseased, and from which the celebrated *pâtés des foies gras* are prepared. The poor animals are nailed by the feet to a plank, and placed in ovens or before hot fires, while their stomachs are constantly crammed with food. If we do the same to ourselves, I do not see why the consequences may not be the same, nor why a race of anthropophagi might not hold in equal estimation the livers of men and women fed and fattened in these modern ovens.

But to return to the subject of which I was more especially speaking, namely, air, ventilation, and furnaces. Says Dr. Morland, the able editor of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, in a recent notice of Dr. McCormac's opinion that the inhalation of carbonic acid is the great cause of consumption, here and elsewhere: "We believe that in its effects on the physical constitution, the great majority of mankind are more ignorant of the importance of the quality of the air they breathe, than of anything else, and that hygienic reform is needed in this direction more than in any other. The evil is one which exists among the rich as well as among the poor, though not to the same extent. We doubt, however, whether the 'middle classes,' as they are called, inhale a purer atmosphere at night than the poor. The destitute have one comfort, there are no furnaces in their houses, and if there be but little fire, there are at least fireplaces. Many of our houses have neither fires nor fireplaces, consequently the circulation of air is very languid, and the atmosphere becomes speedily contaminated with carbonic acid, especially

at night and in cold weather, when all the doors and windows are closed, as is too often the case."

Talk of ventilation! There have been no ventilators yet contrived, equal to the open throat of a large, old-fashioned fireplace, as a means of preventing disease. We do not think so much time and talent has been expended upon any department of our science as upon the subject of public and private hygiene, and especially during the last quarter of a century. With incredible labor, facts bearing upon this matter in all its relations, have been gathered, condensed, and analyzed, and practical conclusions of the greatest value have been drawn, and indeed established with consummate accuracy.

It is just this of which we complain: whatever may be said of the uncertainty of our curative means, and however much we may differ upon points of general practice, in this department at least we have arrived at conclusions which are definite and settled to a degree scarcely credible. All intelligent physicians speak and think alike on this subject; and even leaders of empirical science, little as they may know of, and less that they may have contributed to these conclusions, do not venture to differ from us in relation to the general laws of hygiene. We complain, therefore, that in reference to the most important branch of our art, and that of which we really know the most, the people, to whom we administer, know the least.

The only apology which we can find for ourselves is that we lack in some measure the means of conveying this information to the people, and in Christian countries like ours, men never plead ignorance in justification of their moral offences. This would be a shame greater than the offence itself.

Law, too, is taught from infancy to manhood. The legislators print their laws in newspapers and in books, sufficient to reach

every citizen of the state. The judges publish in the daily journals their new decisions. Lawyers, speaking openly in the numerous courts, proclaim and interpret these decisions; and in republican governments, founded upon the doctrine that the people themselves make their own laws, the principles and maxims of government are harangued and discussed in nearly all public political meetings and in most private assemblies.

In all civilized governments it is assumed that every man knows the laws of the State under which he lives, and that the plea of ignorance can therefore never be received in extenuation of an offence. *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*. And the assumption is in some sense a fiction, nevertheless it is true for all practical purposes, since it is very seldom indeed that a citizen breaks a statute through ignorance. The vast majority of mankind in civilized countries live in obedience and suffer no penalties.

Whatever of violation of the laws of God or of man, therefore, exists, is, as a rule, intentional and defiant; but in relation to the laws of health, the argument is wholly different, — gross and unmitigated ignorance is the almost constant rule, and the exception is the other way. Children perish of bad air and of bad nourishment because their parents are ignorant of what constitutes good air and wholesome nourishment. Men die of indigestion and of physic because they do not know what causes indigestion, and because they never have been taught that there is death in physic.

It is true that many transgress the laws of health who know well enough what they are about. This is true often of soulless municipal corporations, and of more soulless masters; it is true also sometimes of men in relation to themselves, of men whose ambition or greed renders them reckless of life; but will you say it is true of parents

in relation to their children? Can you persuade yourselves that it is true of any of those ten thousand examples, forever recurring, in which the ties of family, or the general obligations of humanity seem to impel men and women to give advice in relation to the preservation of health, which proves so often unfortunately the occasion of death? With the most sincere and earnest desire to do good to their fellow-beings people never cease to do harm.

I do not magnify the evil in this respect. Says the venerable and learned Dr. Francis, of New York, "That ignorance of the laws of life, of the rules of health and of the remedial powers of medicinal substances, prevails to a wonderful degree, even in exalted places, is an incontrovertible position."

There is everywhere, among the people, a most fatal ignorance upon this subject; and if physicians are not responsible for it, I do not know who is.

Don't think you are making a bargain when you cheat a customer; for in the long run all such operations will turn out quadruple losses. Don't lend money at too great a shave; for the borrower must succeed, or he'll not be able to pay. Don't neglect your regular business, thinking to do better at some outside enterprise; — the chances are ten to one you will not succeed.

DELICACY. — Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love, and piety ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence, — to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought; many more to be spoken — *Novalis*.

A little boy, returning from Sunday school, said to his mother, "Ma, aint there a kitten-chism for little boys? This cat-chism is too hard!"

ADMONITION OF THE LORD.

BY REV. W. C. JACKSON.

YOUTH is the time of ardent impulse. There is in the young heart a restless energy that necessitates a brisk and vigorous action. But if left to itself its action is as liable to be wrong as right. And as we live in a sinful world, and as the path of youth is beset with many temptations, the action is *more* liable to be wrong than right. The work of parents, therefore, is not only to instruct and persuade, but also to *admonish* and *warn*. And it is with peculiar difficulty that admonition is made effective, because the end to which it urges is *not to do*, while the demand of youthful nature is *to do*. Admonition should consequently be the more faithfully employed, and always in its legitimate connection with instruction in well-doing. "Cease to do evil; learn to do well."

Many parents deem it their chief business to persuade to right action; they defer the work of warning till they see it positively demanded. But thus to wait till our children are already drawn within the sphere of temptation, before warning them against the evils to which they are exposed, is like waiting till the flames are already kindled in our dwellings before taking precaution against fire. The tempter of our youth must be forestalled. They must be clothed in the armor of defence, before his fiery darts have time to reach them.

Let our children be admonished of the evils as well as the sin of *disobedience*. Of themselves, they are thinking only of the unpleasantness of the things required of them, or the enjoyment embraced in the things prohibited. Let them be faithfully and seasonably taught the lesson, that "the way of

the transgressor is hard," while the path of duty is the path of peace. Strive to make them understand that it will be better for them, every way, to be guided by parental discretion and forethought, than by their own wayward passions and propensities. Let them be warned against the indulgence of *selfishness*. This is a part of that "foolishness" which is "bound up in the heart of a child," and it requires not only, as in extreme cases, "the rod of correction" for its remedy, but early and abundant admonition of the iniquities and crimes, and the consequent chastisement and shame, which, if it be unrestrained, are likely to be its results.

The tongue is an unruly member, and it is as much so with children as with adults. How soon do we detect in some children the incipient habits of falsehood and deception. David cried, respecting the wicked of his day, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies." We see children thus going astray, almost as soon, at least, as they can talk. And when the habit is once formed, how hard it is to break off. Let children be admonished of the essential sinfulness of falsehood, of the displeasure with which a God of truth ever looks upon it, of the wrong it does to the one deceived, the mischief it is apt to scatter far and wide, and the recompense it will at last bring back to the one who perpetrates it. And from lying, the tongue finds an easy transition to *profaneness*. The use of profane language, if it be not watched creeps in among our children oftentimes, as the smallpox creeps into our cities. Young lads, and, sad to say, lads not so young, think it a smart thing to swear, an act of boldness to roll out a big oath. Admonish them be-

times of its vulgarity, its senselessness, and, more than all, of its sinfulness in God's sight. Suppress the first beginnings of this vile habit, as you would extinguish the burning cinders that have fallen upon your roof. And it is not profaneness only that we have to oppose; but filthy and obscene language may often be heard in retired places, coming out from lips which fond parents suppose to be unalloyed sweetness and purity. Children that find it difficult to remember a brief text of Scripture, five times repeated, will, on hearing such language but once, be masters of it for all time. If parents would secure their children's minds from a defilement that will outlast the period of youth, yea, of all time, they must watch their habits of speech, and warn them against the abuses of that noble faculty.

The spirit of youth makes a special demand for *amusement*. And there are amusements both innocent and edifying. But a perverse will is not content with such; it pants after those which produce a higher excitement, and yield a keener gratification, but in which unholy propensities are indulged, and the germs of many iniquities are concealed. The victims of the rumseller, of the gambler, of her "whose steps take hold on hell," often begin their downward career, in corrupting forms of amusement, to which incautious parents allowed them, when children, to resort. Against the eagerness of some children for such amusements, parents have to contend, by instruction, warning, prohibition, and every means in their power.

There are temptations to sinning with a high hand, which often beset the path of ardent, thoughtless youth. The ball-room, the theatre, the card-table, the midnight party, the circle of dissolute companions, present their several lures to dissipation. The intoxicating cup is passed around, at first in select circles, afterwards in circles from which every thing select has been removed. Pol-

luting issues from the press, the "yellow-covered literature," and other stimulants to vice, and infidel sophisms that give license to all vice, come forth from dens of infamy, and are circulated among our youth, while we are asleep, to poison their minds, and prepare the way for developments of iniquity that sometimes takes place to the amazement of a virtuous community. Have parents nothing to do, to admonish their children of these threatening evils? Have they done their duty, when they have been satisfied with fair appearances, and know not when the worst enemies of Satan approach them, and when the word of warning should be earnestly and unflinchingly given?

Our admonition should be the "admonition of the Lord." We may admonish from mere worldly considerations, or against those things alone which the world condemns. But that will not suffice. We must hold up before them the Bible-standard of virtue, and clothe our admonitions with divine authority. We must urge them to well-doing by motives, and deter them from transgression by threatenings, which the Bible furnishes. Let us thus admonish, and accompany our words with prayer, and we may hope that God will give power to our words, and throw around our beloved children the shield of his grace, to protect them from the dangers of this present evil world, and prepare and preserve them for his heavenly kingdom.

Time does take the buckram out of a man, and the self-sufficiency with which we begin life leaves us as we advance into the deeper waters of existence. John Wesley says: "When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before. At present, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

FACTS AND THEIR LESSONS.—NO. VI.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

SOME years ago, when Boswell visited Corsica, Paoli related to him the following incident: "A criminal was condemned to die. His nephew came to me with a lady of distinction, that she might solicit his pardon. The nephew's anxiety made him think that the lady did not speak with sufficient force and earnestness. He therefore advanced and addressed himself to me, 'Sir, is it proper for me to speak?' as if he felt that it was unlawful to make such an application. I bade him go on. 'Sir,' said he, with the deepest concern, 'may I beg the life of my uncle? If it is granted, his relatives will make a gift to the state of a thousand zechins. We will furnish fifty soldiers in pay during the siege of Furiana. We will agree that my uncle shall be banished, and will engage that he shall never return to the island.' I knew the nephew to be a man of worth, and I answered him: 'You are acquainted with the circumstances of this case. Such is my confidence in you, that if you will say that giving your uncle a pardon would be just, useful, or honorable for Corsica, I promise you it shall be granted.' He turned about, burst into tears, and left me, saying in his native language, 'I would not have the honor of our country sold for a thousand zechins.' His uncle suffered."

There was genuine patriotism in contrast with which much that is called by that name at the present time is the merest sham. There was no partisan spirit, or personal interest seeking for aggrandisement, to the sacrifice of social peace and national honor. The love of country was uppermost in the soul, and neither the ties of kindred nor

the fervent appeals of love could weigh anything against the nation's weal. If necessary, the life of a beloved relative should be forfeited for the country's honor and welfare. Nothing was too dear to be withheld when the national honor was at stake. Well would it be if hundreds in our own land, who plan and connive for the loaves and fishes of political renown, would learn a lesson from this Corsican patriot. He who truly loves his country will lay his personal interest upon its altar, especially in the hour of her peril. Instead of seeking office or distinction, without regard to fitness or qualifications, he will ask that "the right man for the right place" be exalted. The most coveted blessings for self, and the success of dearest friends are cheerfully sacrificed to the wants and welfare of native land. Nor will favoritism find a lodgement in the heart of the truly patriotic ruler. However much he may desire to benefit a personal friend, he will desire to bless his country more. Hence, the question which he will revolve mainly is, who is qualified to fill this and that office? not, what personal friend or political wire-puller can I elevate to such a post? It is too small, and mean, and contemptible for a genuine patriotic heart to gratify these personal inclinations, when a whole country demands the best men for every important place. When Washington was President of the United States, an intimate friend and associate of the General applied for a lucrative office. He had been with him through the long struggle of the Revolution, and was always welcome at Washington's fireside. At the same time, an application was made for the same office,

by a political enemy of the chief magistrate, — one who had been quite conspicuous in the opposition party. According to the general rule of dispensing offices, it would not have taken Washington a long time to decide who of the applicants should have it. His intimate personal friend would have been the fortunate one; and, indeed, his numerous friends expected it. Yet Washington gave the office to his political enemy, to the surprise of all. On being subsequently interrogated upon the subject, he replied: "My friend I receive with a cordial welcome; he is welcome to my house and welcome to my heart; but, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent is, with all his political hostility to me, a man of business; my private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States; as George Washing-

ton I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as President of the United States I can do nothing."

This was worthy "the Father of his country," and is a bright and glorious example to be imitated. A higher type of patriotism can not be found on record, nor one that awakens a more enthusiastic and general admiration. Then, why not imitate the same? Why not cultivate a true patriotism, now that patriotism only can save our perilled land? We have tried the worthless counterfeit long enough, and found that it works trouble and death, and why not rise now in the majesty of undoubted patriotism, and say that personal aggrandisement, friends, party, every minor consideration shall be sacrificed for our country's good? This would be right, grand, noble, patriotic, glorious. All else is narrow, mean, unloyal, selfish, detestable.

"POLISHED STONES."

BY R. F. L.

STONES are not attractive objects, as they lie in their native state, to the common eye. But they are to the geologist as full of interest as flowers are in lovers' eyes. The Christian geologist sees, in the rocks, the changeless nature of God as well as the epochs of creative energy. Flowers are valued for their beauty and their perfume, and beyond imagination is the sum of kindly interest, between human hearts, that the sight, the fragrance, and the language of flowers have consecrated and strengthened. At a flourishing seminary a few days since, I saw a large class of young ladies and gentlemen receive their testimonials of success and honor, at the close of the prescribed course of study. Sweet, modest flowers were upon

their bosoms in place of golden ornaments. Their language to every eye and heart was, "We symbolize the aims of those whom we do adorn. In the hearts that pulsate beneath us, are beauteous thoughts of life and duty. Let them be matured in the mellow fruits of life's experience, and righteousness shall no more wear the aspect of rigid severity; duty and joy shall ever be twin dwellers in the blessed realm of home." Flowers symbolize the finer traits of character more immediately connected with the affections, and they seem invaluable in their influence. But what about "Polished Stones?" Stones are not like flowers fitted for their highest end by the hand of nature. They need cutting and polishing. Immense sums

of money have been spent in cutting down and polishing a single gem. And for a place in the Temple of Solomon they were hewn and fitted in the mountains. And *when fitted*, how quietly and modestly the gem takes its place for ornament, and the mountain rock in the temple for more solid purposes. So minds are polished, hearts are fitted by human and divine culture, and move noiselessly but surely to some position of usefulness and peace in life.

But amid the dreams of the future, young man or woman, do not discard trial. The storm beats against the wall of the finest palace of earth. The church, built up of lively stones, and built for God, must stand amid many a tempest. What of human things has value without trial? What is the corn without the cool days that prevents its rapid growth, — it would break down and perish before a feeble breeze. What sweetness and richness would be in the fruits, were no burning summer sun to be upon them? How insipid and worthless would they be if carefully protected by an awning of canvass from the intense heat of each summer day? How can honor adorn the soldier who has no courage shown amidst the conflicts of actual warfare? There is equal need that human character be tried. And experience fortifies good principles, — gives perfectness and beauty to every part of the character.

“Polished stones,” permanent beauty and strength of character! Oh, how my heart yearns over the multitude of young persons around me, as I note the false lights by which they are led and the confidence they place in the “liers in wait” on every side of them. They who escape these wiles, and work out a character whose elements are permanent and true, will win an award of honor, in comparison with which “no mention shall be made of corals or of pearls.” In the bright world of purity to come, there is an allusion which I often think of with inter-

est. Of the city it is said, “every several gate was of one pearl,” — what then must be the excellence of character, “the beauty of holiness,” which will be the “adorning” of those for whom the city was built? If the gates are each “one pearl,” the streets “pure gold, transparent as glass,” and “the foundations of the walls of the city garnished with all manner of precious stones,” how magnificent the dwellers there must be in their robes of white! Young reader, aspire after a fitness for a place in that city, by communion with its builder, Jesus Christ. He is its light, and he will be yours now, on your way there. An infinitely better polishing will you experience under his hands, than can be attained by familiar walk and converse with the infatuated multitude whom the romance of time cheats and corrupts, — for all that is fictitious and ruinous, they receive as true. *Follow Christ*, and your life will be an imperishable work, — an “Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.” Its pages shall glow with immortal lustre; Abraham and Moses shall turn them over with great delight. They will please our Lord himself. Each day may find something done or endured for him that will give permanent finish and strength to the soul. What a course of suffering and toil our Saviour went through to take his place as the “corner-stone” in the “building of God,” after the plan of redemption! Let all who would be “lively stones” built up on him, ask for the process of polishing, in their case, to be constant and thorough.

Could souls be made visible, and bodies invisible, many now deemed prosperous and worthy would change places with those whom we regard as miserable and unfortunate. Think of one whom we are wont to see in “goodly apparel,” being pointed at, and followed by the cry, “There goes a soul out at the elbows!”

THE UNGIFTED.

MARY A. OSGOOD.

MRS. BARRETT'S parlors were occupied by a small but select number of guests, all of whom were lovers of art in some of its various departments. They could hardly have found a better place for the gratification of their esthetic tastes, for the choicest specimens of painting and statuary adorned the spacious apartments, and Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, with the large-heartedness which always characterizes true lovers of art, delighted to gather around them those who could sympathise with their tastes and appreciate those luxuries which, to them, were necessities of their nature. The refined and highly cultivated guests, after indulging in such conversation as was indeed "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," moved with one accord towards the piano, and for a time forgot every thing else in the charm of music.

"Can you tell me who that lady is?" said Mr. Vernon, glancing his eye as he spoke, at a slight, graceful figure, who stood apart from the rest gazing, with all her soul in her eyes, at a fine old Italian painting.

"That," said the person interrogated, "is Emma Wallace. She can not be a person of much taste, for she never cares to listen even to the finest performances."

"She may have no ear for music and yet be a person of exquisite taste," replied Mr. Vernon. "She certainly seems to have an eye for the beautiful."

"I can not conceive of a person of taste disliking music," was the somewhat scornful reply.

Just then Mrs. Barrett approached, and laying her hand on Mr. Vernon's arm said, "I want to introduce you to Miss Wallace. She is a most interesting person, possessing remarkable grace and purity of character,

and an enthusiastic love of the beautiful in nature and art."

"What, the young lady that can not appreciate the harmony of sweet sounds?"

"That is her misfortune, and she feels it to be so," replied the kind-hearted Mrs. Barrett. "She has no ear for tune, but she is full of soul harmony. She loves poetry and painting intensely."

Mr. Vernon found Emma as interesting as Mrs. Barrett had prepared him to expect. She had a richly cultivated mind, a graceful ease in conversation, and a quick appreciation of all that was beautiful, — all but music. That *but* puzzled Mr. Vernon. Passionately fond of music himself, he had been accustomed to think that a want of taste for it implied a real defect of character. Was his rule at fault, or was Emma Wallace an exception? At a favorable turn in the conversation he introduced the subject. "I believe you are not fond of music, Miss Wallace."

She hesitated a moment, then raising her eyes with an almost sad expression she replied, "I have no ear for it. The closest attention will not enable me to distinguish one tune from another."

"It must be very tedious to you, then, to have so much time devoted to it when you are in company."

"By no means, sir. I enjoy it for others if not for myself. I like nothing better than to watch their faces as they seem entranced with its melody."

"You are certainly very unselfish."

"I don't know, sir, but I am very selfish. Witnessing their delight, I can but look forward to the time when I shall share their ecstasy."

He looked at her inquiringly. She smiled in reply. "You think I am dreaming of impossibilities. I am, so far as this world is concerned. But do you not think that in the spiritual world new faculties will be imparted to the soul? or at least those which now lie dormant be waked into life and activity? When the veil of flesh drops off, will not the eyes which were sealed up in eternal night in this world, be opened to the glories of paradise? It seems to me that the faculty of tune is a separate sense, like hearing or seeing, and though it may lie dormant now, it will surely wake to lifesome day, and I shall enjoy it all the more for the temporary deprivation."

"Then you do consider it a deprivation?"

"O sir," and her eyes moistened as she spoke, "oh that you could know how I have pined for the rich gift of music. How I have envied the fortunate possessors of such a talent. But the gift which I blindly coveted was denied me, and I now bless God for withholding from me such a sense."

Mr. Vernon turned toward her with a look of troubled surprise. "Do you think that one of God's most beautiful gifts is a snare?"

"Not at all; but it would have been to me. I know that I should have loved it with a passionate excess. I feel that I should, for though my ear can not distinguish a single note, yet I have a world of music within me. Down deep in the recesses of my soul are the untroubled founts of melody, which will one day gush forth with an overflowing tide of rapture and mingle with the hallelujahs of heaven. Never on earth, — God has denied me the delicate ear which can catch the harmonies of earthly melody. But I rejoice. My first glad burst of melody will be poured forth on my soul's Redeemer. Unmixed with the pollutions of earth, its first awakening tones will swell forth triumphantly in the pure air of paradise. And

then shall I hear the music for which my soul has pined in vain."

"Then you do love music?"

"As the blind man loves the blue sky and the green earth, the bright flowers and the starry heavens which his eye has never seen."

"But if you have no ear for tune, you may love sweet sounds."

"Oh, passionately! I wish I could give you some idea of the music which is in my heart. It is not like any thing I ever heard. The music of nature approaches nearest to it. Sometimes the note of a wild bird seems almost to reach my bright ideal; but it always falls a little short. I seem to hear it now, — the deep, spiritual tones, the note of triumph, of ecstatic joy, and the music of nature seems like an echo, sadder than the original, more earthly, yet 'like some half remembered strain of paradise.' The music of my soul, I hear it in dreams, in solitude; it floats upon my spirit's ear like some bright remembered thing of former days, and I know that I shall hear it yet. My soul has pined for it, to hear it with my bodily ear, and they say that I do not love music because I have turned away from the strains of earthly melody, heartsick because they fell so far short of the spirit-music which haunts me."

We condemn the miser who denies himself proper food and clothing, while he holds the key to a casket of hoarded gold. So God condemns the man who suffers his soul to go unclothed and unfed when he possesses the Holy Word, which is, indeed, the key to all spiritual treasures.

Men are frequently like tea; the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been a short time in hot water.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S ANNIVERSARY.

BY KATE BARCLAY.

ONE year in heaven, in heaven, mother,
Just think of that to-day :
One whole bright year in heaven, mother,
Where sin is washed away :
Where not a single tear may flow,
And not a sorrow known below
Can ever reach me more.

A year in heaven, in heaven, mother,
A year of perfect bliss !
Do you not joy to know, mother,
I am where Jesus is ?
My precious Saviour ! Oh, 'tis good !
To kneel and worship him as God,
And lovingly adore.

I'm clothed in glorious robes, mother,
Spotless and pure and fair ;
A starry crown is mine, mother,
Which Jesus bids me wear ;
It was the purchase of his blood,
For me who knew no perfect good,
An earth-born, sinful soul.

And I've a little harp, mother,
Oh ! beautiful and sweet ;
And when I strike its chords, mother,
Such tones swell out and meet
The answering tones of myriads more,
That then I strike it o'er and o'er
Till filled with rapture full.

And then I cast it down, mother,
At my dear Saviour's feet ;
And he accepts my praise, mother,
And then, his voice so sweet
Bids me plume well my shining wings,
And do such pleasurable things,
How can I stay my flight ?

He sometimes sends me down, mother,
A messenger to you ;
To whisper in your soul, mother,
His promises so true ;
To bear your drooping spirit up,
And bid you lift on high your hope,
'Till faith is lost in sight.

Sometimes you grieve for me, mother,
Your little Charlie dear,
But oh ! you would rejoice, mother,
Could you but see me here :
'Tis such a glorious, holy home,
Where love's sweet flowers for ever bloom,
And sin afar is driven.

Then grieve no more for me, mother,
For soon you'll join me here :
Oh, how we'll praise our King, mother,
Together we'll draw near,
And sing the love so great and sweet,
That led us to the Saviour's feet,
And made our home *in heaven*.

“COULD YE NOT WATCH ONE HOUR ?”

BY A. L. B.

“ONE hour, one hour,” the Saviour cried,
“Could ye not watch one hour,
When earth's dire sin, and heaven's dread
wrath,
Had chained me in their power ?

“One hour, one hour,—a suffering hour
Of anguish and dismay ;
While writhing 'neath my Father's frown
My earth-bound spirit lay,

“Till drops of bleeding anguish hung
Upon my throbbing brow !
Oh, for *your* sakes this woe is borne,
Yet ye are sleeping now !

“Wake ! wake ! and watch ! ay, watch and
pray !
The hour of strife is nigh,
And warily the tempter waits
Your fainting souls to try !

“Again ye sleep! Well, sleep on now!
 The spirit wills in vain;
 The flesh is weak, and strife will be
 Long ere ye rest again.

“Ay, sleep — yet now arise — for lo!
 The traitor’s step is nigh;
 As sheep ye scatter! Father. — God!
 Arm me with strength to die!”

RELIGIOUS MEMOIRS.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

PITY the poor people who have no blessed religious memories, who bear with them no fragrance of the bloom of piety! They never learnt “Our Father” at a mother’s knee; they never stood to listen at the closet-door, where they heard a low, sweet voice pleading for them in prayer! They never heard a deeper voice call over their names to God, at the morning or the evening worship! They never wept on a mother’s bosom at the story of the Saviour, were never happy when she told them he forgave their little faults! They never read sweet memories of good little children, or felt their hearts expand from the perusal of the lives of godly men! They never longed to be missionaries, and tell the story of the cross “on Greenland’s icy mountain, or India’s coral strand!” They never sat in the dear old meeting-house, on the sunny Sabbath mornings of the summer, and looked out of the window at the blue sky, and the still, green trees, or tried to listen to the good pastor’s teachings, and “remember the text,” to repeat at home! They never strayed o’ Sunday noons into the silent city, to read the inscriptions on the tombstones, and think of loved ones buried there! They never went to Sunday school and sang, “There is a happy land,” and repeated every week just six verses from the sweet gospel of John; never went to Bible class and learned, “What is the chief end of man!” They never sat in the little country choir, and sang those blessed old tunes that, among all the new music of the new collections,

come down to us to-day and are just as good as ever; those tunes which, with the sweet and solemn words accompanying, bore the soul away to worship at the gates of glory, or set them to searching its deep recesses to see if it were really “new!” They never went to the evening prayer meeting, and heard the white-headed Christians tell the worth of religion, and the young converts their new-found joy; never joined their childish voices in the “Come, thou fount of every blessing,” or the “Lord dismiss us!” Their youthful hearts never felt the arrows of conviction, and the blessedness of their withdrawal by the hand of Christ, — the first sweet blessedness of perfect peace in God! They never had some consecrated “bower of prayer,” where their feet often hastened to meet the Saviour they had chosen!

Pity them, — they are very poor. They have been robbed of one of the dearest of life’s blessings, a child’s undoubting, loving faith in God.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man’s life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all our hostility.

I have frequently seen men and women of superior culture and extraordinary intellect eclipsed in conversation by one whose talk was made up of delightful nothings strung on the merest *ravelling of a thought!*

Housekeeper's Department.

RECIPE FOR A CORN CAKE.

BY THE INVALID.

A SMALL piece of butter, (the size of an egg,)
Be sure 'tis the nicest and sweetest, I beg,
One cup of brown sugar, from lumps sifted
free,
Mix well in your basin as quick as can be.

One cup of sweet milk, then, you'll add with
all these,
One teaspoon of soda, dissolved, if you please,
One egg, lightly beaten, of flour one half-pint,
Of meal, bright and yellow, the true Indian
tint,
One pint, of cream-tartar one teaspoonful
too,

And all these ingredients together, will do
To make for your breakfast as luscious a cake
As ever a housewife in oven did bake.

CHAPTER ON EGGS.

"Preserved eggs," says Cobbet, "are things to run *from*, not *after*." Perhaps so, perhaps not, as the case may be. At any rate, many articles of cookery, which cannot be made without eggs, are not things to run from. A large portion of the eggs brought to market during winter, are certainly displeasing enough, quite unsalable *as eggs*, but only *not offensive* to the smell. They are saved from putrefaction by immersion in lime water, to which salt is added by some housewives. When wanted, they are fished out of the tub, wiped and sometimes rubbed with a little sand to give them a fresh-looking roughness to the shell.

Cooks say they answer their purpose; but it is assuredly worth while to try for something better.

The three following are cheap and easy modes of preserving eggs for culinary use.

No. 1. — Pack the eggs in an upright water-tight cask, with their small ends down. Take eight quarts of unslacked lime, one half pound of common salt, two ounces of

cream-tartar; mix in water so as to bear up an egg with its top just above the surface; pour the mixture into the cask containing the eggs, and they will keep sound and good for two years.

No. 2. — Pack the eggs in an upright earthen vessel or tub, with their small ends down. Melt and strain a quantity of cheap tallow or lard, and pour, while warm, not hot, over the eggs in the jar until they are completely covered. When all is cold and firm, set this vessel in a cool, dry place until required for use. After the eggs are taken out, the grease need not be wasted, as it will serve for making soap or many other household uses.

No. 3. — Pack the eggs in common salt, with small ends down, and they will keep tolerably good for eight or nine months.

It has been stated by Reaumur, who is high authority, that clear and unfertile eggs will keep good longer than those that would be productive; but it is doubtful whether the difference is so great as to make it justifiable keeping the hens in a melancholy widowhood on this account.

HOW TO KEEP EGGS A YEAR.

It has been an interesting question, and one that has been argued and experimented on from the earliest history of the world to the present day, namely, the best, cheapest, and safest mode of putting up eggs to keep good the greatest length of time. Nearly every farmer has experimented on it more or less, and the longest I have ever heard of eggs being kept was six months, I believe.

But I think I have struck a plan (or rather the hen struck it) that will settle the question for all practical purposes. The discovery was in this wise:—

Over a year ago I had some hens laying in a hollow gum, filled or nearly full of unleached ashes; the gum was upset by accident, and I paid no further attention to it, until I needed some ashes this spring in making mortar. In taking the ashes off the

ground at the end of the gum, I dug out four eggs that had been lain there one year ago; they were perfectly sound and good. We used one immediately after finding them, and kept the others four weeks and then used them, and found that they were as good as if they had not been laid a week. There is no doubt that these eggs were laid in the unleached ashes, previous to the gum being upset, over one year ago; the upsetting covered them with ashes, which were leached in the course of time by the weather. Let some of our readers try this, and satisfy themselves that eggs can be kept fresh and good one year. I am trying the experiment with a larger lot, and will let you know if it succeeds at the proper time. — *Genessee Farmer*.

PICKLING RIPE CUCUMBERS—GOOD.

At our request, Mrs. S. Gooding, Niagara county, N. Y., furnishes for the Agriculturist the following direction for a preparation of cucumbers, which is pronounced extra good by several of our acquaintances who have tried them:—

Take ripe cucumbers when yellow, but not soft, pare and remove seeds, cut lengthwise into quarters, or, if they are very large, cut into pieces smaller than quarters; put into a kettle with just water enough to cover them, adding a handful of salt, or enough to make a weak brine; boil until cooked through, but not soft, (a little alum added will harden the pickles;) take out and drain well from the brine; place them in stoneware or glass jars, and cover with a syrup made by boiling a quart of vinegar with four pounds of sugar, skimming it clear. Spice, by boiling in the syrup, clove, and cinnamon tied in a bag. Cover the jar and set aside in a cool place, and they will keep well through the year. — *American Ag.*

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO DRY SWEET CORN.—Cut the corn from the cob; place upon the tins and put it in the oven; stir, to keep from scorching. After it is thoroughly scalded, set it in the sun to dry. After it is perfectly dried, tie it up in sacks, and put away for winter use.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—To a peck of

green tomatoes, add three medium-sized red peppers. Chop them fine, and place in a deep dish alternate layers of tomatoes and salt; let them remain twelve hours, and then squeeze the mass dry, and put down in jars layers of the tomatoes, and ground allspice and cloves.

Boil the vinegar, and when cold pour it over the mass, in quantity sufficient to entirely cover it.

TO EXTRACT RANCIDITY FROM BUTTER.—Take a small quantity that is wanted for immediate use: For a pound of butter, dissolve a couple of teaspoonfuls of soda in a quart of boiling water; put in the butter, mix it well with soda water, and let it remain until cold; then take it off carefully and put a teaspoonful of salt into it. Butter melted in this manner will be found to answer admirably for cooking.

TO PROTECT HAMS FROM FLIES AND BUGS.—Grind some black pepper fine, and put in a box, and as soon as the hams are thoroughly smoked, take them down and sprinkle the pepper over the raw part, and hang them again in the smoke-house. No fly or bug will touch them.

GOLD AND SILVER CAKE.—One coffee-cup of sugar; one and one half of flour; the whites of four eggs; one for frosting; one half teacup of butter; one half cup of milk; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; one half teaspoonful of soda. For Gold Cake, use the above recipe, only use yolks.

VIRTUES OF COAL OIL.—Coal oil is said to be a sure destroyer of bedbugs. Apply plentifully with a brush or feather to the place where they do most congregate. The cure is effectual and permanent. Gilt frames, chandeliers, &c., rubbed lightly over with coal oil, will not be disturbed by flies.

A chemist of Lyons announces that the coloring matter of any tree may be known by the color of its fruit; and advises the boiling of the bark with lime in water, when a precipitate will be formed of the same color as its fruit. Several of the new vegetable dyes have been discovered by this simple process.

BUTTER made in September and October is the best for winter use.

Boys and Girls Corner.



BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

BY DELIA DAYTON.

"O DEAR, 'tis too bad!" said Charley Hall, as he came into the room where his mother was busily engaged in sewing, and threw himself on an ottoman, while his usually pleasant countenance bore evident traces of vexation and disappointment.

"What is the trouble, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Hall, in her gentle and affectionate manner.

"Trouble enough, I should think. I have just come from pa's office and he says we cannot go to uncle Dean's to-morrow. I have

thought so much of having that nice ride he promised us, and of the pleasant visit I was to have with cousin Walter, that it is hard to give it up now, and wait a week longer."

"I am sorry, Charley, to see you make yourself so unhappy. One week will very soon pass away, and I think we shall have a very pleasant time *then*; more so, perhaps, than if we were to go *now*."

"Why ma, I can't help feeling unhappy, and out of patience too. I don't see why pa can't just as well go this week, as to wait, and

wait, and never go," and the little boy's voice and manner evinced a very unamiable mood, which much grieved his kind mother, and she replied —

"Your father is providentially hindered from leaving home at present. I too, had looked forward with pleasure to our anticipated visit with my brother's family, at their delightful summer residence, but as we are prevented from going, is it right, my dear child, for us to feel unreconciled and to complain of the allotments of our heavenly Father, who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind? I have long since learned that it is *safe* ever to trust in his overruling care. Often, when my most cherished schemes have failed, have I afterwards found that, had my own plans succeeded, the result would have proved most disastrous. I doubt not that our present disappointment will contribute in some way to our advantage, and that we shall see that it is all for the best.

"I don't know about that," said Charley as he rose and walked the room. "I wish, though, I could think it is for the best," he added, in a more thoughtful manner.

Mrs. Hall then requested her son to go to the garden and select the most beautiful flowers he could find, for a bouquet.

Soon after, returning with a fine collection of flowers, the boy arranged them very tastefully in a large vase, and stood gazing upon them with a glow of pleasure on his countenance, evidently delighted with their exquisite beauty and rich perfume. "How lovely!" he exclaimed at length.

"Yes, Charles, very lovely. What an endless variety of beautiful objects in nature are spread out before us. And how many ways our Creator has provided to administer to our happiness, as well as to our more immediate wants. This should convince us not only of his infinite wisdom, but of his wonderful goodness and benevolence. Then should we not confide in him, whose overruling providence and watchful care is over us continually?"

Charley remained silent a moment, while a tear stood in his large blue eye,—then answered with a tremulous voice, "I know ma, I have done wrong to get out of patience so, and to talk as I did, but I am very *sorry*,

and will try to be a better boy." Thus the few words of instruction *now* imparted were more effectual than all the mother's previous remarks when her child was not in a state of mind to receive advice or admonition.

When Mr. Hall came home to tea, soon after this, he was surprised to see Charley so cheerful, and remarked to him, "I regret, my son, that we are obliged to defer our visit, as it is a disappointment to you, but I trust you will be reconciled to it."

"It will all come around right yet, I think," said the little boy with a cheerful smile.

"When I was young," said Mr. Hall, "I had but little courage to bear up under misfortunes, until I was taught a lesson I shall never forget. When about your age, Charley, I went quite a distance from home to spend several months with a near relative. I was quite contented and happy at first, but at length I became quite homesick, and longed very much to return. About two weeks before father was to come for me, we received a call from an uncle and aunt, who were going directly to my home on a visit to my parents.

"It was accordingly arranged that I was to accompany them, and I was very much elated with the idea of going home.

"Although we were to start the next day, yet the time seemed long before we could step aboard the steamer which was to bear us over the beautiful waters of the lake, to my beloved friends. That evening, however, while at play with other boys, I fell from a slight elevation and sprained my wrist. This soon became very painful, which added to my anxiety, rendered me quite ill, and the next morning I was unable to go; and when my friends took their leave, I felt that my disappointment was greater than I could bear. My wicked heart rebelled when I thought of my calamity, and this rendered me very unhappy. At length, the sad and startling intelligence was received, that the boat on which my uncle and aunt had taken passage, was the same day destroyed by fire, and nearly all on board had perished, and they among the number. They were seen to leap from the burning deck, hand in hand into the waves below, choosing to find a watery grave, rather than suffer death by the

devouring flames. This mournful event produced an effect on my mind which will never be effaced from my memory, and while I deeply lamented their sad fate, I trust I felt grateful to the Giver of every blessing for his overruling power in my preservation from a terrible death,—and with shame and sorrow did I reflect that I had been so unwilling to confide in his care, as my dear mother had ever taught me to do. I had learned the beautiful passages in the Bible, ‘Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee,’ and ‘casting all your care on him, for he careth for you.’ Although I had repeated them only the day before I left home, yet I had become unmindful alike of my mother’s faithful instruction and my duty. But now, I realized my sin and folly, and that the very circumstance I had regarded as so great a calamity, proved but a signal display of the kind protecting care of our heavenly Father. And

I trust this lesson has not been altogether in vain. Often since that time, when God’s providences in my case have appeared adverse or mysterious, have I been led to exclaim, in the language of the Bible, ‘This also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful [in counsel and excellent in working.]’”

Some weeks had elapsed since the conversation just narrated. Charley Hall was walking in the garden with his mother for the first time since their return home from his uncle’s. Observing a bouquet she had just gathered, his mind immediately reverted to her former instruction, and remarked, “O, I am so glad that we did not take our journey when pa first talked of going, are you not ma?”

“Yes, my son, for many reasons, and I am grateful that we were providentially hindered from going when we wished to do so. Now we are all convinced that our disappointment was a blessing in disguise.”

“DON’T CLIMB IN BEFORE THE WHEELS.”

BY R. M. SARGENT.

A KIND farmer came along with his hay-rigging on two cart wheels and gave the children the privilege of riding. As they ran out, and begun to clamber up the sides, he cautioned them, and taught them how to get in carefully; and, lest the oxen should start, he said, “Don’t climb in before the wheels.” If they were behind the wheels, and should fall out, they would not be so liable to be injured.

This I thought was a good lesson. One of the first things for the farmers to teach the boys is, not to get in before the wheels. And it is a lesson which all need to learn. When a boy aspires to be a man before his time, and assumes importance and pompous airs, he is getting before the wheels. When a young man enters a gambling saloon and follows bad company, he is before the wheels, and will surely be crushed, unless he escapes with great haste. When a youth in moderate circumstances sports a gold watch, wears

broadcloth and kid gloves every day, and indulges in other expensive habits, he is before the wheels. When a young lady dashes out beyond her means, and tries to appear as if her father was more wealthy [than he is, or when she accepts the company of dashing strangers, and receives attentions from the unworthy, she is before the wheels.

When a married couple of medium wealth commence life in an expensive style, with high rent, costly furniture and elegant articles, they are in danger of falling under the wheels. When men aspire to positions that they are unprepared for, when novices pretend to be experts, when men unskilled in war get before tried generals, or the unlearned aim above their mark, they are getting in the way of the wheels.

Children, don’t climb in before the wheels. Don’t take the places which belong to those older than yourselves. Don’t put yourselves

near temptation, nor stand in places where there is enticement to do wrong. A little boy one day climbed forward to the tongue of the cart, and touched one of the oxen. The team started suddenly, and he fell under the cart, the wheel passed over him, and he only rose to cry out once to his sister, and dropped down and died. He was a beautiful, noble, and promising boy, the hope of his widowed

mother, but he died suddenly on account of his carelessness.

There are dangers and temptations which will roll over you, and crush you, unless you are careful to keep out of their way. Learn, then, the lesson from the honest and careful farmer, and "don't climb in before the wheels."



ALEXANDRE, DAVID.

WILDGROVE CAROLLINGS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

CAROL X.—OCTOBER.

In wiry garb of russet hue,
With trimmings crispy, dull, and few,

Another king is duly crowned ;
His sober brow is loosely bound
With faded leaves and withered flowers,
The relics of earth's fairest bowers.

We bow to grave October's sway,
For he's our monarch crowned to-day ;

With stately air and solemn tread
He marches forth, our Royal Head;
His sceptre grasps with eager hand,
And sternly issues each command.

His frosted breath chills every breeze;
And mournful strains sound 'mid the trees,
While hung in masses o'er his head
Black clouds for canopies are spread,
And oft from out their treasured store
Fierce winds and rains in torrents pour.

Yet not all frowns is our new king,
The smiles he gives we gladly sing;
He deigns to grant some golden days
When Indian Summer's mellow haze
Wraps earth and sky in softened hue,
As if fair August came anew.

He bears the clusters of the vine
And sips the unfomented wine,
Presses each white and purple cup
And drinks its juicy off'ring up;
His presence crowns the husking-bee
Where golden ears are tossed in glee.

The hanging nuts of ripened brown,
He loves to see come rattling down
Where children wait with sparkling eyes,
Eager to catch each tempting prize;
A carol for October's reign,
A welcome to his courtly train.

CULLED FLOWERS. CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep,
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

Oh! make me rest
Within thy breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

LITTLE DANDELION.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

LITTLE Bud Dandelion

Hears from her nest, —
"Merry-heart, starry-eye,
Wake from your rest!"
Wide ope the emerald lids;
Robins above, —
Wise little Dandelion
Smiles at his love.

Cold lie the daisy banks,
Clad but in green,
Where in the Mays agone
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering,
Violets delay, —
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dries the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high, —
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye!

Dead little Dandelion
In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
Call from the cloud.
Tiny plumes fluttering
Make no delay,
Little winged Dandelion
Soareth away.

DIED.

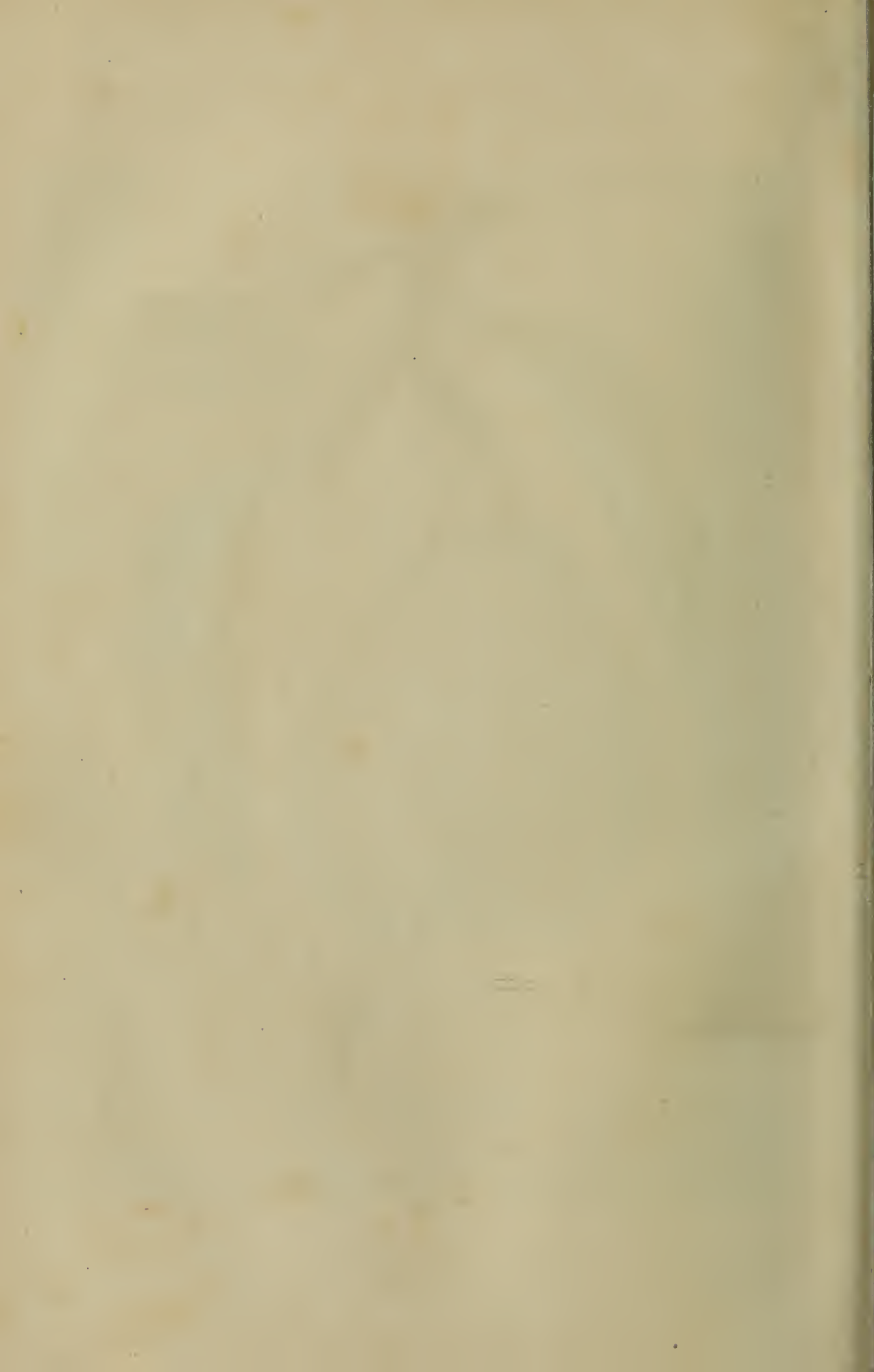
In Franklin, Mass., Sept 15, Emery Davis, son of
Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, aged 5 years.



SATURDAY NIGHT.



BUFFUM PEAR.



MY NEW ENGLAND HOME.

WORDS BY MRS. A. S. WILLEY, of Dwight Mission, Cherokee Nation.—MUSIC BY E. F. BAKER.
Andante Espressivo.

1. Sweet home of my childhood! For thee I repine, Blest spot where my fondest affections entwine! I long to behold thee, dear

land of my birth, To sit as of old at my Parent's loved hearth, And hear once again the old church-going bell; A -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andante Espressivo'. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first line of the lyrics and the beginning of the melody. The second system contains the second line of the lyrics and continues the melody. The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef and consists of dense, flowing chords and arpeggios. There are several dynamic markings, including 'Cres.' (Crescendo) and 'Cresc.' (Crescendo). The score ends with a double bar line.

MY NEW ENGLAND HOME. Concluded.

las for my kindred ! How many a knell Has tolled year by year since an exile I've strayed From home where in childhood I hap-pi-ly played.

Cres. **Ritard.** **Tempo.** **Col voce.**

2 My heart's ever panting to visit once more
 Thy green sloping hill-sides, thy sea-beaten shore,
 To climb thy rough mountains and drink at the rills
 Where ice from their dark rocky caverns distils
 A nectar more sparkling than gods ever knew,
 Refreshing with coolness, and limpid as dew,
 'Twas there 'neath the shade of thy evergreen pine
 Sweet visions I cherished half seeming divine.

3 The West may outvie thee, may boast of a soil,
 More richly rewarding the husbandman's toil,
 May tell of broad Prairies all spangled with flowers,
 Of wide spreading Forests, fair glades and sweet bowers,
 Yet rugged New England there's *life* in thy *name*,
 That burns in my bosom like long hidden flame ;
 A spell round thy hearth stones, a magical charm
 Which nought in the wide world can ever disarm.

4 Dear home of the Pilgrims ! my own Fatherland !
 Thy glory unrivalled forever shall stand,
 Thou cradle of Liberty ! mother of those
 Who battled for Freedom and vanquished her foes,
 Who feeble, yet fearless, unflinchingly stood
 In front of the battle dyed deeply in blood.
 God bless thee New England, and smile on thee still,
 With goodness still crown thee, and guard thee from ill.

5 Oh ! could I but once be permitted to gaze
 On landscapes my fancy so fondly portrays !
 And view the old church yard, the moss-covered stones
 That guard the repose of my ancestors' bones !
 And drink from the old oaken bucket once more,
 That hung in the well near my grandfather's door,
 Where long, long ago when a light hearted child,
 Gay, beautiful day-dreams my spirit beguiled.

OLD MR. HONEST.

BY REV. J. M. MANNING.

IN tracing the way of pilgrims to the Celestial City, we naturally begin at the point which is farthest from that city. And this point is not the City of Destruction, according to Bunyan; for, if we turn over to the second part of his Allegory, we shall find mention made of the town of Stupidity, several degrees more distant. From that place even there are a few pilgrims, whom Christiana and her companions fall in with along the road; and it is one of these, named after Bunyan's quaint but shrewd fashion, *Old Mr. Honest*, whom I propose for our study in this paper.

The name of the man is the key to his character. He was an *honest* person, in the common and prosaic sense of the word. In fact, he is depicted as a rather prosaic character, — not much brilliancy in him, but stanch, reliable, truthful. He is the representative of that class of Christians who have never been openly and outrageously wicked; who, even before their regeneration, were upright and orderly citizens. This man was called Mr. Honest before he set out on his pilgrimage, and by this title he still was designated all through the journey.

It should be borne in mind, in order to see the real design of this character, that the hero of the First Part comes from the City of Destruction; while Mr. Honest comes from the town of Stupidity. Now these two places stand for the two extremes of human society, — that is, the wealthy and the poor, the moral and the vicious, respectable men and thieves, the refined and the vulgar. If I may be allowed to use a local phrase, without any offence to either side,

Bunyan meant, by the town of Stupidity and the City of Destruction, what we mean when we say, "Beacon Street and North Street;" what the New Yorker means when he says, "Fifth Avenue and Five Points;" what the Londoner means when he says, "Picadilly and Bridewell." Please to observe that "Stupidity" is a *town* only, while the other place, — "Destruction," namely, — is a *city*. Perhaps the wise old dreamer meant, by this nomenclature, to remind us of the fact that the wretched class vastly outnumber the decent and respectable. More people live in hovels than in elegant mansions; the educated and well-to-do in the world, are only a handful beside the swarming paupers.

We shall see, as we proceed, the relative importance which Bunyan attached to these extremes of society; what character he represents as coming from the small town of Stupidity, and what as coming from the great city of Destruction; how much of Christian heroism he brings out of the down-trodden class, and how much out of the more elevated class to which Mr. Honest belonged.

We must not infer, from the name "Stupidity," that the people of that place were a dull and moping set of beings. The word is used in the religious sense. Bunyan means only that worldly people, who are at the same time moral and prosperous, are very indifferent to the divine claims. The hardest man for Christian truth to get at, is just your busy worldling, — respected by his neighbors, and in haste to be rich or famous. Religious entreaties glide from him, like rain-drops from the wing of a

water-fowl. The warnings and threatenings of Jehovah rebound from him, like bullets and arrows from the scales of the crocodile. He is overwhelmed with other business, and self-satisfied. Looking at him from the standpoint of the world, none is more wide-awake, none more active and adventurous. It is only as viewed by the angels, from the position of his immortal interests, that he is chargeable with stupidity. His mind is closed up to the things which are unseen and eternal. The endless life, the worth and destiny of his soul, the glorious truths of the kingdom of God, — to all this he is as dull and insensible as though he were a dead man. This is the stupidity which our author deprecates, and which is to be found, rather than elsewhere, among respectable worldly people. Their thoughts are pre-occupied; their time is engaged to fashion, business, pleasure, fame. The sin of this upper class is not foul and outbreaking vice, but so much of earth that heaven cannot get any effectual hold upon them. As we look on them they are stirring and useful citizens; as Bunyan, standing by the side of Christ, looked at them, they are thoughtless even to stupidity. This, then, is the moral, unreligious circle from which Mr. Honest, and a few others named in connection with him, set out on pilgrimage. But to his picture as Bunyan has drawn it.

1. Christiana and her company fall in with him first, when well on in their journey. Not at the Slough of Despond, not at the Wicket Gate, not at the Interpreter's House; but far beyond all these, after the Hill Difficulty has been climbed, after much varied and useful wayfaring, after the passage of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, — not till one of the last stages of their Pilgrimage do they meet with Honest. This circumstance, — trifling as it may seem, and whether designed or not by the writer, — suggests a well-known fact. Christians from the two

extremes of life — from the town of Stupidity and the City of Destruction — are not wont to know much of each other till near the end of the journey. You may notice, in a revival, how hard it is to bring them together in appearance even. They are repelled from each other almost unconsciously, and sometimes, no doubt, innocently. The kind of meeting which suits one class, is disagreeable to the other. If they worship in a social manner within the same walls, there will be a tendency for them to divide and occupy different parts of the room. If a prayer meeting is begun, it will gradually fall into the hands of one extreme and be deserted by the other. Thus they set out; bound together by the same covenant, yet in reality strangers. It is later in life; when Providence has brought them nearer the same level; when the rich have been made poor by misfortune, or the poor have fortunately overtaken the rich; when they all have been disappointed, bereft of friends, troubled and tossed up and down in the world, till their earthly distinctions begin to be eclipsed by the joys of their common Christian hope, — then it is, as we know from observation, that they begin to find out, love, and cleave unto one another. They bless the affliction, the sorrow, which has lessened the space between them. They are ashamed of themselves that they lived so long, — members of the same church, and sitting in adjacent pews, — without frequent brotherly communion. Mr. Great-Heart — the pastor, that is, — leads on his little company, plucked all reeking with vileness from the City of Destruction; and he has the pleasure — that unspeakable joy of a pastor's heart — to see a few pilgrims from the other social extreme, — persons of dainty origin in the town of Stupidity, — drawing near, and joining paternally with his lowly flock, when at length the heavenly glory has begun to brighten just before them.

2. The travellers find Mr. Honest under an oak-tree "fast asleep." How true Bunyan is to his own description! How exact to human nature! This man, from the well-to-do and respected class of worldlings, has not lost his instincts. He is passive still in religious things, — "fast asleep," needing some one to stir him up constantly, — though wakeful enough, no doubt, in secular affairs. Observe that he is not found in the king's highway till after the prime of life. He is already *old* Mr. Honest. How true to the fact this is! The quickest world's people — all awake to business or politics, but stupid to religion, — are apt not to become Christians till late in life. Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, if real converts at all, were instances of this. How many merchants we have known, with Christian wives, perhaps, who, after much coaxing, came forward and joined the church, their heads already beginning to whiten for the grave! It is old Mr. Honest over again. They are sincere penitents, and truthful as they ever have been; yet rather sluggish. Not sluggish in regard to the more external and pecuniary matters of the church, but respecting its inward and spiritual interests. Mr. Great-Heart went up to Honest, says our author, and "awaked him; and the old gentleman," — *gentleman*, you will perceive, — "as he lifted up his eyes, cried out, What's the matter? Who are you, and what is your business here?" Now there is a volume of truth in this single touch of Bunyan's pencil. These respectable worldly people, who do not show themselves on the Lord's side till late in life, have to be waked up very often. If there is a revival of religion all about them, they know nothing of it unless aroused. Mr. Great-Heart has to be stirring them up, and perhaps irritating them a little continually. If he wishes anything done in the Sunday School; if he desires more life in the prayer meeting; if

he would see his people going out to toil among outcasts, they are asleep to all such wishes. He preaches in general terms, and throws out hints delicately; but this does no good. And when he comes up to them at last, and shouts in their ears, and perhaps gives them a few hard thumps withal, they only rub their eyes, and say, "What do you want? what's the matter?" This is about as far as you can get them, in any new plan of usefulness, unless you carry them forward by main strength. It is a literal truth that the pastor, sometimes, in order that a good work may be done, puts all the credit of it on these Honests, just to keep them willing while he does the work himself unnoticed; as you may see several large ships coming up the bay, making a splendid appearance, every one of which would stand still or drift the other way but for the small invisible steamer which forces them forward.

But Mr. Honest was a true child of God; and therefore with these deficiencies he possessed corresponding excellences. The law of compensations, so manifest in Providence, may also be traced in Christian character. Our faults are nearly allied to our virtues. Mr. Honest was not adventurous and self-reliant; he was never ready for new Christian work; he had not an inventive, go-ahead turn of mind; but he had other graces which we love to recognise. He was modest. When Great-Heart called him by name he blushed, and said, "Honest is my name; I wish that my nature may agree to what I am called." Here, then, is goodness, with entire absence of conceit. Let this be set down to the credit of the class represented by Mr. Honest. It is not always true that upright worldlings, coming to Christ late in life, have this humility; their humbleness may be affected to escape irksome duties. But occasionally there is one really meek-hearted, who will avoid a friend to escape flattery, who wishes not to hear of his

worldly morality, who mourns over his wasted years, and who does, in very deed, esteem himself the least of all saints.

Though not a positive and helpful Christian, Mr. Honest has great docility. He loves to be instructed, as you may see in the narrative. If Mr. Great-Heart, and the Pilgrims with him, will only talk, he is perfectly content to keep near and listen. Still, a representative man! His type of piety has not disappeared from the world; we can find it to-day in every community. Old Mr. Honest survives; he is the man who goes to all the prayer meetings, and never takes a part in them; the man who asks you privately not to call on him, for he cannot possibly speak or pray in public; the man who comes in with a joyous face, to the "preparatory lecture," and to lectures on Pilgrim's Progress; but who is very shy in all meetings where the brethren are expected to do their portion. Not a fault-finder; not a busybody; always respectful, and perfectly manageable, provided he is never required to do anything.

The main trait in Mr. Honest's character, —that which gives him his name, —is continually coming into sight. He does not pretend to be anything more than he is; all his remarks about places or persons are unexaggerated, guileless, and kind. In regard to the class in society from which he comes, he frankly owns its faults. He says, in these very words, "I came from the town of Stupidity; it lieth about four degrees beyond the city of Destruction." That is, respectable sinners are many leagues farther away from the kingdom of God than the lower classes. He has seen that there is more pride, more worldliness, more prejudice, more of the giddiness and whirl of fashion along the heights, than in the depths of society. It is not till the prodigal finds himself clothed in rags, that he arises and goes to his father. "Cleanliness," says

the apostle, "is next to godliness." So near it often as to be mistaken for it; those who are morally and socially clean are not apt to learn their need of yet further purifying. The polished surface is a hard surface. While it is warm in the deep valleys, and the flowers are springing and blooming, the mountain summits are still cold and frosty,—piles of snow and ice lifted into the mid-summer sky. "I have often wondered," says Great-Heart to Honest, "that any should come from your place, for your town is worse than the city of Destruction itself." "Yes," is the candid reply, "we live more off from the sun, and so are more cold and senseless. But were a man in a mountain of ice," he continues, gratefully, "yet if the Sun of Righteousness will arise upon him, his frozen heart shall feel a thaw, and thus it has been with me." Then Mr. Honest was introduced to the other Pilgrims. And when he learned that one of them was the wife of Christian, of whom he had heard a great deal, "the old gentleman was so taken that he skipped, he smiled, he blessed them with a thousand good wishes." And then he launched out into an enthusiastic eulogium on Christian,—"his faith, his courage, his enduring, and his sincerity under all." From which he turned to Christian's four boys,—Matthew, Samuel, Joseph, and James,—telling them how thankful they ought to be for such a father, and how careful to be like him. All true to the life! Old Mr. Honest could admire heroism, though he could not be a hero himself. How many Honest's there are in the world! Timid, passive creatures themselves; yet forever revelling amid the mighty deeds of Christians who have got safely into heaven! A live hero terrifies them,—is a mad, hair-brained fellow, who seems bent on producing a general chaos; but no sooner is he well into his coffin than straightway they fall to praising him. The children of them that kill the

prophets honor those same prophets with costly sepulchres. When Christian the First, from the City of Destruction, falls in with a set of Honests who do not comprehend him, who are afraid of his rash venturing, and holding him back, and continually saying, "Keep quiet, keep quiet," let him dare to disobey them,—appealing to the sober second-thought of these same Mr. Honests. They will turn to and say that they knew all along that he was right, when the smoke has rolled away from the battlefield, and they can think over his triumphs without fearing that something dreadful is about to happen. There are men going over the country now, delivering panegyrics on the great characters of Revolutionary fame; whereas, should they meet those same heroes in actual life, they would run as from the disturbers and troublers of mankind.

Several other pilgrims from the town of Stupidity—all the near acquaintances of Mr. Honest—are mentioned, to whom I may introduce you another time. They partake, almost without an exception, of the faults of Mr. Honest; are rather passive, rather slow, quite easily frightened, needing constantly to be led, and alternately lashed and petted. On the whole, they do not seem equal in merit to the pilgrims from the City of Destruction. This, no doubt, is the impression our author wishes to give his readers. Bunyan's mind may have been warped a little by his education; perhaps his circumstances did not allow him to see the best specimens of Christians from the upper ranks of society; yet I think we must admit, after making generous exceptions, that his idea was nearly correct. It is true, much oftener than we could wish, that converts from the decent and fashionable world are no great addition to the strength of the church. The more sterling and working members, in any broad survey, are from the humble walks of life. These constitute the

real wealth,—not that which dazzles the world's eye most, yet the *real wealth*,—of the kingdom of Christ. On these, as both Bunyan and Paul teach, and as daily experience admonishes us, on these we should bestow the *more* abundant honor. The nomenclature of the text is not very flattering to either class. The decent outside of one extreme is recognised, and the degradation of the other not concealed; yet it is evident that the people of the town of Stupidity, and of the City of Destruction are alike in a sad plight as God views them, though the former are represented as worse off than the latter. They are "four degrees" farther from the Celestial City; and when brought into the narrow way, they do not exhibit the manlier traits of character, but are timid, shrinking, effeminate. It is remarkable that Bunyan does not leave them, as he does Christian, Hopeful, and Faithful—of the First Part—to fight their own way forward. But he puts them in with a company of women and children, under the leadership of Mr. Great-Heart, who watches around them continually, and vanquishes their enemies for them. It is still true, as it probably always will be, that pilgrims from the sleek town are wanting in positiveness and self-reliance. They naturally affiliate with the weaker portion of God's people. They can do but little without a leader; they require much tender treatment, wish to be shielded from rude assaults, and to be ministered unto constantly in the gentlest manner.

The death of Mr. Honest is touchingly painted. There comes a post into the town, and delivers him these lines: "Thou art commanded to be ready against this day sevensnight, to present thyself before thy Lord at his Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, all the daughters of music shall be brought low." Mr. Honest called together his friends; but

told them that he had no will to make. When the day came for him to go over, the river overflowed its banks in some places; but he had been careful to speak to a certain Good-Conscience to meet him there; and, with the aid of that personage, who lent him a helping hand, he got safely to the other side. His last words were, "Grace reigns!" And so he left the world.

But he made no will. How expressive this simple phrase! It reminds us that Mr. Honest, though he worked out his own salvation, did but little toward the saving of

any others. No good result of his life remained, in any tangible shape, to prove that he had been a Christian disciple. The world was but little better, the church of the Redeemer on earth was hardly benefited at all by his pilgrimage. It is the sad feature in his career, that when he comes to go over the river, to enter upon his own glorious and everlasting inheritance, he has no will to make; no record of brave Christian labor, which may remain to bless the world, and to cheer on other pilgrims coming after him.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

SEE ENGRAVING.

IN some respects, Saturday night is the most important night of the week. As in the engraving, it foreshadows the coming Sabbath; it tells what kind of a Sabbath is kept in the family. This family is preparing for holy time, that they may keep it according to the direction of the Scriptures, a copy of which we see upon the table. The baking, cleaning, and all other necessary work has been done, and last, though not least, the children come in for their share of thorough ablution. The little fellow who is undergoing such a scrubbing may dread this weekly ordeal through which he is compelled to pass, but he submits to it with becoming filial trust, knowing that in his mother's creed, which is about right, "cleanliness is a part of godliness." He understands that clean boys and girls, physically and morally, are the only ones who keep the Lord's day.

Now, it is not difficult to tell how this family will keep the Sabbath. The preparations of Saturday night indicate all we wish to know on this point. They mean to have a quiet, thoughtful holyday. All work that can be done is accomplished with special

reference to the divine requirement. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," is the plain language of this Saturday-night scene.

Another thing. How excellent must be the impression of this preparation for the Sabbath on the minds of children! They see that the Sabbath is made the best and holiest of days by thus preparing for it on Saturday night. It is different from all other days. If they ask why this preparation, they learn that Sunday is the Lord's day, to be kept holy to his praise. So, as often as Saturday evening comes, and they witness this necessary preparation, they are impressed with the sacredness of the day. Even though parents utter not a word in regard to the character of the day, this preparation proclaims it as clearly as language itself. There is instruction, persuasion, and commandment in all this energy, care, and toil to give the Sabbath a cordial welcome. Saturday night is the porch of Sunday, and it is well to make children understand it by suitable preparation.

MY FATHER'S PICTURE.

M. A. OSGOOD.

AND thou art with the dead! how have I gazed
 On this loved relic of departed days,
 Till my heart swelled with its unuttered grief,
 And sought, in burning tears, a sad relief.
 My father! by that unforgotten word
 How the deep fountains of my heart are stirred;
 And in each pictured grace before me now,
 In cheek and lip, bright eye, and polished brow,
 How well can memory, faithful to her trust,
 Recall the form that slumbers in the dust.
 Oh speak, my father, in thy accents mild,
 Speak once again and bless thy sorrowing child.
 Those lips, do they not breathe? oh speak, again,
 And quell the fire of this burning brain!

It may not be. 'Tis but the pictured form,
 The loved, the bright original is gone,
 And wild flowers blossom, and trees their branches
 wave,
 And birds sing sweetly, — o'er my father's grave.
 But the pure soul, won by a Saviour's love,
 Hath joined the throng of ransomed ones above.
 Sweet picture, thou shalt be to me a token
 That when the silver cord of life is broken, —
 By the deep longing for eternal rest,
 By the undying hope within my breast,
 By the bright promise to earth's mourners given,
 I'll meet thee, father, yet again, in heaven.

OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

“That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.” *Psalms* cxliv. 12.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

As plants grown up in vigorous youth,
 With healthful life and beauty crowned,
 Our sons, imbued with sacred truth,
 For manly strength shall stand renowned.
 With intellect and heart mature
 By happy firesides' Christian care,
 Life's passion-tempests they'll endure,
 Unharmed temptation's conflicts bear.

As plants proportionate in form,
 So rooted in a fertile soil,
 No sudden blasts or long-pent storm
 Their perfect symmetry despoil,
 Our sons in majesty shall rise,
 With balanced character and mind,
 Nor fear the wrath of blackest skies,
 The frenzied sweep of raging wind.

Each gale that bursts upon their head
 Shall drive their principles of *right*,
 Deeper to strike and wider spread,
 And yield a growth of nobler might, —

A growth for yonder Paradise;
 Their thrifty youth, full manhood's bloom,
 And ripened age, for that shall rise,
 And give leaf, fruitage, and perfume.

As corner-stones of purest white,
 Securely set in palace walls,
 With polishing as dazzling bright, —
 As ever shone from regal halls, —
 Our daughters, wrought by virtue's hand,
 And polished by refining grace, —
 As living corner-stones shall stand
 Where social temples find a place.

Where true religion rears her domes,
 And heavenward lifts her meaning spires,
 All fitly hewn at Christian homes,
 And *radiant* with celestial fires, —
 These daughters, corner-stones, shall bear
 With ease the massive structure's weight,
 Each shining face reflecting there
 The beauty of the *Pearly Gate*.

HOME AND SCHOOL.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

“LIKE home, like school,” says a writer; and we might add, with about as much truth, “like school, like home,” since the influence of home and school is reciprocal. A bad teacher may poison the lessons of good parents. If his example be vicious, or if corrupt sentiments drop from his lips, ten chances to one if the force of home instruction is not weakened. Children have great confidence in teachers whom they love. They are disposed to take their word upon every subject. Hence, the influence of teachers over their scholars, especially those who command the affections of their pupils, is scarcely second to that of parents themselves.

Now, suppose a teacher is profane, that is, in some circumstances, it is known that he uses profane language, although he may never utter it in hearing of his pupils. Still, they know that such language is employed by him, since such is his reputation. Is not the example of the teacher in direct conflict with parental instructions at home? How can the pupils reconcile the repeated counsels of the fireside against swearing, with this known vicious habit of their teacher? The tendency must be to diminish their abhorrence of the vice, and thus weaken the force of parental instructions, or else destroy respect for the teacher. The former will be the probable consequence, if the teacher has won the affections of his pupils.

Or, suppose he is known to use strong drink, withholding his influence from the cause of temperance, — will this counteract no instruction at home? Sons have there been taught “to touch not, taste not, handle not,” and surely, they will be justified

in the conclusion that “it is not so bad, after all, to drink, or their parents would not provide them with a teacher of this kind.” “A man so intelligent and respectable as their beloved teacher would not touch intoxicating drinks, if it were really so vicious.” Such thoughts would very naturally arise in their inquisitive minds, and here parental influence is likely to be circumscribed, if not utterly frustrated, on this important subject.

Or, let the use of tobacco be a habit of the teacher, and how very natural for children to modify their views, received at home, of this noxious weed. Through the influence of their parents, they have pledged themselves, in the Band of Hope, to touch not the pernicious thing; and if it be well and necessary for them to guard against its use, then why have their parents employed a teacher whose example is on the other side? They may not reason precisely so; but the more strongly attached they are to their instructor, the more disposed will they be to think that their parents are rather superstitious in being so afraid of tobacco. They have a very good man to instruct them, and they regard him with affection, and yet he uses tobacco! They have seen it in his mouth, and his breath has sometimes betrayed his habit. His example tends directly to make the boys and young men committed to his charge less afraid of tobacco, and thereby parental lessons are made of none effect.

Thus the influence of the school may be in direct conflict with that of home. Teachers may destroy what parents would build up. And yet, there is little or no reluctance with many parents to employ teachers who

are addicted to one of the vices named. Although it is strangely in conflict with their teachings at home, and presents a lamentable contradiction, the thing is often done. We have known profane teachers, as well as smoking and tippling teachers, neither one of whom ought to be permitted to enter the school-room. For we call all three of the aforesaid habits *evil*, — we pronounce them *vices*, — we teach our children to shun them, — and then provide them with teachers whose example sustains these vices. Was there ever greater inconsistency? Is not the practice hazardous, too? A teacher has charge of the young just when his example will exert a moulding influence upon their hearts. He has an opportunity to do more good or evil than almost any other person. Think, then, of the inconsistency and danger of appointing a man to act as an example to the young, whose daily life denies the very things that parents would teach! No! They who are addicted to any evil habits allied to the vices of the age are unfit to be set as guides and instructors of the young. Strictly, they cannot meet the moral requirements of the law; for they indulge habits that lead to vice, if the habits themselves be not actually vicious. Teachers should be pure. Their characters should be above reproach. Their conduct should be such as to challenge the closest observation. Then they are qualified to guide our children, and be themselves examples, and not till then. If profanity, and the use of strong drink and tobacco are *vices*, as the Christian would say they are, then he who indulges either is disqualified for the office of teacher.

We often wonder that the good lessons and example in some families are lost upon the children; but here we may discover one of the causes. There are a great many incidental influences operating to nullify the power of Christian homes, and the influence

of this class of teachers may be one. It is worth while to consider the subject, especially when it has to do with morals, just where morality is of highest value.

“Like home, like school,” it is said. Yes! there are two sides to this subject; no one can deny it. We have many bad schools because of bad families. The proof of it lies in a nutshell. Mark the unruly scholars, who annoy their teachers and make disturbance in schools, and nine out of every ten of them are boys who do as they please at home, — the rogues and unruly scapegraces who cause their parents anxious hours and bitter tears by their disobedience. Expel from our schools this single class of scholars, and a large proportion of our bad schools would suddenly become good; showing that the indiscriminate blame cast upon teachers is very frequently unjust. Expect a teacher to control forty or fifty scholars, and keep them in perfect order, and advance them in their studies, when ten of them, perhaps, have made bedlams of as many families! Is that considerate? Obligated to let a son do as he pleases at home, and expect that the teacher will suddenly transform him into a pattern of cheerful obedience and good manners at once! Is this right? Well, then, let us look at the subject in all its bearings, and remember that “like home, like school,” is true as the book of Genesis. To have good schools, we must have not only good teachers, but good families. Obedience at home is the best assurance of obedience in the school-room. The good boys at home are usually the good boys at school. Hence, the discipline of the family has quite as much to do with a well-ordered and successful school, as the qualifications of the best teacher. The latter cannot control and mould into comeliness some bad boys, unless he has the power of working miracles. Let his qualifications be as high as you

please, a man and his wife may send him a boy that will defy all his attempts at successful management. Nor is it strange. If one man and one woman, combining their wit and wisdom, fail to govern him, how can they expect that a stranger will make an exemplary youth of him? Oh! how some teachers have been abused!

“Like home, like school!” Write it upon the posts of thine house and on thy gates,—bind it for a sign upon thy hand, and make them frontlets between thine eyes. The truth deserves this prominence, and the prosperity of our schools demands it.

FAITH IN TIMES OF SORROW.

BY ROSE CLIFTON.

“MAN dieth and wasteth away,
And where is he?”—Hark! from the skies
I hear a voice answer and say,
“The spirit of man never dies:
His body, which came from the earth,
Must mingle again with the sod;
But his soul, which in heaven has birth,
Returns to the bosom of God.”

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

How beautiful is perfect faith and confidence! We see it in the little child as it receives the word of its mother; there is in the young face a sublime look,—for it is belief,—there is no wavering doubt. “Mother says so,” is an answer to everything, through all its youth.

We witness the beauty of faith in the bride at the altar. She places her hand in another’s for a life-long pledge,—a confidence that all the world cannot shake; she gives up her heart and life most entirely, for she believes in the truth and worth of him she receives as her husband.

We admire this entire faith; it appeals to our better nature,—it tells us there is something noble in the human heart.

But, more than all the instances of worldly faith, does the soul bow in reverence to witness the faith of the Christian believer, for it relates to the unseen and spiritual. Faith is most perfect during our early years. As we mingle with the world, and lose con-

fidence in our fellow-men, and find that our trust has been often misplaced, and as we hear the doubts and surmisings of unbelievers in Revelation, our own faith, unless we guard it well, and redouble our watchfulness and draw nearer the cross, is diminished.

Our friend, Adaline Raymond, had lost the religious faith of her girlhood, and often said she would give all the world for the perfect faith of early life in all the religious views that had been taught her by pious parents, for she had no more doubt of their truth than of her own existence; and she believed in her heart that the infidel only affected his unbelief, for she could not conceive how there could be an honest skeptic. But now she was very unhappy by the doubts that had slowly undermined her Christian faith. She looked out upon the great world, the beautiful works of nature that used to call up in her soul the liveliest emotions of adoration for the great Creator, now, with truth, and said, Can it be there is

no Supreme Head of all this harmony, beauty, and order? and upon the world of night, the starry heavens, and sighed again for the rapturous feelings with which she traced the starry constellations in her happy school days.

Father Grey was one of those godly men whose faith had ripened with the many years of life that were given him, and rejoiced in the dawn of each succeeding day as a new proof of the existence and goodness of God. Such a man is a blessing to any community, and, though nearly eighty years of age, he was as intent on doing good, and as cheerful and happy as in the days of early and middle life, when he was the model husband, father, neighbor, and active Christian. He was a welcome visitor to every house that his feeble steps entered; children blessed him and clung to his knees, and many a wayward youth listened to his gentle reproof with better resolutions for the morrow; and men and women received from him a rebuke which even the minister of the parish could not have given without offence.

It had been some time since he had seen young Mrs. Raymond, as it was quite a distance for him to walk, and he was welcomed that bright golden autumn, with both hands, and the easy-chair drawn to the pleasant open window, where the sunlight gleamed on the beauties of Golden Grove, and children at play.

After inquiries about her health, he said, "Adaline, you are very happy here, but I do not see you at church often now. I never missed your happy, earnest face a few years ago. You are not losing your first faith, are you?"

"Yes, father, that is it. I have many cares and duties, but I cannot feel as I used to. I have not such deep religious feelings, and the perfect faith."

"Then you think you have lost all faith in God, in Christ, and in revelation?"

"I cannot give it all up. O no, there is a clinging to the old love; I cannot entirely forget the joys of forgiveness, and the sweet peace in believing, but it seems more like a dream than reality. I am sorry, I mourn over it every day."

"Perhaps, my child, you have more faith than you think you have. I cannot believe that you have not a friend in need and in time of sorrow that you fly to, though you neglect him in prosperity. How is it? Tell me, did you never pray for life for yourself or for your friends?"

"Yes, I prayed very earnestly for my father, but he died, and I said, it 'was God's will,' and I tried to be reconciled, but I never could; my heart yearns for his love, and I think sometimes 'I must see him again.'"

"Yes, that is the spirit-yearnings for reunion beyond the grave, for another love. But is that all? have you never prayed as truly for anything else, that was granted?"

"O yes, in my girlhood, there was a time I shall never forget, that I looked upon death as only a few months distant. I prayed to be reconciled, for it was so hard then, in youth, with so many friends, so much to enjoy, the world so full of beauty, it seemed that I could not give it all up; then there were hearts that would bleed; my mother would be alone, for I was her only child; how lonely she would be in the old homestead, and the wealth she lavished upon me would seem useless to her, and her heart would be forever desolate. Then I remember one soft June evening, when the perfume of roses came in at the open door, of laying my hand in his to whom it had long been promised, and he said, 'how cold your hand is.' "Yes," I said, "but it will be colder."

“What do you mean, Adaline? Do you think you cannot get well?”

“I bowed my head, for I could not speak.”

“‘Oh, Adaline,’ and he bowed his head over my hand in grief.

“It was a long talk we had that summer night, but I released him from his engagement, that he might not be bound to a frail, dying being. I grew weaker; I could scarce walk through the rose-covered piazza, except by holding to the railing. I thought the flowers of another June would blossom on my grave. I received a sweet peace, and was willing to go, but my mother could not give me up. I was her all in the world, and she set out on a journey to the northern lakes, and day by day she would say that I looked a little better, and as the prairie winds of autumn fanned my cheek, I felt I might live. Then I cried to my heavenly Father for life, life,—O to restore me again to health! it was the burthen of my soul; every morning sunlight I rejoiced that I was still in this goodly world. Yes, that prayer was answered, and after two years of travel we returned to our own home among the hills, perfectly well. I was truly thankful; yes, my thoughts were full of gratitude and praise; but I had faith then, father.”

“Yes, child, and you should, for your prayer was answered; God gave you life and health, but what became of your young friend?”

“That was very sad, to find how soon he forgot me, and how blinded I was by love, and how heedless I had been of my mother’s advice, for he has since conducted himself in such a way as to lose the respect of all upright people, and his wife is a poor, unhappy woman.”

“You should thank God, my dear child, that you escaped such a sad fate. Has he been so good to you, and you have no faith in his goodness?”

“O no, father, it is not that, but I cannot realize a future life as I once did.”

“Well, there are many things we cannot understand; but now I suppose when you are in sorrow you do not go to the Saviour for consolation. How was it when your husband was sick a few years ago?”

“Yes, my old faith came back, and though I had been so far from remembering God in days of happiness, I sought him in that dark hour with a heart-anguish I had never known before, for my husband; I had never felt what a noble, kind-hearted, and affectionate friend I had received, and I promised then, if my prayer was answered, to doubt no more.”

“But you did, my child; and when in kindness and love he sent you your darling boy to bind your household in the full joy of your heart, you forgot your benefactor again, did you not?”

“It was so; but as I clasped him to my heart, and felt his cold chilly hands, and looked upon his death-like features, I wept as I thought life would be nothing to me if I was left alone without my child. Yes, I did call for mercy again, though I had been so ungrateful in the happiest moments of my life, when I clasped my first-born in my arms. The cry of my heart again was answered, and my darling boy was restored to health, and my heart was wild with joy and gladness.”

“And again, after all these answers to the prayer of faith, you allow your heart to grow cold, and your mind to follow the sophistries of unbelievers; it is only in sorrow that you feel the presence and need of a higher power, a strong arm to lean upon. Does it need the severe chastening rod of affliction to bring you to the cross? Come to your heavenly Father now, while unnumbered blessings fall to your lot; remember he it is gives you still a mother to cherish, a devoted husband, and a child to live for, and

abundance of this world to enjoy. Return to the habits of your early Christian life by much prayer, and your faith will be strengthened; you must cherish and nourish faith, and drive out suspicions. Have faith in prosperity, Adaline, or God may send

many sorrows to teach you your dependence upon him.

“Good morning, child, and may our God give you true and saving faith.”

LYNDEN HALL, Nov. 15, 1860.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

BY E. M. B.

OUR earthly home has been called a world of trouble till the epithet has become a hackneyed one. There are indeed troubles lurking in the corners of every heart, but many of them are borrowed ones. Some find a grim pleasure, if pleasure it can be termed, in calling up from the “chambers of imagery,” every phantom of woe that the most fruitful imagination can produce. As if God had made the world too beautiful, they throw over all its charms the black curtain of their own despondency. In their view —

“Under each shadow of a pleasant tree
A grief sits sadly sobbing to its leaves.”

Instead of hanging silver bells of delight along their path, they hear upon every hill-side a loud alarum-bell tolling a muffled warning of coming evil. The sky is bright now, but alas, too bright to last; and so, lest to-morrow shall not bring clouds enough, they veil the sky with dark forebodings. The flowers are smiling sweetly now, but they will wither soon. Sometimes childhood's merry laugh brings a thrill of joy, and then the old spirit of foreboding whispers that it may be death will soon end the mirth. And so through life, these trouble-seekers expect to find some spirit of evil crouched behind every tree and bush, some cloud hanging about every mountain-top.

But this habit of borrowing trouble is

strangely out of place in a world full of beauty, and delight. If God has opened springs of joy beside our way, is it right for us to poison them with anticipated sorrow? When he is scattering the glorious sunlight all about us, is it right for us to turn away, and shut ourselves up in the dark chambers of doubt, simply because clouds may come sometimes? Why not rather, when God sends the light, live in it, and drink in its beauty to strengthen our souls for what of trial he may hereafter send?

It needs but the most cursory glance at man's dwelling-place to see that God has made us to be happy. In every nook and corner he has, with exquisite tenderness, placed some remembrancer of himself, planted some tree laden with clusters of heavenly fruit. Those who resolutely pass by all these, and seek only for trouble which may never come, are not answering the end for which God created them. No creature but man ever seems to indulge in foreboding evil. The summer air is always musical with bird-songs full of joy. Even the rain-song of the robin is not sad. It has a tone of trustful happiness. And so all the voices of nature go up in one grand harmony of joy, and it is only when man lifts up a wail of dread that a discordant note is heard. Why shall he not unite in the general jubilee, and leave all the troubles of the future to him who will order its scenes.

The fact that trials enter largely into the discipline through which God's children must pass, is no reason for creating imaginary ones. The earth-born soul cannot be fitted for its heavenly home without sorrow's ministry. And it may be that those who hold the highest places in heaven are they whose way has lain through the deepest grief and sharpest suffering. But it is not for us to choose what trials we shall endure. The Master Builder knows the place for which each stone is designed in the heavenly temple, and he will direct its hewing and polishing. God has veiled the future in mystery, to teach us the lesson of trust. He gives us the present, moment by moment, with all its joys and griefs, and bids us

trust him for what is to come, not seeking to direct what it shall be. When he sees that we need the fires of affliction, he will put us into the furnace, and his hand, not ours, will temper the heat. Knowing this, our duty is to improve the trials of the present, thereby gathering strength for all that the future shall bring, without wasting our energies in fruitless imaginings, of what may be in the days to come.

God has pledged us his grace for every actual trial that may befall us, but for imaginary troubles he makes no provision. When we make burdens ourselves, and bind them on our shoulders, he leaves us to bear them alone.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

BY M. A. P.

Songs are the outbreathings of the heart. Very *changeful* are they, varying from the sweet tones of innocence to the majestic chanting of truth and purity. Every soul may be termed a *harp*, from whose chords come all the tones of life. We listen to the childish glees and innocent prattle of the little ones, and, in the busy toils of the day, those sweet songs cheer us, and lighten the cares of life. Each morning's light comes with a stroke of music to the soul, and would warble its melody there all the day through, but for the discordant notes of sin that jar on the heartstrings. How often are heard the murmurs of discontent; the harsh notes of anger; the turbulent tones of passion; or the sighs of the sorrowing, the wail of the oppressed, making sad discords on the heart-harp, where there might be cheerful songs and tones of love to gladden the earth, for he who is the source of truth and joy, — doth he not send angels of holiest ministries to bear the burden of every sigh and song

up to the throne of love? And he has given a sacred ministry to many, even the tuning of these harps back to harmony. How beautiful the mission, and how holy! Even angels pause in suspense as we strike the chords of the youthful harp, and listen for the echoed tones! Are they always sweet, and birdlike, and melodious? Ah! often are these living chords swept thoughtlessly, nay, *ruthlessly*, and so the tones are harsh and grating. Each trusting, youthful heart may be tuned to heavenly sweetness by loving, skilful hands, so that the music of its life may be as grateful incense ascending to heaven. How often have the gentle tones of a teacher swept the chords of feeling in some wayward, neglected child, and awakened in that heart aspirations for a higher, nobler life! To the teacher who thus lovingly and patiently fulfils his mission, will be the sweet assurance of good attained, of blessedness and peace wrought for a human soul.

TALKS WITH MY OWN SEX. — NO. IX.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"NOTHING TO DO."

NOTHING TO DO! A remarkable condition for the inhabitants of such a hard-working planet, travelling year after year nearly 60,000 miles an hour, without stopping, besides its more private gyrations, night and day. Then, to keep the peace with neighbors, and out of the way of fiery-trained comets, who suddenly dash into the premises, must require caution as well as vigilance. One would think such an example might stimulate those upon its surface.

Nothing to do!

Why, every element comes forth as a teacher to inertness like this. Water, leaving its quiescence, sets gigantic machinery in motion, and tosses navies upon its breast. Fire, entering into antagonism with it, propels the mammoth steamer, and drives men over the globe's circumference at lightning-speed. Air, in league with the cloud, devastates provinces, or, modified by the lungs of man, spreads knowledge among the people, or impels warring hosts to the battlefield. Earth turns itself into a granary and feeding-house for its countless generations, and sometimes discloses the work of its inner laboratory. "Out of it cometh bread, and underneath, it is turned up as it were fire; the stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold."

Yet amid all these voices, impulses, and examples, are there in reality those who continue to announce that they have *nothing to do?*

Methinks they are out of place in an age of high civilization, which multiplies the forms of action and heightens the celerity

of movement. It would be impossible, in the narrow limits allotted us, to sketch the outline of its transmutations and inventions. The blue flax-flower falls, and the gossamer laces come forth, whose drapery enwraps the queen in her glory. The light down of the cotton-plant floating upon the breeze, loads the heavy keel, and dictates the policy of nations. The shreds which the sempstress scatters upon the carpet, may embalm the discoveries of science, and stir the heart of an unborn race. The unsightly worm gives the robe to pride and power. The tiny wheat-seed and the water-fed rice-kernel sustain the life-blood of millions. The palm-tree loads vessels with its oleaginous freight, and the kingly whale dies that the lamp may be lighted. The caoutchouc and the bending osier take more forms than Proteus imagined. The playful lamb lends armor against the frost, and the dark-browed anthracite sets winter at defiance. Iron awakens the clang of countless forges, and puts bread into the mouths of myriads. The miner delves in darkness, and the diver goes down to the depths of ocean, that diamonds and pearls may sparkle on the neck of beauty. The pilot braves the wrecking storm, and the sailor climbs the pointed mast, hanging like a speck amid the inky blackness, that commerce may bind distant climes together by links of labor and of wealth.

The savage hunts, and lies down to sleep. His few wants are easily satisfied. But by toils of hand and brain the grades of civilization are defined and made significant. If the degrees of civilization and refinement

are in proportion to the industry and ingenuity which they develop, are not those persons behind the age who do nothing, or, to use their own phraseology, have *nothing to do*. It might seem as if they were singularly misplaced in this country, where there was hard work at the beginning, and is likely to be until the end. Clearing up forests, contending with wild beasts and savage foes, meeting the cold of winter unsheltered, save by the rudest tenements, enduring privations of food, as well as stress of weather, yet bearing up nobly under every hardship, their offspring ought not to make choice of inglorious ease.

It was supposed of old, that industry and simplicity were the natural concomitants of a republican form of government. From this theory we have palpably swerved, and may, perhaps, be paying the forfeit. Luxury and extravagance have made great progress among us, and their enervating effects are obvious in many classes of society.

I grieve to say that my own sex are prominent in this matter. In the greatest of all possible forms of extravagance, *the waste of time*, they are too often conspicuous. This is fostered by errors in education. Boys do all manner of things, including some which they had better not do; but when they leave school or college it is not held reputable that they have no regular employment. They enter the store or bank, they pursue mechanical or agricultural science, they study the learned professions, they go forth upon the broad, deep sea.

The daughter, when her scholastic term is finished, stays at home, and if she chances not to like the alphabet of housekeeping, relapses into quiescence. The plain purposes of utility become uninteresting, and she begins to think it graceful to have nothing to do. A sense of the value of time, and of system in its division, are of course deficient. Even the common knowledge of

accounts, so essential to all who would regulate their expenditure wisely or charitably, is neglected. I mourn over such an aimless existence; for there must be an account at the close of it. So we are informed, from a source that we dare not doubt.

There is usually a strong antagonism between those who are pressed with occupation and the habitual idler. One has a sense of the value of an hour; the other disregards or despises it. Standing on a wholly different basis, it must be difficult for them to coalesce, or even to be patient with each other.

One is considered as an invader, despoiling what he can never restore. "They pack away my time by teaspoonfuls," said the amiable Sir Walter Scott; though by rising early, and working ere others were awake, he protected himself against many interruptions. None of us sufficiently estimate the worth of an hour. Could we gather and weigh the fragments that, like diamond dust, are strewn around us, we should more fully feel the value of the days that speed on their returnless flight.

The importance of punctuality is better impressed on the other sex than on our own. The young clerk feels that he must be in his place at a certain time. The merchant would not be late upon 'Change. The banker and the broker are faithful to their appointments. The man of business, who has his notes to pay, finds his honor involved in not being behind the time. The great functionaries who touch the springs of a nation's well-being, keep their eye upon the dial-face of time. "General Knox," said Washington in his kingly majesty to the friend who had been more than once late at the council-table, giving the inaccuracy of his watch as an excuse, "General Knox, you must get a new watch, or I another secretary."

Would that we, dear ladies, were less

desultory, and more strenuous in our own appointments not to waste the time of others. I recommend greater intimacy with clocks, more of serious attention when they strike the knell of our departed hours. It is a good habit to have a small clock standing upon the table where we read, write, or work, and see how much can be performed in an allotted period. Still better for this purpose is the antiquated hour-glass, whose trickling, ever-shifting sands, are a vivid symbol of our fleeting days. It is our carelessness with regard to the minuter portions of time that leads to a miscellaneous, unsystematic life. To apply the homely comparison of Franklin, on a financial subject —

“Take note of pennies, careless elves;
Shillings and pounds will guard themselves.”

Few of us are bold enough to say we will waste a week or a month; but an hour! what is that? Ah! in a single hour what great good and what great mischief has been done? The excellent Bishop Taylor advises that whenever the voice of the clock shall announce a new hour, the heart be lifted up to him who gave it, for power to make it useful.

“Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on;
Yet treads more soft than e’er did midnight thief,
Sliding his hand under the miser’s pillow
To carry off his purse.”

I would by no means imply that the greater portion of my sex are indifferent to the industrious improvement of time. Oh, no! My own New England, especially in its rural districts, would contravene such an aspersion. Still, there are some errors in opinion among the young of our higher classes. I am not aware why the use of the hands in any industrious occupation should be deemed derogatory. I have not observed in other countries that those of respectable, or even high, ranks in society consider it a mark of elegance to have nothing to do, or

number indolence among the graces. Of such mistakes I hope we may all absolve ourselves, and deem every form of usefulness which our lot in life admits as a form of happiness.

Miss Matilda MacMoran was hearty and hale,
Yet wished to be slender, and languid, and pale,
So defrauded her stomach of what was its due,
And cheated her muscles of exercise too;
She dipped in the goblet her fingers so rare,
And wiped their tip-ends with a delicate air;
Then crossed her white hands on her hoop-bespread
lap,

Too inert to converse, and too vain for a nap;
For still ’twas her aim in attracting the view
To convince all beholders she’d *nothing to do!*

Miss Julia de Scamper was agile and bright,
Her step, like the queen of the fairies, was light;
So her feet for the sloth of her hands made amends,
And she took for her *calling*, to call on her friends;
At all seasons and times she saluted their view,
Though they might be hurried, she’d *nothing to do*,
But a plenty of small talk around her to fling,
So she babbled away like a brooklet in Spring;
Hanging up a *slain hour* as she passed from the door;
Alas! for such trophies when time is no more.

Miss Celestia Fitz Mackerel would dawdle all day
With crotchet and worsted, with novel or play;
She assorted her shades with an accurate eye,
But let her poor mother’s wan features pass by,
Who, worn half to death with her family care,
Found nothing like help from her daughter and heir;
The ordering of dinners, the toil and the stir, —
Such vulgar pursuits were disgusting to her;
And so to her nondescript creed she was true,
Her mother might sink, but she’d *nothing to do*.

Oh, young men, my masters, who dream with delight
Of a home of your own which no discord may blight,
Where are roses of Eden, from fading exempt,
And an Eve, where no contraband apple can tempt,
Where the wheels of good order like clock-work
shall move,
And babies well trained bring an ocean of love,
Where prudence and care shall with cheerfulness
glow,
And wealth hand in hand with economy grow,
I’d fain sound a trumpet, and bid ye beware
Of quicksands beneath, though the surface seem
fair;
Avoid, like the Upas with poisonous dew,
Those exquisite ladies who’ve *nothing to do*.

MARGERY AND THE GRACES.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARÉY.

"I do believe Mrs. Manning thinks that Tilly is the pivot the world turns on," said Mrs. Smith, fanning herself vigorously, as she dropped into an arm-chair in Mrs. Carter's dining-room.

"What has brought this fact so freshly to your mind?" asked Mrs. Carter, deliberately taking, at the same time, the tin from the scales, and pouring the sugar she had just weighed into her pan.

"Would you believe, she was at our house this morning, almost before I was up, and wanted Mr. Smith should send down the river for sail-boats for our picnic to-morrow, because the Cockneysville people used sail-boats instead of row-boats when Tilly was there last year, and she wished us to send to Westbrook for their band, because that is the band the Cockneysville people employed, and they wear blue cockades."

"I suppose Mr. Smith will do it," said Mrs. Carter quietly, while the muscles of her round arm went on slowly but surely working the butter and sugar into a cream.

"I don't fancy he will," said Mrs. Smith. "Some of our band are the prominent movers in getting up the picnic, and it would be a pretty affair to offend them by sending abroad for our music,—and then, the idea of getting sail-boats! Who would manage them, I should like to know?"

"Miss Manning could manage them, I presume."

"I never thought of that. Doubtless, all the obedient winds would conspire to blow us exactly in the direction required, if Tilly only sat in the prow, and said the word. Is it pound cake you are making?"

"Queen's cake."

"I must come to you for your rule, and I shall have to offer you a part of my table-cloth for the contents of your basket to-morrow. Your cake is always so nice, I shall get more than I give. What shall we do to pacify Mrs. Manning? I think she was quite indignant when she left me this morning."

"I do not know that we ought to upset the whole village for the sake of pleasing Tilly. Her mother is on the rack all the time trying to please her, and yet she is never pleased."

"Still, Mrs. Manning is a person we don't like to offend," said Mrs. Smith, thinking of the long bills at her husband's store that Mr. Manning always contrived to pay.

"She should be reasonable then. If we once begin to yield to the demands of a person who is thoroughly unreasonable, there is no end of the difficulty; as she has found with her daughter. If we try this we shall have other people to offend besides Mrs. Manning."

"That's very true, but I like to keep the peace. I dare say Tilly will refuse to go entirely, and then there will be no one to keep her class together. I wonder she teaches in the Sabbath school. She declares that she won't go another Sabbath, almost every week."

"She will probably do so as long as Minnie Marsh is there. I am sorry to say such things of her, but her absurd conduct must lead us to such conclusions. You knew that last winter she went up stairs, and slept on the floor in the garret, because

she had not as good furniture in her room as she had seen in Minnie's room at Judge Marsh's."

"Is it possible? I never heard of it."

"Certainly. Mrs. Manning told me about it herself. That was the way she caught the terrible cold she had. I have no hesitation in saying to Matilda just what I would to my own daughter about her foolish conduct; and I think to yield to her endless caprices would only be to help her mother in her work of ruining the child. Tilly may come to her senses some time."

"There seems little hope of that."

"I don't know. Mr. and Mrs. Manning are both good common-sense people, except in this one matter of spoiling Tilly. She may, as she grows older, be found to possess some of the good qualities of her parents. You must remember she is an only child."

At the hour of the morning Miss Matilda Manning, the subject of this conversation, was sitting in the parlor at home, with the pattern of a silk dress on the floor beside her, and her naturally fine features darkened by the most sullen frown of discontent.

"I never shall wear it in the world. It isn't purple, — that!" and she spurned it with her foot.

"I am sure it is a most beautiful purple," said her mother, taking it from the floor, where her daughter had thrown it, and spreading it out upon her lap. "What color do you call it, if it isn't purple?"

"I don't know what color it is. Mud color. It isn't fit to wear in a wash-room. You may depend you will never get me to put it on."

"What shall I do with it?" said Mrs. Manning aghast.

Now for months past the poor woman had been scraping together secretly all the

savings of the poultry yard and the milk closet, for the purchase of this identical dress. Tilly had, the previous summer, paid a visit to some cousins in Cockneysville, — a smart little town some fifty miles away, and had, while there, seen a lady from New York at church one Sabbath, dressed in a purple silk, which attracted her fancy, and had thenceforward been looked upon by her as one of the things most to be desired in this life. Her mother knew that all the year her heart had been set upon the possession of a purple silk, and, as usual, she determined that, if the thing were possible, she should be gratified. Tilly was getting to be quite a young lady now. She was fifteen last winter, and was so much in advance of those girls of her own age who still wore short dresses. She had never had a new silk, and her mother decided that, at any sacrifice, the desired garment should be obtained. With a little of her husband's assistance she had made up the required sum, and had purchased the dress on her last visit to Westbrook; but she had kept it cunningly concealed as a panacea for Tilly on the occasion of some just such outbreak as had occurred on her return from Mrs. Smith's that morning. Both Mrs. Manning and Tilly supposed that a purple silk was, of course, a purple silk, and neither of them knew the difference between the dress for which they paid the large price of a dollar a yard, and the rich goods that the New York merchant had brought from France, at a cost that would have bought out more than once the whole wardrobe of the Mannings. But when Tilly saw it, she knew at a glance that it was not the kind of garment upon which her affections had been placed, and the gift her mother had toiled to lay before her only added fuel to the flame it was intended to quell.

"You can do what you choose with it," said the ungrateful girl, in answer to her

mother's last question. "I never shall wear it. Here Mag.," she called to a young girl of her own age who was just passing the door with a broom in her hand, "you can have this dress. I won't wear it. Mother doesn't know the difference between purple and brick color. It's a wonder to me that she can tell silk from cotton cloth."

"I can make it for myself, Miss Matilda," said her mother, holding back the silk from the toss which she had attempted to give it towards Margery, "and for you, it will be as well to wear calico until you learn respect for your parents;" and with some of that dignity which she could put on when her daughter exasperated her beyond measure, she left the room.

Ten or twelve years before, Matilda Manning had been called by all about her the sweetest child in town. Then her pert selfishness and her pettish ways were more amusing than now, and the villagers, as well as her parents, were in the conspiracy to spoil her.

She was a remarkably pretty child, and her glossy ringlets and brilliant features attracted the attention of every one. "What beautiful eyelashes Tilly has," people would say in her presence. Or, "I should think you would be so proud of Tilly's hair." Or, "I think Tilly is the most perfectly graceful little thing I ever saw."

This last remark Mrs. Manning had treasured up as pointing out a quality more valuable in her eyes than almost any other, and she often said to her husband, "Just look, how graceful Tilly is. She will make a perfect lady. I never saw such a child." And the father, in his fondness for his only child, determined that she should.

Tilly was not born without her due share of vanity and selfishness, and she heard and remembered all remarks of this kind. She knew, too, that it needed only a little

persistence to insure all possible gratification of her capricious wishes. Therefore, it was not strange that she learned to be persistent. If at five she had made half the village do as she wished, and at the same time praise her good looks and her shrewd determination, she had not learned why she might not do it at fifteen; and when she found that the proper deference was not paid to her will, she grew angry, and, if possible, more troublesome at home.

In those childish days there had lived, just across the way from them, a brother of Mrs. Manning, who had also one only daughter. This child Mrs. Manning was in the constant habit of comparing with Tilly, and the child had listened to these conversations even in the cradle, so that one of her earliest memories was a conviction of her superiority over Margery Bruce. Margery's mother had been an invalid from her birth, and, as they were people in limited circumstances, the child was often ill-cared for in those things her mother was unable to do for her. She had been accustomed to sit, by the hour, at her mother's side, with a hushed, sad expression of compassion for that suffering of which she was the constant companion, even when she was too young to express her sympathy except by the soft strokes of her baby hand over the moist hair or the thin face. She was a timid, sensitive little thing; hiding her face with a shiver upon the pillow, when strangers came in, and never looking up till they were gone. When she grew older, and learned to sit upright in her chair when strangers were about, it was with a tremulous, downward look, never daring to raise her eyes to the strange face, or to answer the question that was asked her. She was a plain child, — particularly plain when strangers looked at her, and she was awkward, as Mrs. Manning constantly declared.

Timid and sensitive children are very liable to be awkward. She was always going in at the wrong door, or sitting down in the wrong chair, or twisting her hands, or her feet, or her dress, out of place. Her eyelids quivered, and her face worked nervously when she was observed. She knew people were thinking how plain and awkward she was; as Aunt Manning had said. There was nothing in her surroundings that gave this shyness an opportunity to wear off. Clinging, as she did, to her mother's side, she was almost wholly alone, and her father, wearied as he was with his night watchings over his invalid wife, and with his toil by day to provide for her the comforts she required, could rarely take her out with him.

"I am your little nurse," she would say, as she climbed to a chair at her mother's bedside; and, sitting at her attentive watchings day by day, her face grew to have a thoughtful, introverted look, that it never lost in after life. But if there was little prospect that Margery Bruce would acquire the little grace and amusing pertness of her cousin Tilly, there was one thing that her mother considered as of much more importance that she stood in a fair way to obtain.

Her mother, knowing that the days allotted her for instruction would be few, was striving, with an earnestness commensurate only with her love for her child, to impress upon her mind and heart those graces of a meek and quiet Christian spirit, which would prove a talisman to lead her through those paths of life which she would undoubtedly be called to walk alone. And young as her child was when she folded her for the last time to her heart, she could not but feel that her instructions had not been wholly in vain. For a year or two after her mother's death, Margery was left almost wholly to the care of servants, but then the

opening of the California gold mines came, and, with bright visions for the future of his child, he placed her in the care of his sister, and went with the crowd to the Eldorado. For the first few years, he was not very successful, and though his remittances were really enough to support Margery, the Mannings did not profess to consider them so, and she occupied a subordinate position in the family. It was irksome to Mrs. Manning to have a cousin so near the age of her idolized daughter in the family, but she thought it was well that she should know from the first the difference between Tilly and herself. They did not intend to misuse Margery, or to allow Tilly to do so, but they considered it no unkindness to let her understand, on all occasions, that Tilly was her superior.

Matilda Manning would not have been willing, under any circumstances, to deprive herself of the pleasure of attending the picnic the next day, but she insisted, up to the last moment, that she would not go. When, however, her mother had exhausted all pleas, and made concession after concession, she appeared to yield, and slipping adroitly into the garments she had privately prepared for herself, she set off a little in advance of her parents, with only a little of the ill-temper she really felt showing itself in her face.

"How beautifully she does look," said Mrs. Manning softly to her husband, as they followed her down the way. "If she were only a little less determined."

"She was born for a queen, and frets because she does not find her place," said Mr. Manning, with a flutter of self-applause, both because he thought the remark pointed him out as a philosopher, and because he had a secret impression that his daughter's queenly qualities were in a measure derived from himself.

"Perhaps she will find it by and by," said Mrs. Manning, a glow of satisfaction at

the thought wiping out the trace of the morning's trials from her features.

A little apart from the party that Matilda was gathering about her, walked Margery Bruce alone, but very happy in the prospect of a day's enjoyment with the little ones, to whom she was becoming so much attached in the Sabbath school. One by one her class gathered about her, and among the rest came two little girls, accompanied by their brother, a young man from a family of wealthy farmers in the vicinity. While waiting for his sisters, the young man had gone into the flower-garden, and, to while away the time, had gathered a few flowers, and arranged them into a very neat and tasteful bouquet. When he saw the warm greeting between his sisters and their teacher, without a second thought he presented the bouquet to Margery, forgetting in a moment both the gift and the thanks with which she had accepted it. But Tilly had seen the offering, and, though the young man was one from whom she would gladly have received such a civility for herself, she could yet make him the butt of her ridicule, and Margery was immediately subjected to the tittering jests of Matilda and her companions, who gathered about her, and insisted upon examining her bouquet.

"Your plough-jogger shows good taste."
 "We wish you joy of your clod-hopper."
 "I hope you know how to handle the milk-pails," and such other remarks as vulgarity knows well how to make, assailed her ears. She was in torture lest the sisters of the young man should hear and understand them, and she was shocked and disgusted by their coarseness.

"I would thank you to return me the bouquet, Matilda," said she. "I must go and attend to the rest of my class."

"Oh, my!" said Matilda; "how choice she is of it. I should think you might let me smell of it just a little bit."

The young man, who had passed on to join his own companions, forgetful of the gift, chanced just then to look back, and seeing Margery standing with flushed face while the bouquet was passed from hand to hand, guessed what was going on, and thinking that his presence among them would release her from the annoyance, he came back to the group.

"Is any one assisting you to find seats for your class in the boat, Miss Margery!" said he kindly.

The tittering ceased at once, and the bouquet was returned, but the young man had heard, as he came up, from Tilly's lips, one of the coarse remarks we have quoted.

He had often admired Matilda across the church, or looked back after her when her glossy ringlets floated beneath her hat in her roving about the village, but all beauty and grace seemed to be stripped at once from her by the remark he had overheard. It was only a momentary revelation of character, but it made the loveliness he had admired seem but as a distorted mask to him.

Tilly was now more vexed with Margery than before, and contrived to manifest it so far as to make her thoroughly uncomfortable for the whole day. She tried to rally herself for the sake of her pupils, and to make the day a pleasant and profitable one, as she had anticipated. But the cloud was there, and she had not self-control enough to remove it. The stories she had for them seemed stale and uninteresting. The games had not the zest she felt they ought to have, and she was ready to acknowledge that, as she had often been told, she was awkward and unhappy in everything she undertook to do. Thinking, at last, that they would be better by themselves, she left them to their sports, and, going a little apart, sat down upon a fallen tree to nurse her gloomy thoughts. As usual in these sensitive

moods, she was so absorbed as not to notice that when she sat down a portion of her dress was caught upon a branch, and twisted about her in a very ungraceful way. Tilly, however, was not long in discovering this, and, pointing it out to her rude companions, determined to have some fun. She therefore watched her opportunity, and, going up behind Margery, she drew the corner of her shawl cautiously up, and fastened it among the bushes behind her. She slipped back without being discovered. She pointed it out to such of her companions as she thought might not betray her. But Willie Carter soon heard the jests that were passing, and, going up to his mother, he said, "See, mother, what Tilly Manning has done with Margery's shawl."

"What a shame!" said Mrs. Smith, who looked up at the same moment with Mrs. Carter, and, setting down the basket she was arranging, she followed her at once to the spot where Margery sat.

"Your shawl is caught up here, Margery," said Mrs. Carter, thinking to release it before Margery discovered quite how ill a figure she had cut. But Tilly had made it too fast, and turning, she saw at a glance the whole affair. It was a drop too much in her flood of bitter feeling. She stammered in trying to thank Mrs. Carter, and, sinking into her seat, she stooped forward over her fading flowers, and strove hard to keep back the tears. Mrs. Smith fidgetted about, picking a few berries here and there, until Margery had brought her feelings a little more under her own control, and then going up to her, she said bluntly, "I wish you lived with me, Margary Bruce."

"I wish I did," said Margery, surprised into more earnestness than she would probably have manifested if she had been on her guard.

"Don't you believe we could manage it with your aunt? She has Tilly, and I have

no one to keep the house sober when I am gone. Do you think she would spare you?"

"I don't know," said Margery. "I don't suppose ——."

"Suppose what?"

"I don't suppose Aunt Manning thinks me very useful to her, and perhaps I should not be very useful to you. I am never fortunate in what I undertake to do."

"Perhaps you will have a turn in luck if you come to our house. At all events, I will speak to your aunt about it, and see what can be done."

Mrs. Manning hesitated when this proposition was made to her. Her private feelings were quite in favor of letting her go. But then she was not certain but people might talk about it. On the other hand, however, Margery was so near Tilly's age, and now that Tilly was growing into a young lady, and must dress and go into society in a very different way from what Margery could do, she was not sure but it would save talk to have them separated. This last argument prevailed, and Margery was in a short time domiciled with the blunt, kind-hearted Mrs. Smith.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In childhood, we chase butterflies; in youth, fancies as gay and as ephemeral; in manhood, golden schemes that tarnish when obtained; and in age, phantoms, that ever lure us on and ever elude us, too. Happy whoso learneth here from the nothingness of this life, and looketh through its vapors to the realities of the life which is to come!

We wield words so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and drizzling rain; but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and the desolating tempest.

SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
 When, through the fresh-awakened land,
 The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
 And to the work of warfare strung
 The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry of hills around,
 An ocean-mart replied to mart,
 And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
 Pealed far away the startling sound
 In the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
 From mountain river swift and cold,
 The borders of the stormy deep,
 The vales where gathered waters sleep,
 Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
 The fair, fond birds of yester eve,
 An aged sire and matron gray,
 Saw the loved warrior haste away,
 And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
 Already blood on Concord's plain
 Along the springing grass had run,
 And blood had flown at Lexington,
 Like brooks of summer rain.

The death-stain on the April sward
 Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
 In fragments fell the yoke abhorred,—
 The footsteps of the foreign lord
 Profaned the soil no more.

SILENCE.

SELECTED.

IN silence mighty things are wrought,—
 Silently builded, thought on thought,
 Truth's temple greets the sky;
 And, like a citadel with towers,
 The soul with her subservient powers,
 Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
 The saplings of the forest grow
 To trees of mighty girth;

Each mighty stir in silence burns,
 And every day in silence turns
 The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
 Fetters the rivers and the land
 With universal chain;
 And smitten by the silent sun,
 The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
 The lands are free again.

ONWARD AND UPWARD!

BY ———.

Onward! Upward! be our motto,
Onward! Upward! be our aim;
 Ever through life's weary journey,
 Be our watchword still the same.

Though the dark clouds hover o'er us,
 And no ray of light beam through;
 Let us boldly hasten *onwards*,
 With a *heavenly* home in view.

BLOCKADE THE PORTS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

NOT Charleston, nor Savannah, nor Galveston; but port Extravagance, and port Appetite, and port Pleasure, and port Fashion. Both large and small craft are continually running into these ports with their cargoes. A brisk business is driven in them all by way of supplies, notwithstanding the cry of "hard times" and "no money." Hold, for the cause of liberty and right, but the sum total of the freights poured into these ports, and the government would lack nothing to sustain its mighty movements. No tariff or tax would be necessary to meet the tremendous exigences of the times. We could pay all the bills, and have a handsome surplus remaining in the national treasury.

Then blockade the ports. Close them against the legion of crafts, little and great, that fly from port to port. Seal them up hermetically, so that Pleasure and Appetite and Fashion shall feel the power that dooms them to extinction or a speedy surrender. Policy and duty both demand this. The means are wanted to uphold the Constitution, and here they are found in ample aggregate, without trenching upon one absolute necessity.

See the vast supplies that are annually carried into port Pleasure! How many thousands and millions of dollars are invested every year in mere expedients for increasing "fun," as it may be aptly called. The amount expended for balls, parties, excursions, theatres, and the thousand and one other sources of worldly pleasure is enormous. Could the aggregate be ascertained and stated in round numbers, we should be surprised, if not appalled. A million a day in all our land! More than

this even is wasted, and worse than wasted, in our country every day for personal pleasure. Blockade the port, and turn all this mighty stream of gold that flows for pleasure into the great national purse, and it would feed and clothe an army of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN! Ah! yes, pleasure-seekers! your love of a good time has only to be denied, and the sinews of war are furnished without stint. And what have you lost thereby? Nothing, — absolutely nothing. You are better, healthier, nobler, purer, in consequence. Conscience, good men, the Bible, and God himself, will approve the act.

There is port Appetite, also. What cargoes are daily discharged at this port! There is a single article carried hither, contraband, too, at the court of heaven, in amount that is startling. The quantity of strong drink that is consumed at this port is immense. Though it does not add a single ounce of strength to the nation, or impart a grain of wisdom; but, on the other hand, saps the very foundation of prosperity and power, yet it is guzzled down as if life itself depended upon it. It is estimated by good judges that the loss to the United States annually, by the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, cannot be less than ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. This includes the cost of crime, pauperism, and disease occasioned by strong drink. This fearful waste would go far towards supporting the administration in putting down the most wicked rebellion that ever rose, and the annihilation of so much poison would leave the country in a much better condition to suppress this gigantic insurrection. Think of the THIRTY THOUSAND

drunkards who die in this port every year! Quite a decent army, if sober and well-drilled, with which to defend our periled liberties. Only snatch these victims from the monster intemperance for ten successive years, and we have an army of THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN for the field. What a terrific fact is here! General Rum slays more victims every ten years in our land than we have soldiers rallied in this hour of peril! A rebel general is he, indeed, greater than even Davis or Beauregard, for the work of death. Slay him, and neither gold nor men would be wanting for the war.

Then, blockade this port promptly, effectually. Put out the fires of distilleries, and shut up every dram-shop, if you would command the means to support constitutional liberty. It is a Hatteras Inlet, that must not only be blockaded, but captured.

And what shall be said of ports Extravagance and Fashion? Behold the proud

display and costly styles that abound on every hand! See the thousands and millions of dollars that are invested in expensive abodes and public edifices! What decorations and splendid garniture are employed for domestic comfort and fashionable living! How much is expended for mere personal adornment in the shape of dress, pearls, and golden trinkets! More, yes, far more, is consumed in this extravagant way of following the fashions than the President asks to support the government in this unparalleled crisis. If even the *women* of our land would forego every unnecessary expense in furnishing their houses and wardrobes for the year to come, enough might be saved to pay our national expenses.

Again we say, blockade the ports. Leave none open but those which are loyal to truth and duty. For this is the most rapid way to multiply the sinews of war.

GIVING AWAY A CHILD.

ON board one of the lake steamers, bound for the far West, were an Irish family, — husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children, — two girls and a boy, — was the admiration of all their fellow-passengers. A lady who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travellers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching, and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation.

"I proceeded," he says, "immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend upon deck, I thus opened the affair.

" 'You are very poor!'

" 'Poor, sir!' said he, 'ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of uz, for we'd be about equal.'

" 'Then how do you manage to support children?'

" 'Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do.'

" 'Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?'

" 'It was too sudden; he turned sharply around.

" 'A what, sir?' he cried; 'a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from my body,

or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us, do you mean?’

“‘You don’t understand me,’ I replied. ‘If, now, it were in one’s power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?’”

“‘No, sir,’ said he; ‘the heavens know that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself that they might get all the warm of it; but tell us what you’re drawing at?’”

“I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children; and, would he consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

“This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father’s love and a child’s interest was evident and touching. At length, he said —

“‘Oh, murther! wouldn’t it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary, — that’s the mother of them; an’ it wouldn’t be right to be giving away her children afore her face, and she to know nothing at all about it.’”

“‘Away with you, then,’ said I, ‘and bring me an answer back as soon as possible.’”

“In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, his face pale from excitement and agitation.

“‘Well,’ I inquired, ‘what success?’”

“‘Be sure, it was a hard struggle, sir,’ said he. ‘But I’ve been talking to Mary, an’ she says, as it’s for the child’s good, may be the heavens above will give us strength to bear it.’”

“‘Very well; which of them is it to be?’”

“‘Faix, an’ I don’t know, sir,’ and he ran his eye dubiously over both.

“‘Here’s little Norah; she’s the oldest,

and won’t need her mother so much, but then, — oh! tear and tigers, — it’s meself that can’t tell which I’d rather part with the laste; so take the first one that comes, wid a blessing. There, sir;’ and he handed over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty, father’s kiss, saying through his tears —

“‘May God be good to him that is good to you, and thin that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pether.’”

“Then taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, leaving Norah with me.

“I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour’s time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye, he commenced making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

“‘What is the matter, now?’ asked I.

“‘Well, sir,’ said he, ‘I ask your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we’re thinkin’ that may be it’d make no difference, — you see, sir, I’ve been talking to Mary, and she can’t part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me; but here’s little Biddy; she’s purteyer far, and av you please, sir, will you swap?’”

“‘Certainly,’ said I; ‘whenever you like.’”

“So he snapped up little Norah, as though it were some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat, making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the baby in his arms.

“‘What’s wrong, now?’ I asked.

“‘Be the hokey fly, sir, and it’s meself

that's almost ashamed to tell you. You see I've been talking to Mary, and she don't like to part with Norah, because she has a look ov me, and, by my soul, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother, but there's little Paudeen, sir; there is a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one, for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, and av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap again?' "

" 'With all my heart,' said I. 'It's all the same to me;' and so little Paudeen was left with me.

" 'Ha, ha!' said I to myself; 'the affair is settled at last.'

" But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatched up the baby, and cried out —

" 'It's no use; I've been talking to Mary, and we can't do it. Look at him, sir; he's the youngest and best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, and Biddy has a look of Mary; but, be me soul, little Paudeen has the mother's eye and my nose, and a little ov us both all over! No, sir, no; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part from our children, unless it is the will of heaven to take them from us.' "

THE SCOLD.

THERE were, not long since, two youths, male and female, who were so affectionately attached that it appeared to them that they could not live happy without each other, and consequently they soon became man and wife. But it is always the case, with both men and women, that during courtship they keep concealed many little traits and qualities which after marriage soon discover themselves, and the defects of the parties are both mutually known. The husband soon learned that his wife, with all her beauty, possessed also an evil and scorching tongue, which the slightest cause set in motion. She loved her husband with all her soul, and of this he was of a choleric disposition, and sometimes replied to his wife's upbraidings in a manner which he was afterwards sorry for.

To free himself from home, and while wandering hither and thither, in company

with friends, he became addicted to the bottle. On his return at evening, after having decided upon the quality of various wines, with swollen eyes and stammering tongue, one may well imagine the reception she gave him. As soon as she heard the key turn in the door, she would station herself at the top of the stairs, and overwhelm him with a torrent of reproaches. He, half stunned with the clamor, and stupefied with the wine in his head, after some efforts at retorting in her own style, would sneak off to bed. Finally, the evil increased to such a degree that they saw each other little, for the drunken husband slept by himself, and sometimes did not even come home all night, but slept in the tavern. The wife, in despair, went to a "gifted lady," and asked advice of her. From this dealer in forbidden knowledge, she obtained a phial of very limpid water,

which she said had been brought from beyond the seas, by a pilgrim of the greatest virtue and holiness, with the instruction that, when her husband came, she must immediately fill her mouth with it, taking care neither to swallow nor spit it out, but keep her mouth closed. The lady thanked her cordially, and then hastened home to await the arrival of her husband, and make a trial of the virtues of the water.

At length the husband, with fear and dread, enters the house, and is astonished to find his wife, whose mouth was full of the charmed water, perfectly quiet. He addresses a few words to her, but she says nothing. The husband became pleasant; she says to herself, Behold the effects of the charmed water, and is delighted. Her husband asks her what has happened; and she acts courteous, and looks pleasant, but

makes no reply. Peace is soon made between them. The water lasted many days, during which time they lived as harmonious as doves. The husband went not abroad, but found happiness at home. But at last the water of the phial was exhausted, and soon again they were in the field of domestic strife. The wife again repaired to "the gifted lady." But this one said —

"Alas! the vase in which I kept the water is broken."

"What is to be done?" asked the other.

"Hold your mouth," replied the sibyl, "exactly as if you had the water in it, and your success will be the same."

Every person similarly situated is advised to make the experiment. Every sort of water is believed to be equally good, and even without water, it is thought the same end may be obtained.

THE UNLOVED WIFE.

BY M. B. HOLYOKE.

Oh! give me love, true love alone,
My yearning spirit cries, —
Silent I wait for an answering tone,
For tender and sweet replies.

In vain. There's dew for the thirsty ground,
Sunshine for the buds unblown,
Each wild bird its mate hath found, —
Only *my* heart is lone.

Yet have I dreamt of a manly form,
And a spirit strong and true;
And a sunny nook unreached by storm,
Where sweetest home joys grew.

I've seen, alas! those hopes decay,
And yet for love I sigh;
Chasing as desert travellers may
The mirage in the sky.

For wealth or fame can never still
An aching heart's unrest, —
Nor void in woman's nature fill; —
Unloved, she is unblest.

Then give me love; for it I pine
As the captive in his cell;
As the bird encaged for the soaring range
Of the woods he loved so well.

Only an echo-sound replies,
And the whispering air is still!
The half-born hope within me dies,
And the night grows dark and chill.

Still for affection's sacred boon
My anguished prayer will rise;
Will it ne'er wake an answering tone,
With tender and sweet replies?

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY L. A.

“PEACE on earth” was the herald angels’ song, the promise of the heavenly hosts upon the birth of the Messiah. And yet Christianity has been preached for nearly two thousand years, and there are still wars and rumors of wars. Has the gospel the power to still the noise of the battle-field, and to speak to the tempest of man’s wrath, “Peace, be still?”

We believe that Christianity has this power; *but the mere profession of faith in Christ is not Christianity.* Her heaven-born principles must be applied, not only to the individual soul, but to man in all the relations of life. It is the Christian character which has power to overcome the evil of the world. Love to enemies must not merely be read at church, as part of the gospel, but it must be acknowledged and obeyed as the firm, unalterable law of Jehovah,—a law which the supposed necessities of no nation can change, which patriotism can never repeal, which war-breeding lusts can not ever, for an instant, obliterate. It must be obeyed as the law of God, supreme over all human laws or duties growing out of political relations.

The history of nations, their rise, advance, decline, and fall, is full of instruction and warning. But no part or period of their history can be more appropriately or profitably read at this time, by the citizens of the United States, than what we have in the Bible. “Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.”

The great question of the times is not a question of political economy merely, nor merely the balance of power in government.

It is one far deeper than all such questions, and more within the reach and grasp of ordinary minds. It is whether there is any such thing as moral right or wrong in politics,—whether there is a God to whom nations are responsible, and who visits their crimes with retribution,—whether injustice, cruelty, and murder, if “ordained and guarded by national power,” or sanctioned by national law, or by those highest in office in the nation, lose their essential quality, and become holy things; and may escape the universal, inexorable law of retribution.

From the commencement of national existence, to the present time, God has shown an invincible regard to right and hatred of wrong. “For he is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever.” He has ever been governed by the same eternal and unchangeable principles of rectitude, and we are not authorized to expect any alteration in his moral government. “Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.” “Thus saith the LORD to Shal-lum, the king of Judah, Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor’s services without wages, and giveth him not for his work. Shalt thou reign because thou closest thyself in cedar? Did not thy father do judgment and justice, and then it was well with him! He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him; was not this to know me? saith the LORD.”

Right and wrong cannot be determined by our social relations, for these are ever changing. An act at one time may constitute the pirate, at another the naval hero. But the

principles of Christianity form a deep and everlasting division between right and wrong. They teach that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon the earth," in peace and fraternal concord. And this seems to be the revelation of science as well as of inspiration. It is a truth self-evident, and self-working out of everything of nature and art. It is the supplement of that other truth to be written yet on all the handiwork of man, "Holiness to the Lord."

Then let the friends of truth and peace

hold on and press forward, while new rainbows of hope and promise are spanning the heavens with new pledges of God's covenant of "peace on earth and good-will toward men;" and the song that earthward poured its melody upon the ears of the listening shepherds of the East, shall again be sung in one simultaneous pæan of joy over the whole earth, swelling, as it circles the globe, with symphonies, deep toned from time and eternity, gladdening heaven and earth with the music of a new and common beatitude.

REMINISCENCES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY A SOLDIER OF SEVENTY-SIX.

In the beginning of the autumn of 1776, a few days after General Washington had conducted his army to the heights of Harlem, and to the vicinity of Kingsbridge, and the British troops, commanded by General Howe, had taken possession of New York, several of their soldiers' wives were observed to collect together in a large frame building, near Whitehall dock, previously designated the "Livingston storehouse."

These women, for the purpose of dressing their provisions, procured from an adjacent yard a number of pine boards, the ends of which they placed in the chimney, while their opposite points rested upon the cedar floor of the apartment; to this the fire rapidly communicated, when the careless gypsies had made an end of their feast, and had withdrawn from the heated and smoky atmosphere within, to enjoy the fresh sea-breeze without.

The cry of fire was heard soon after, and fearfully reiterated from every quarter of the city; and the day being hot and dry, the flames ran through the building with the

rapidity of lightning, enveloping in a few moments the whole of the structure, through the top of which the fire was at first seen to arise in a single splendid column, with its immense summit curling in fantastic wreaths amid clouds of smoke; but, instantaneously changing its appearance, and spreading into a vast sheet of flame, it presented an object at the same time of terror and admiration.

The firemen, ever alert, were readily summoned by the ringing of bells and other signs of alarm, as anxious as were their haughty invaders to subdue the destructive element before them, which moved in the sun's rays with the subtlety of a serpent, whose sudden evolutions can be perceived only by the vividness of its colors.

The king's officers, uncertain in whom to confide, or rather regarding in each individual citizen a rebel at heart, became suspicious of the firemen, and seemed to dread a counteracting exertion of their part; under which persuasion they frantically hurried them from place to place, and urged them, with oaths and imprecations, to do their

duty, which the poor fellows had not then even thought of abandoning; and while they were making the greatest exertions in their power at one post, and ere they had time to quench the fire there, they were driven to another by their impetuous commanders, who retarded their endeavors by ruthlessly beating them with their swords; and, in some instances, it has been said, pushed them into the flames.

Others of the citizens, perceiving the danger of their comrades, fled in alarm from the scene of terror and confusion, and sought refuge from their enraged pursuers. While the discordant cry of "Punish the rebels!" mingled with the shrieks of the affrighted women and children, and with the deep and reiterated call of fire,—the gathering flames, wafted by a strong southerly breeze, and unchecked by a proper course, had rapidly advanced up the whole extent of Broadway, communicating with the buildings on both sides, even to the very heart of the city, and threatening its total destruction.

An idea that the liberal party had determined on destroying the town had taken such possession of the minds of the British troops, that in the height of their irritation they threatened death to every man who should be found abroad in the streets, upon whom a shadow of doubt could fall touching his loyalty to the king.

In the course of this tumultuous scene, a noted and active tory, by the name of —, to make an open display of his true and sworn allegiance, sallied forth into the streets, with his drawn sabre in his hand, muttering "Downfall and death to all rebellious subjects." In his gallant career, he happened to encounter a company of rude and exasperated soldiers, who knew nothing of his political virtue, and disbelieving his earnest asseverations of fidelity and attachment to their cause, they charged him with an intention of destroying the fire-buckets.

"Down with the rebel and incendiary!" they cried, and in an instant the poor wretch was smitten to the earth, where he rolled, writhing at their feet, and expired, covered with wounds and bruises. They then dragged his lifeless body to the upper end of the city, namely, in Pearl, near Cherry Street, and suspended it by the feet from the sign-post of the Hand and Hammer, where it remained for the space of a day, a fearful example to the timid well-wishers, as well as to the secret enemies of the king.

Meanwhile the fire, threatening its worst, had gained an alarming height. Of the western part of the city the church of St. Paul and one dwelling stood uninjured; all else were burned to the open fields; presenting a scene of noise and devastation, amid clouds of smoke and dust. But to attempt the giving a just description of the dismay of the citizens, and the exasperation of the British soldiery, would task the powers of a Paulding or a Cooper.

As soon as the fire was extinguished, and the tumult and the noise had abated, all was restored to order in the city, under a government of a severe military discipline and civil regulation. The old fortifications and the breastworks of the city, at which the Americans had so recently toiled, with strongly excited feelings and with severe industry, were now regularly and well-manned, and were soon rendered strong and complete, and placed in the best possible state of defence, while the banner of St. George floated proudly over the most advantageous post of the country. The enemy, thus situated, had little to fear from the disheartened army under General Washington, to which the horrors and fatigues of war were new and dispiriting, many having fled in terror to their families and homes, totally unused to, and therefore holding in disregard, all military discipline.

General Howe occupied the finest house

in the city, adjacent to the Battery, and fronting the Bowling-green; this was also the headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton, at a later period of the war.

Many changes were made in the public buildings as well as in the private dwellings of New York, which are both disagreeable and torturing, as it regarded the feelings of the citizens.

The places of public worship, that were not of the Episcopal order, were converted into hospitals, prisons, or guard-houses, which caused great offence and bitter heart-burnings among the Calvinists, Lutherans, and Quakers. But this was a pill which they were all obliged to swallow, although it caused many a wry face and suppressed murmur; and when a crest-fallen dissenter happened to pass the sacred portal, at which he had been accustomed to enter to unburden himself before his Creator, it was ever and anon with raised hands and eyes, or with a shrug and a suddenly averted face! To have breathed a word indicative of his regrets or resentments would have been highly impolitic, for, if overheard by a jealous adversary, it might have exposed him to severe punishment, or to imminent danger.

The old jail, as it is now called, was under the conduct of Marshal Cunningham, who was then the provost, and into it he was wont to crowd the unfortunate rebels who fell into his iron grasp.

Cunningham was a man strong and athletic in his make, and upwards of six feet in height; his complexion was florid, but his countenance was harsh, and its expression, at times, odious in the extreme; yet, he could smile with his boon companions over a bottle, and be jocose, pass his jokes, though coarse and vulgar, and be merry, more particularly when he had made up his mind to the accomplishment of some dreadful enormity which he had meditated against his half-starved prisoners. Oh!

could the old walls of that prison-house but speak the secrets of the past, what horrid deeds would they reveal! What scenes of mortal agonies! Death from pestilence, famine, and poison! But I must turn from this, the reflection is too dreadful, and continue my recital.

General Howe had regulated and arranged all things in the city according to his own pleasure, had attended with humane care to the comforts of his soldiers, and had provided his officers with good quarters, where, indeed, they were often received too well, and with too studious a care, by the fairer inmates, and greeted by them with too kind a welcome. The campaign being closed a few weeks after, and the winter setting in, these gentlemen had much leisure to reflect on the measures of the war, its future battles, and, moreover, on the certain success of their arms; for among them were the noble, the haughty, the proud, and the brave, who had never been taught the lesson of submission. Nor did the war or its fortunes alone occupy their minds; they had other and more agreeable avocations, their pleasures and their pastimes.

Their favorite amusement seems to have been the drama, which they studied with taste and care, and which they brought, at length, to great perfection. Its various characters were personated by the most elegant and refined gentlemen of the army, among whom the unfortunate Andre used frequently to bear a part, and received distinguished applause.

Such being the pursuits of the officers of the British army, who were caressed by the fair, admired wherever they moved, boldly presuming that victory over our land would be an easy task, a thing at any time within their reach; is it to be wondered that the time and opportunity should have been allowed to pass away, wherein a consummation such as that might have been effected? That

months should have rolled on, unheeded by men who were made too happy to seek or wish a change?

The victory of General Gates over Burgoyne, that brave soldier and accomplished scholar, may well be considered as the dawn of American glory; for, until that period of the war, the English, accustomed to triumph wherever they carried their arms, had never for a moment doubted their own invincibility; and their daily papers, the Royal Gazette, the New York Mercury, etc., had hitherto been the constant vehicles through which misrepresentations and slurs were cast against the Continental leader and army under his command. Hence, the British soldiers all, from the highest to the lowest grade, looked with contempt upon the foe which they had come to conquer.

For some weeks previous to the battle of Saratoga, all regular communication between that place and New York was prevented by the vigilance of that part of the American army which lay encamped in the Highlands; therefore, notwithstanding that the English in the city were quite certain of the final result of the undertaking, which was to annihilate the Continental army, still, they were anxious to learn the particulars of the action, and the time moved with heavy step that brought no messenger. Crowds each day collected around those fountains of intelligence, the printing-offices, in pleasing expectation of the good tidings, but nothing could be obtained; and though they were confident of victory, yet hope, long suspended, had become almost painful. One morning, at an early hour, an old Scotchwoman, in simple attire, appeared at the office of the Royal Gazette, and requested to see Mr. Rivington, the editor, who was by no means so tardy in obeying the summons as modern gentlemen often are when they have learnt the degree and condition of those who wait upon them. It was sufficient that an aged person and a female awaited his coming.

"Good morrow, madam," said the polite editor, pleasantly; "how do you find yourself? I trust your early rising will do you no harm."

"I am verra weel, an' I thank ye for speering. A quiet morning to ye, sir. An I wad na hae disturbed ye noo, but that I am auld, an weary too, for I hae travelled a lang way, wi na ither conveyance than these twa feet, ye see, and which hae dune me muckle service these fourscore gude years, but na sae sure noo for stumblin a bit."

"Pray sit down and rest yourself, while you relate your errand," said Mr. Rivington, as he reached her a chair.

"Na, I thank ye, kindly; I am stiff to rise when ance I'm doon; but wull ye assist, sir, to get a permit, that I may gang my ways in quietness; forbye, 'tis a lang journey fra Albany hither, and a' in sae short a time."

"From Albany, say you? Oh! and what of Burgoyne, dear madam?"

"He is safe there, he is safe there, hinny; an these twa een saw him verra weel, an I thank ye."

"Are you sure of it? Are you quite sure that you saw the General there? In Albany?"

"Oh, just as sure as anything. I saw him ance before; and I suld ken him weel amang a thousand, for his is na the look that anc wad forget in a while, he is sae braw and bonny."

"Burgoyne in Albany! that's news, indeed." And the delighted editor ran about the room in ecstacy, clapped his hands joyfully together, and at last caught the old woman in his arms, and kissed her with as much fervency as if she were a Hebe; then, without waiting for his hat, he hastened to head-quarters with the news, that the noble officers there might participate in his feelings.

The woman stood for a moment aghast, looking after Mr. Rivington, for whose senses she began to entertain strong doubts; and

she had just seated herself, to ruminate at her leisure upon the violence of the malady under which she supposed him to labor, when the identical madman suddenly re-entered the room, half out of breath, and, snatching his hat and cane, he drew the woman's arm within his own, and said —

“ You must accompany me to head-quarters, my dear madam, for such are the orders of the commander-in-chief, who is desirous of hearing from your own lips the glorious news.”

An entire conviction of the truth now for the first time darted into the mind of the aged traveller ; and she saw clearly that she had occasioned some terrible mistake by not being more explicit in her relation ; yet she feared to undeceive her gallant attendant, and wisely determined, after a little reflection, that she would simply answer the questions which might be put to her by the officers, but that, as she did not mean to withhold the truth, so, on the other hand, she would not manifest it unnecessarily.

They soon reached head-quarters, which were thronged with officers ; and seldom before had there assembled so many delighted countenances. The woman was greeted kindly as she was conducted through the crowd to the commander-in-chief, who shook her hand most cordially, and said —

“ Then, my good woman, you saw General Burgoyne in Albany, did you ? ”

“ Ay, sir, that did I.”

“ You saw him yourself, you say ? ”

“ Yes, sir, yes I did.”

“ A thousand thanks for the information, and here are three guineas to purchase you a tartan plaidie for the coming winter.”

“ I maun e'en tak it, then,” said she, pressing the pieces in her palm ; “ but I am nae sae that I suld, neither, for it is waur than taking charity ; ” and she offered to return them, but General Howe prevented her doing so, by quietly closing her fingers

upon the gold, to which they seemed to adhere naturally enough, and with a friendly squeeze he dismissed her.

Mr. Rivington followed her out of the house, and kindly directed her to where she might get a permit to move through the city at her pleasure. Having obtained this, she left the police office (a room in the old City Hall, in which, previous to the war, the mayor's court was held, was dedicated to that purpose), and made the best of her way to her friend's house, in the upper part of the city. To them she related her recent adventure, and the mistake she had occasioned. The story was too good to be smothered ; and in less than ten minutes it was repeated, with the usual exaggerations, to at least thirty persons, from whose mouths it spread like a whirlwind.

It was not long, as may well be supposed, ere the report reached head-quarters ; and the officers, vexed to the heart at being so deceived by an old woman's tale, and irritated beyond measure at the news of the capture of Burgoyne and his army, sent a file of soldiers to bring the aged culprit before them ; and when she appeared, they put several questions to her rather harshly, and demanded why she had not told them that Burgoyne was a prisoner !

“ Ye did na ask me that,” she replied, simply, courtesying the while ; upon which they indignantly ordered her away.

Among the various recreations which were chosen by the British officers at that day to while away their leisure hours, or to beguile the tedium of thought, the game of fives became a favorite amusement, in consequence of the example of Sir Henry Clinton, who, at one time, devoted half his time to that exercise. Indeed, so completely was he engaged in the laudable employment that at length the older or more thinking of the soldiers under his command, tired and disgusted with the idle life they were obliged to

lead, began to murmur seriously, and to throw out hints which, though indirect, might by rebounding strike upon the ear for which they were intended. This went on for a while, but met with little or no attention, for when the plebeian counsels, the patrician but closes his ear more obstinately.

An enclosure at the corner of Broadway and John streets was dedicated to this game, and here the commander-in-chief, in company with a select party of officers, was accustomed to come and amuse himself for some hours on every fine day. One afternoon, when he had extended his sports to an unusually late hour, and animated by his success and the plaudits of his companions, had forgotten all other engagements, an arrow with a billet-doux attached to it alighted amid the gay group, and was suddenly snatched up by one of the young officers, who, having glanced his eye over it, handed it respectfully to the adjutant-general. Andre laughed as he perused the paper. This drew the attention of Sir Henry Clinton, who approached with a smile, and leaning familiarly

over the shoulder of Andre, discovered the cause of his merriment by reading the following queries and replies : —

“ What is General Washington about ? Strengthening his fastnesses in the Highlands ; and, vigilant of time, he devotes each moment to the furtherance of the cause which he has espoused. What has the Marquis de Lafayette gone after ? To procure succor and resources from France for his rebellious brethren here. What is De Estaing engaged in ? Carrying his conquests from island to island in the British West Indies. What is Paul Jones after ? He is, with his squadron, cruising off Scarborough-head for the Baltic fleet. Well, and what is Sir Henry Clinton doing ? *Playing at fives !* ”

The commander-in-chief colored with vexation, while he attempted to make a jest of the pointed rebuke ; and drawing the arm of Andre within his own, he left the enclosure, and walked away towards head-quarters, leaving the rest of the party to make themselves merry at his expense.

THE TEMPEST.

BY HATTIE L. CHASE.

PROUDLY the noble ship unfurls her snowy sail, and proudly her streaming flag waves o'er her, as she ploughs the briny deep on her homeward voyage. Old and young, rich and poor are there, but all are merry.

A glad song of hope is borne upon the breeze, as the land gently recedes from view. They talk of “ Home, sweet home,” and the loved ones far o'er the sea, while joyfully they think of the bright future.

The golden sun hastens to his western home, and lovingly his farewell rays gild the swelling waves. Softly steal the shades of

twilight o'er the blue expanse, till Luna, lured by the beauty of the scene, rises in the starry heavens, and the upturned waves raise themselves as if to catch her silvery beams, while the twinkling stars behold their own loveliness multiplied in the glassy mirror.

Long they linger to behold this beautiful scene, and often an unbidden tear will start (they know not why) as memory pictures those happy days, when at this same starry hour they lisped their evening prayer by their mother's side.

But the flying hours warn them to hasten

to repose, only to dream of their childhood's home, soon to be revisited by the long absent ones.

The moon, weary with watching, leaves the azure sky to the king of day, who rises in his glory, tinging the foamy waters with a crimson blush. Slowly the golden orb rolls through the heavens, and sinks to rest in his saffron couch, and again twilight robes the earth with her darkening shroud. Again is borne upon the air the voice of song, and like the rolling of many waters we hear "Homeward bound," "Homeward bound."

But hush, hark! seest thou not yon murky cloud, shrouding the earth with its blackness? Hearest thou not the heaving surge of the ocean, as the foam-crested billows, wave on wave, rush with their mighty force? How awfully grand is their sullen roar!

Alas, what terror seizes the little bark, as she plunges madly onward, driven hither and thither, her bellying sail torn by the tempestuous winds, which rush o'er the blackened deep like some monster demon.

Behold the forked lightning, as it hisses through the air, like the tongue of a fiery serpent! And the loud thunder, peal on peal, seems to shake the very earth with its terrible crash.

Another flash! The mast is shivered, and the wild flames wreath the gallant flag. Ah, many a cheek grows pale, many a babe

is clasped to its mother's breast, as the howling tempest in its mockery echoes back "Homeward bound," "Homeward bound."

The affrighted moon gazes not upon this pitiable scene, and every star shrouds itself save one, — the star of Bethlehem, — a beacon-light which guides to the home above.

One crash! the blazing mast falls, and the scorching fire reddens the terrified waters, which lash the crackling hulk with their angry foam. Oh, who can tell the anguish of the parent, as she beholds the venomous flames hissing on one side, and on the other the crimsoned waters, yawning ready to receive her darling. Who can imagine the wild cry of despair as the burning ship sinks into the whirling vortex? Who can picture the pale faces, as with glaring eyes they look to the relentless heavens for aid; or the resigned, awaiting the spectre death, with clasped hands and calm brow. One gurgling sound, and all is still. The troubled waters sink to rest like a sobbing child upon its mother's breast, and the penitent winds go wailing over the deep, as if seeking to undo the work of one mad hour.

Again the pitying moon, with her starry attendants, gazes upon the deep. No ship is there, and the gentle waves whispering to each other, softly murmur, "*Home at last.*" "*Home at last.*"

A LEAF.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

MAUD IRVING.

"Backward, turn backward,
Old Time in your flight,
Make me a child again,
Just for to-night."

Ah, how many have sighed thus when the weight of years hung heavy on their souls; when the pencil of care had traced deep lines

upon their brows; when the hand of time had sprinkled the hoar-frost of age amid the threads of their hair. How often, how very

often we wish time would turn backward in his flight, and make us light-hearted children again, — if only for one hour; but Time is ever flying onward, bearing us farther and yet still farther from those happy hours, but with the many bitter reflections that Time's onward flight brings to us, there is one cheering, holy thought which comes like a whisper from another world to our weary

souls. We are journeying to a land where worldly sorrows are unknown; where we will always be young, happy and free. As Time passes on he brings us nearer that blissful shore of light and peace, where the fettered soul will be set free, and with the angels, and beneath the light of the smile of the Lamb of God, all will be everlasting peace.

THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

BY REV. HORACE JAMES.

RENDER TO CÆSAR THE THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S, AND TO GOD THE THINGS THAT ARE GOD'S.
MARK XII. 17.

OUR duties to Cæsar and our duties to God; the obligations of the *Patriot* and of the *Christian*; or, taken in combination, of THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT; this is the topic which the text and our present circumstances alike suggest. Many persons separate these two ideas. They uphold the government as if there were no God, or render service to God as though he required no allegiance to the State. Our Saviour had in view the union of these two great duties of man, as being in perfect harmony with one another, and with the principles of true religion. When they showed him the coins used for tribute-money, stamped with the head of the reigning Roman emperor, he advised that it be cheerfully and conscientiously paid, as a tax necessary to the maintenance of government. So also, and from the same high motive, ought they to perform every duty required by their supreme Sovereign in the heavens. Neither the one nor the other might be neglected. The patriot must be imbued with the spirit of religion, to give depth and fervor to his public acts. The

Christian must be a lover of order and a pillar in the social state, that the name of his God, and of the faith he holds dear, be not blasphemed.

In the public treatment of this theme, on this day of "humiliation, fasting, and prayer" for the nation, I take occasion to mention as *first* among the duties of the Christian patriot —

1. *The acknowledgment of God in national affairs.* No more alarming symptom is discoverable in the public mind than its practical atheism; its severance of great measures of national polity, such as war or peace, the treatment of other nations, its own legislation, and the execution of its laws, from their moral and religious connections. What will the party say of it, what will be the utterances of the press concerning it, what the verdict of the people upon it, and what the opinion of foreign nations respecting it? All these questions are asked, and their answers carefully weighed, before the divine judgment in regard to a proposed measure is made a matter of inquiry. To such an extent is

this true, even in this nominally Christian land, that it has been often stated by observers, that the nearer one comes to the heart of our government, and the more he sees of its vital machinery and working, the less does he perceive in it any recognition of the pure principles of Christianity. In congress, for many years, and in many State legislatures, I venture to affirm that Madison, Jefferson, and Jackson have been higher authority than either prophets or apostles; the constitution has been more heeded than the Bible, and the dictates of political ambition have been held superior to the behests of Almighty God. The form, indeed, of an opening prayer has always been maintained in the national council; but even that has been often impunged, and irreverently scouted as a relic of superstition, and an impertinence amid the business of that place. The profanity and intemperance of so many public men, the running of Sabbath mail-trains, cabinet-meetings, military reviews, and the movement of troops and munitions of war on the same sacred day; the systematic injustice done to so many of our fellow-men in holding them in bondage in opposition to both natural and revealed law, and the deliberate giving of battle on Sunday, without cause, and in violation of the feelings of multitudes of the combatants, as was done so shamelessly at Great Bethel, and Manassas Plains, are only so many indications of the immense distance to which the nation has drifted from that profound reverence for the divine authority which our early fathers cherished. From their days until our own, the patriotism of the nation has been gradually losing its Christian element. The standard was lowered and lowered, until a selfish and spurious nationality passed current with the masses; and we had come to the point where serious doubts were entertained whether we had any true nobility remaining. Six months ago it was a question with multitudes, asked with

anxious interest, when there were none to answer it, whether the nation had not become so corrupt as to contain not enough of Christian public sentiment to save it. And even to this moment, the doubt hangs heavily on the minds of not a few, who scarcely dare to pray for our unconditional success in battle, lest the result should be to confirm us in ungodliness, and put a final period to our healthful discipline. Thanks to God for arousing us, at least partially, from our impious reverie, even at the expense of such a disgrace as our arms received on the 21st of July! Thanks to him for directing us, even by defeat and disaster, to the true source of strength; for inspiring even Congress to inaugurate religious solemnities for the whole people, and to do something, though tardily, to avert the evil of their own bad example. God grant that we accept this day as an augury of better things to come, a token of returning allegiance to the King of kings and Ruler of nations.

Let it be understood, that when we speak of an acknowledgment of God in our public affairs, something more is intended than a formal or verbal recognition of the facts of Christianity. It is not enough to confess that human government, whether empire, monarchy or republic, is a divine institution, and wields a heaven-derived power. This is true, indeed, and deserves to be remembered. But beyond this, the providence of God, the special providence of God, should be seen and felt, as the animating voice of national history, uttered audibly in every event. His hand should be acknowledged, shifting the scenes, moving along picture after picture, like the successive portions of a diorama, having a new beauty to unfold in each, in each a new impression to make. To treasure up maxims of political economy, and study the science of government is something which the infidel Paine could do with success and be an infidel still. A government

may be very elaborate in its details, and be so framed as to secure very many of the objects of a good administration and yet be totally devoid of Christianity. Such were the far-famed monarchies that flourished before the Christian era. Shall we have in view no higher objects than animated them? Under the blazing light of the nineteenth century, shall we go back to Rome, or down into Egypt, for models of a state? Yet we are doing so when we make buying and selling men as property, and immunity in this dreadful business, a feature of our system, and a provision of our constitution. The Pharaohs will rise up against us in the judgment, *and condemn us*, for under the chastisements of God *they did* let an enslaved people go. But here, in these States, and in this our day, one great army is fighting to establish a despotism of slavery before which that of ancient Egypt were a trifling injury; and another great army is often reiterating the assertion that it is no part of its mission to open the way of freedom to the bondman. Oh that our government, and our people, were more earnestly seeking to conform the laws and the institutions of the country to the divine model! that they felt less satisfied with a constitutional wrong, and an oppression sanctioned by time and maintained by force! that they would remember that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people! When truly Christian institutions are made paramount in our land, and the word of God, his day and his ordinances are held in affectionate veneration, when God's law is the rule by which our legislators and executive officers perform their functions, and by which our whole people live, then will new vigor spring into the very life-blood of the nation. The American eagle will indeed renew her youth. Then it will be no longer doubted, on any hand, whether we are fit to be a great and free people.

The *second* duty of the Christian patriot flows directly from the first. It is —

To sustain the government with fervent, effectual prayer. Prayer is an act which witnesses the sincerity of our faith in God, and measures the depth of it. When, therefore, God is thoroughly acknowledged in the nation, it will be manifested by such calling upon him as will correspond to that high feeling. I shall not delay here to prove, either from the Scriptures or the history of the church, the value and import of prayer. It may be taken for granted in this presence. We are believers in this duty and privilege of a dependent being. We know that God answers prayer. Oh, that the practice of all the people did but carry out consistently this theory, which they profess to hold! We are at length awakening to the fact, that, having forgotten, as a nation, to call on God, he has removed us from favor, and is visiting us with his judgments. For a time, at least, he is frowning upon us, because we have restrained prayer, and cast off his holy fear. We have now to propitiate him by prayer. By official proclamation of the President, we are called on “to bow in humble submission to his chastisements, to confess and deplore our sins and transgressions, and to humble ourselves in sorrowful remembrance of our faults and crimes as a nation and as individuals.”

Never, since the birth of our Republic, have we had so much occasion to employ the might of prayer before God, or to humble ourselves under his hand. Our crimes exceed in number and enormity those of the ancient nations whom God has destroyed. How terribly and hopelessly did he cut off the idolatrous tribes of Canaan, and give their land for an heritage unto Israel his servant. But the idolatries and crimes of Hivites, Perizzites, Edomites, and Amalekites, were far inferior to the sins of which we are guilty, when we consider the dim light of that early

age. They had no Bible, no Sabbath, no miracles of providential history, no pious ancestry, no divine institutions to turn their attention to a better life. And if, with all these extenuations, God spared them not, but gave them over to utter extermination, shall we not take heed lest he spare not *us*, in the midst of our open, presumptuous, heaven-provoking offences? If the cup of their iniquities was full, and the Lord God had nothing in store for them but his anger, revealed in letting fall upon them the thunderbolts of war, then how shall *we* escape, whose sins, measured upon any just scale of enormity, are so much blacker than theirs, and so wholly without excuse? We may well have fearful misgivings about this civil war, when we remember that God is just. We may well fly to the only refuge that can avail us, and implore the remission of our sins, lest this should be but the commencement of a divine judgment to be poured out in vials of wrath upon the land, until it be utterly consumed. The Christian patriot to-day should make a beginning of that kind of intercession with God which he has formerly been pleased to hear, and which has led him to avert his anger. His word to us to-day is like that to his people of old, when he summoned them, saying, "Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord." Like the men of Nineveh, who repented at the preaching of Jonah, and kept a rigorous fast before God; like Daniel, who set his face to seek the Lord by prayer and supplication, with fasting and confession of sin; like Anna, the prophetess, who served God with fastings and prayers day and night; like Paul and his fellow-laborers, who approved themselves as ministers of God in labors, in watchings, in fastings oft repeated; so are we called upon to abase ourselves before God; to put not our trust in armies,

which a stupid panic may cause to melt away in an hour; or in generals, who may prove traitorous or incompetent when the crisis comes; but in the omnipotent Being who holds all our agencies and even the hearts of men in his hand, and whose favoring goodness might bring this contest to an easy conclusion without shedding another drop of blood. Oh! why does not the nation think more of securing his favor? With it, we shall be sure to succeed; without it, we cannot hope to crush out this cruel rebellion. If God is offended with us, he will use these violent and unreasonable men as the scourge with which to afflict and distress us. But if his all-seeing eye shall behold a whole nation mourning, weeping, confessing their sins, pouring out their hearts in prayer in behalf of this guilty land, bowed down like a bulrush at his footstool in deepest sorrow for the past, and entreating to be spared further punishment, though justly deserved, then may we hope that he will be entreated of us, and will turn again our captivity. Then may this be the joyful culmination both of our disasters and of treason's triumph. The offerings of a united nation will go up as sweet incense, and the God of our fathers will be our God, and will come and save us.

Oh, my hearers, the most important thing of all to-day is *prayer*. For this our fasting may prepare us, to this our sermons may incite us, and our public proclamations recommend us, but the *might which is to prevail in the cabinet and in the field, is the MIGHT OF PRAYER!* "What do you most need for your soldiers?" wrote a friend in this city to a corporal of the Fifteenth. "The prayers of loving Christians," was his wise reply. McClellan's "General Order, No. 7," enjoining the observance of the holy Sabbath as a sacred duty to the God of mercy and of battles, declaring that "we are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to reserve the benign favor of the Creator," is the

heaviest ordnance that has yet been placed in position in the army of the Potomac. If the spirit and power of that order shall pervade this war, the stars in their courses will fight for the stars of our banner. God will give us such a holy courage that one shall chase a thousand. The saint upon his knees in the closet will scatter the proud battalions of our foes. They will return to their right mind, and take up hostile arms no more. We have not proved the power of prayer. We have not made this a holy war. We have been talking of cotton, and reconstruction and peace, and the favor of England and France, and the return of commercial prosperity, and new compromises with wrong, instead of taking these troubles of the nation into our heart of hearts before the Lord, to ask of him, with conscientious earnestness, what he requires of us, as a basis of peace and prosperity. Every fervent, effectual prayer of a Christian patriot is a battle and a victory.

THIRDLY: *Loyalty to the government is also a duty of Christian patriotism.* This is a quality of which, in our country, we have thought and spoken too little. The term has been, for the most part, appropriated by kingly governments, and has implied fidelity to the person of a sovereign. Without reason, however, for the derivation of the word gives adherence to *law* and not to an individual as its fundamental idea. When, therefore, we speak of loyalty, under our form of government, we do not intend affection for the person of our President, fidelity to the principles of a dominant party, nor yet personal approval of every measure of an administration, or of every law upon the nation's statute-book. But we mean truth at heart to that plighted faith which is sworn to uphold, with honor, influence, property, and life, our republican government, with its constitution and fundamental laws. We mean a disposition to rally affectionately around

that central power, by whomsoever wielded at the moment, which is the subtle essence of divinity in the state; which renders the ballot-box a sublime arbiter of fate; which clothes the acts of the magistrate with a superior dignity, and makes the civil ruler a minister of God for vengeance or reward. We mean a quality which the seceded States have openly abjured; a high-minded affection for that which is the main-spring of order, and the fountain of happiness, but which the people of the rebellious States have trodden with scorn underneath their feet. We mean that noble enthusiasm which now inspires so many minds throughout the eastern, middle, and western States, with a solemn purpose and determination to uphold, *at all hazards*, the United States of America, or perish with honor in the attempt. Surely such a sentiment is possible in a republic. They are wicked calumniators who deny it. The spectacle is even now to be seen in our land, of men of adverse parties, and varying political principles and preferences, acting all together for the great commonwealth. Party lines are fading out, thank God; would that they were wholly invisible, and that all the people might come to this simple complexion: the loyal sons and daughters of the Republic on the one side, giving their best powers to the perpetuation of the nation's life and honor; and the dastardly rebels in arms, and all their contemptible abettors, who cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace," on the other side. Surely it must come to this. The question is narrowed down to our loyalty, full, deep, strong, undying; or of treachery, base, malignant, and damning. Our bleeding country has now a right to say to her children, "He that is not with me is against me." The issues of these times allow of no neutrality, whether of a State or of a person. Either the one side or the other will push him into the positive. The Latin maxim, "*aut Cæsar aut nullus*," — the government as it is or no

government at all, — is the single issue that the providence of God is now holding forth to view. This is the touchstone that is to try every State and every individual. This is the rock on which he must build his hope, or which, falling upon him, will grind him to powder. It is impossible now to slide along and be a neutral nobody, or if not now impossible, it is fast becoming so. We live in heroic times, such as we have often longed for, but to which, now that they have come, we find ourselves hardly equal.

I am clear, therefore, perfectly clear, in the view that Christian Patriotism requires of us to make this war a strong and thorough struggle. *We must boldly fight it through* till the last armed foe has fallen or retired from the field. Not a vestige of this great rebellion must be left to curse the soil of these States, or encourage a similar effort in time to come. The evil must be wiped out in blood and carnage, since it is an alternative they have forced upon us, and which we cannot without pusillanimity decline. Fortunately for us at this period in the struggle, we are in no uncertainty what to do. When, near the close of the last administration, we observed, by recommendation, a national fast, no man knew what to advise. We hardly knew what to pray for. All were hoping for a solution of the difficult problem, but no one knew whether it was to come from the east or from the west, from the north or from the south, from earth or heaven. But in a little time the demon of war broke loose; the guns that thundered against the walls of Sumter jarred down the barriers that divided parties, and unfurled to the eyes of the nations the red banner of Slaughter. Difficulties increased indeed at a fearful ratio, but all uncertainty was now over. From that day the path has been plain. Through evil report and good report, through victory and defeat, through elation and gloom, the finger of Providence has

pointed one way, and led the mind of the loyal population straight on. There is no other resolution of this question but the dread arbitrament of the sword. The right or the wrong must triumph by might. We must succeed and establish this government on the rock of perfect security, or, like a lighthouse too weak to withstand the gale, it must be whelmed in the depths of oblivion. And is there any person who hesitates to elect the side on which he will stand? Is there any person who hesitates to elect the side for which *he is ready to fall*? I profoundly hope not. If the nation wants money, let it be furnished to any extent necessary to prosecute the war with the utmost vigor. If we succeed, it will all come back to us in the palmy days of prosperity that are to follow. If we do not, it will be as safe as anything, for all will be lost. If the nation wants more men, let them, too, offer themselves for the service, until the country shall cry, "Hold, enough! fall back, my loyal sons, and guard your own homes!" In the name of patriotism, and in the name of Almighty God, who hath ever defended us, I would implore all those whom my voice or influence may reach, to allow no motives of ease, or personal interest, or position in the world, or social life, to make them reluctant in answering their country's call. It is the day for sacrifices as well as prayers; sacrifices as the result of prayers, and as their proper completion and fulfilment. It is our duty, without a question, to do our utmost just now to improve the quality of our national defences, both by land and by sea; to swell our army until its majestic tramp, under the discipline of arms, shall carry dismay to the spirits of our foes, as they behold the black cloud gathering from the North. We must make a wicked peace impossible and resistance hopeless. We must leave nothing whatever to the unprincipled plotters of our ruin, and virulent haters of our free New England institutions,

but to succumb before our prowess, — tardily enough aroused to action, but when aroused we trust, invincible. Why do we live to-day, unless it be true that God has given us a being and a status in this precise year of grace, in order that we might grandly and devotedly meet the splendid issue now presented? And if we shrink back from it, shall we be counted worthy of honor? Shall we not rather prove ourselves the degenerate sons of noble sires, having hearts that have lost the fervor of their faith, and eyes that kindle not with the fire that shone in theirs?

I will detain you only to remark once more, — that the Christian patriot *should have faith in the nation's destiny.* It is a sickly sentimentalism which whines over the state of public affairs, and simpers of "peace" and "humanity," when a fierce array of a hundred or two hundred thousand men are planting their banners insultingly within sight of our nation's capitol. Their loaded cannon are even now sighted at our battalions and intrenchments, and the threat is reissued that they "will lodge in the White House before the coming Sabbath." For aught I know, the quiet and devotions of this day of prayer may be disturbed by the boom of death-dealing guns along the whole line of our intrenchments, — and is *this* the time for faintness of heart? Nay, rather let all be assured that great armies may be confronted by great armies; and that there never were preparations so formidable but they might be matched and overmatched by the energies of a great, brave, and loyal people.

We have no cause to fear our foes, no reason to dread the issues of this war, if we ourselves are only energetic, loyal, just, and pure before God. Intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, slavery, covetousness, selfish-seeking, these may be our destruction, but our armed foes never. Our arms may meet

with yet other reverses, greater, perhaps, than we have yet seen. God may find it needful, in order to bring us to that place of humility and strength to which we are destined, to afflict us yet longer. But I am persuaded that he will not forsake us utterly. Let us have faith and courage and boldness in the evil day.

Look across this smoky vista from which the war cloud arises, and over which the sulphurous vapors hang, to that serene sky beyond, to those beautiful green fields of new and brighter prosperity. See Slavery, our bane and the pest of our civilization, utterly abolished in the providence of God, and by means which we have scarcely yet conceived of. Behold every blessing, both natural and spiritual, clustering again beneath our star-spangled banner, which shall become, in a sense higher and holier than ever before, a beacon of hope to the struggling, panting nations.

Behold civilization and Christianity advancing hand in hand with the ships of our commerce, the representatives of our nationality and the missionaries of our faith, as we shall carry these elements forth purely and peacefully to bless the ignorant and save the lost. Oh, what a scroll of honorable history shall yet be seen to open from the land of the Angel of Destiny, when this heretofore favored land shall come out of its great tribulations, shake off the filthy garments of its despotism and oppression, its intemperance and ungodliness, become just, fearing God, and be the day-star of hope for freedom and religion in the eyes of an observing and admiring world! Christian freemen, — philanthropists, patriots, — be cheered by the omen; and in the joy of faith, and the might of prayer, go forth and DO YOUR DUTY.

Worcester, September 26, 1861.

MUSIC.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. SEECOMBE.

THOU lovely bird of paradise : thou comest to us on dewy wing and chantest thy morning lay. And when the evening shades prevail, thy charming voice will lull us to repose. That sweet word — home — has lost half its sweetness if thou art not there.

How well do I remember the clear voice of my beloved father, as he accompanied the viol in the "Cradle Song," while the sweet, faint voice of my mother chimed in ; and as the little ones gathered nearer, and with united petition urged him to sing and play *one* more, how would his soul pour itself forth in singing that beautiful anthem, "And they cease not day and night, crying, Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty." Oh, how did my little heart beat with emotion, and as I retired to rest I would weep and pray that I might be one of those who should never cease to sing God's praises. That father sleeps in the grave, but among the most hallowed memories of the past, are the sweet recollections brought to mind by the sacred song in the New England home. One of those last precious seasons were enjoyed just before my departure for the far West, when we all united in singing "Mother's tune," as we called it, "Redeeming Love." At the close, as one part after another as-

cended to the last, sweet, touching note of the heavenly theme, our voices choked, and our eyes were suffused with tears. How little did I then think that ere those voices united again on earth, one, that of my much revered and beloved father, would be chanting that blissful anthem above.

But I did not intend a sketch of my own life, but simply to bear my testimony to the influence of music in the family. If any one human instrumentality more than another has been the means of winning my soul to Christ, it has been sacred harmony. I would say then, to mothers in particular, watch the first buddings of music in your child ; spare no pains, and I may say no expense, for the instruction of that little one in singing and playing upon an instrument, if it evinces any talent for it, as well as in other branches of study. Place pure, virtuous, ennobling music in the hands of that son or daughter, afford them time and money to learn, and they will thank you for it a thousand times in after life ; will sooth your pathway to the tomb with the sweet tones of voice and harp, and when you lie down in the grave will compose an "Old Arm-Chair," or "My Mother's Bible," as a tribute to your memory.

LO! I DREAMED A DREAM.

BY ———

I HAVE no superstitious feelings in relation to dreams ; but I had one a short time since that made such an impression upon me and which inculcated such a valuable lesson that I am induced to send it to the *Home*

Monthly for the benefit of the boys and young men who read its pages.

Perhaps my boy, who was the subject of my night vision, or some other lad or young man, may read this and therefrom learn a

lesson that will have an influence to keep them from future and fearful ills.

I dreamed we were walking over a frozen morass or wet lowland of vast extent, when we came to an unfrozen portion of the ground, where the water gushed up pure and clear, and temptingly invited us to drink. The lad, thinking of no danger, turned aside and stooped to drink from the fountain as the water so alluringly boiled up before him. He no sooner stooped to drink than he commenced sinking in the yielding quagmire by which the spring was surrounded. I was at a little distance on the frozen marsh, and seeing his danger warned him to flee from the fountain at once before he sank deeper in the yielding slough, and while he had ability to extricate himself from his perilous condition. Feeling secure, and delighted with the refreshing water, he continued to drink. Gradually sinking in the mire, he made but feeble and ineffectual efforts to extricate himself, until alas, it was too late. He now felt himself going down, down, down, and with wild and despairing efforts he tried to gain the firm ground he had left. But he could not rise from the mire that

held him in its dark and deadly embrace. The black, yielding mass would suffer him to sink, but not permit him to rise. I saw him gradually but surely being engulfed; and alas, alas, the poor boy had no firm ground to place his feet upon, and throwing up his hands, and struggling in wild despair, he was lost.

MORAL.

Young men are beset by temptations. They do not see the danger until they are in the midst of it, and then do not attempt to flee from it until they are so inextricably involved that there is no power in them to extricate themselves from their difficulty. The moment they get their feet off from God's moral law, they commence sinking, and the black mire of vice will assuredly hold them down in its cold and deathly grasp.

Young men, plant your feet firmly on God's moral law, and if you are ever allured away from the path of rectitude, by any pleasure or temptation, speed you back at the first warning of danger, before the dark muddy waters of despair close over you forever.

DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

THE flowers in the garden, all blooming and gay,
Like the mists of the morning have faded away;
The rose and the dahlia, blush yellow and red,
The pink and the poppy are withered and dead.

At eve, they unfolded their petals so fair,
And scattered their odors so sweet on the air,
That the soft-breathing zephyrs, in amorous bliss,
Stole sly through the hedge, and gave them a kiss.

At morn, as the sun rode up in the sky,
No flow'ret rejoiced 'neath the light of his eye;
None wafted an odor or lifted the head,
For all in their beauty were stricken and dead.

Now, mournful and sad the breezes go by,
Once with a song — but now with a sigh;
For change hath begirt the path of the hours,
And the breezes lament *the death of the flowers*.

How transient and fleeting the beautiful sight!
All swept to oblivion in the blasts of a night;
One touch of the finger, one stir of the breath,
And the frost-king exults o'er the reigning of death.

So fleeting is life, though bright in the sky,
The star of its hope beams full in the eye;
Change rides in his might on the wing of the hours,
An emblem of life is *the death of the flowers*.

TELLING TALES.

BY H. W.

MRS. Gay with her two children, were spending an afternoon at the house of her sister, Mrs. Mountford. Mrs. Gay's children were a young infant and a little girl who could just walk, but Mrs. Mountford's children were four, six, and eight years of age. The two ladies were comparing notes on housekeeping, maternal experiences, and all those little matters that wives and mothers are wont to discuss when they meet, and they would have had a delightful chat only for the perpetual and annoying interruptions of the little Mountfords.

"Mamma, mamma," screamed Harry, the boy of six years, "Bub is playing with the new watering-pot! he's slopping all about the piazza!"

Mrs. Mountford paid no attention till the story was so vociferously repeated that nothing else could be heard, and then she said—

"Well, you may take it and put it away where it belongs," and went on with her talking.

Presently there was a great outcry just outside on the piazza, and Anna, the eldest, ran up to the open window—

"Mamma, Harry's fighting with Bub, and pulling the watering-pot away from him. See, mamma."

"I ain't fighting!" screamed Harry, "I only went to take it to put it away, and he kicked me,—so now!" and both boys screamed and struggled over the watering-pot.

"Oh, dear, what a piece of work," sighed the mother, "there's no peace where you are," and she went out, put up the watering-pot, brought in the two boys, and seated

them in two chairs, there to remain half an hour. Not five minutes had passed, however, before the little one began with—

"Mamma, Harry's making up faces at me," and soon the tumult increased until Mrs. Mountford was glad to send them out again.

Mrs. Gay made no comments, but she mentally resolved that, come what would, her children should never tell tales of each other. The afternoon, which would otherwise have been pleasantly spent, was rendered very uncomfortable to all parties by the constant tale-telling and contradictions of the children, who occupied most of the mother's time.

Six years passed away, and little Mina Gay and her brother Alfred were as well-behaved and pretty children as any to be found; an entire contrast to their cousins, the Mountfords, and Mrs. Gay prided herself on the contrast. A visitor in the house might stay a month and hear no tale-telling, contradicting, or disputing. The two children would go into the attic, the barn, or the garden, and play by the hour, and no one would be wiser as to the way they spent the time. Anything like an attempt on the part of one to tell anything the other had said or done, was instantly hushed by the mother.

At last, it so happened that Mrs. Mountford, wearied out with the vexations of her own turbulent household, came, without any of her children, to spend a day or two with her sister for rest and quiet.

"Your children are patterns of good behavior," said Mrs. Mountford to her sister,

one day, "I wish mine were like them; but their natures are very different," she added, with a sigh.

"Not so much their *natures* as their *habits*," said Mrs. Gay. "I have brought mine up to tell no tales of each other. Mina was at first inclined to tell of Alfred's little pranks, but I soon put a stop to it; she knows I will not listen to her if she begins."

"But when they do mischief, what then!" asked Mrs. M.

"Oh, if I see it, I correct it, but they seldom do mischief; and I would rather go without knowing who upset my flower-pot, or scratched my bureau, than have all the time the disputes to settle, which arise from telling tales."

Just then the door opened a little way, and Mina's pretty face appeared. "Mamma," she began, "Alfred is—"

"Hush, my child, telling tales!" exclaimed the mother.

"But, mamma, he's doing something real naughty; mayn't I tell you?"

"No, my child, he must confess to me himself. Run right away this minute."

The little girl burst into tears, shut the door, and ran out as fast as her feet could carry her.

"You've hurt her feelings," said Mrs. Mountford.

If Mrs. Gay had answered truly, she would have said that her pride was hurt just at that moment, at having her favorite theory disturbed in such a summary manner, and to say the truth, she was a little uneasy, but she did not like that her sister should know it, and after a few minutes she made an excuse to go out of the room, but really to see what Master Alfred might be about. As she opened the door leading to the back yard, little Mina came wildly flying towards her, screaming—

"Oh, mamma, mamma, the fire is in the

hay!" and the blue, curling smoke told only that the tale was too true. Master Alfred had been experimenting with matches; little Minnie knew it was wrong and dangerous, and finding she could not dissuade him, she had run to tell her mother, who had peremptorily refused to hear. The whole household rushed with buckets of water, but it was too late. The barn, with all its contents, was in half an hour a heap of smoking ruins; the house was saved with difficulty, and the fright and havoc were not soon forgotten.

Mrs. Gay's distress was not mitigated by the consideration that for this calamity she was in a measure indebted to the faithful carrying out of her theory by her child, and the result was a sensible modification of her teachings. After that, her rule was, "Always tell me anything that is really and seriously wrong, but do not run to me about trifles," and she found it worked well.

But, says some mother, "Are we to trust to a child's judgment as to what is really wrong?" If the child is an ill-managed one, who has been punished more severely for breaking glass or china, or spilling something on the table-cloth or carpet, than for envy, falsehood, or revenge, we think his judgment could not be trusted; but in a Christian home, where principles are taught and carried out, and where the tricks and accidents of childhood are considered with patient forbearance, but any sacrifice of principle is treated with firm discipline, we think the children's judgment of what is to be told and what is not, is usually to be relied upon; but the practice of running with petty tales to the mother, reiterating "he's doing that," "she's doing this," ought to be checked and broken up by sternly discountenancing the tale-teller, though not omitting to do justice to the other offender, who might take courage and persist in the annoying acts from a feeling of triumph.

A constant source of irritation in some families is found in the habit of pointing the finger or "making up faces," or "mocking," many a mother knows. An effectual rebuke can be given to both, on hearing tales of this kind, by quietly remarking, before the tantalizer —

"Well, I wouldn't *look* at him, then, any more at present."

There will be no motive to gesticulate unpleasantly if one is not going to be looked at.—*Mother's Journal*.

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.

A correspondent sends us the following anecdotes of children, for which we are obliged. There is to most persons an interest attached to these "sayings of the little ones," and we would be happy to receive more of these utterances of "babes and sucklings," out of whose mouths God is perfecting praise.—EDS.

A little girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion, and exclaimed —

"See God's big bouquet!"

When taking her first ride in the cars, she said —

"Oh! I see the poles running by very fast, and a long string on the top of them." (Alluding to the telegraph.)

Another child of five having seen her father for the first time, he having been absent in

California, was much astonished that he should claim any authority over her, and upon one occasion of rebellion, as he administered punishment, she cried out —

"I wish you had never married into our family!"

Another little one being called by her sick mother, who said to her, "After I am gone, I hope you will love your father dearly, and take care of him, as I have done, replied with assumed importance —

"Yes, I'll 'teep him out of *mischief*."

During the contest for the presidential election, two little neighbors wore medals of their favorite candidates about their necks, and discussed their relative merits.

On the morning after the result of election, the "Lincoln boy" met the "Bell-Everett girl," and called out —

"Well, you didn't get your *feller*, did you!"

THE BABIE.

SELECTED.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny tac,
Nae stocking on her feet;
Her supple ancles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin,
Her puckered lip and baumy mou,
With na one tooth between.

Her een, sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face, —
We're glad she has no wings.

She is the budding o' our love,
A giftie God gie'd us:
We munna luv the gift ow'r weel,
'Twad be nae blessing thus.

THE following two poetical articles have been sent us by sympathizing friends, for which we return our thanks.—ED.

"Died in Franklin, Sept. 15, Emery Davis, son of Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, aged 5 years."

BY THE INVALID.

"NOT lost, but gone before," sweet child!

Gone to the blessed land
Where Jesus hath prepared a place
For all his infant band;
Gone to the fair, celestial plains
Where 'living waters' flow,
And flowers of amaranthine bloom
In radiant beauty glow.

"Not *lost*, but gone before!" gone to
The port of endless rest,
Anchored forevermore secure
Upon the Saviour's breast!
No angry foe shall drive thee thence,
Nor storm nor chilling blast
Shall o'er thee sweep with fearful power,
Thy dangers all are past.

"*Not lost*, but gone before," from sin,
From suffering and from woe,
To wear the conqueror's starry crown
Upon thine infant brow;
To learn the song by angels sung,
While from the golden strings
Of harps celestial, all the air
With rapturous music rings.

"Not *lost*, but gone before; — *our own*,
Though from our sight removed,
Above the changeful, earthly path
Where we together roved;
'A little while,' a few brief days
Of weary toil and care,
And we shall cross the river, *too*,
And meet thee, darling, there!

Father, it is enough; we bow
To thy unerring will,
And bid the storm of sorrow cease,
The quivering heart be still.

Leaning on thee, in peaceful trust,
We'll wait the appointed time,
Till thou shalt call us to our home
In yon celestial clime!

MOURNING MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. C. T.

MOURNING mother! Bowed in sorrow,
Jesus bids us look above;
"What I do, thou'lt know hereafter;"
Now we know 'tis all in love.

Is the cherished form now hidden
'Neath the tomb-mound, cold and lone?
Is unheard the patt'ring footsteps,
And the guileless prattling tone?

Is dear home all sad and lonely,
Each moment yielding grief—
Empty chair; the playthings idle;
Things we cherish for relief?

Is thy midnight hour of waking
Filled with thoughts of yesterdays,
When caressed by dear arms fondly,
And oft pleased by winning ways?

Mother, pause! thy dear one liveth,
In a fairer, holier clime!
Folded on the Saviour's bosom,
As a blessed gem to shine!

Weep we may, for wept the Saviour:
Cheering thought, we're going home!
We'll join our cherubs, beauteous, shining,
And ever there in bliss we'll roam.

FACTS AND THEIR LESSONS. NO. VII.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

A TRAITOR was once under sentence of death. Before his execution his family came to visit him for the last time, to bid him farewell, though it seems that their visit was not prompted by warm affection. The father addressed him in the most bitter language, and heaped curses upon his head. His sister spit upon him, and said, "You have acted a traitor's part, receive a traitor's reward." His wife pointed at him the finger of scorn, and taught her children to treat him with contempt on account of his traitorous deeds. Last of all came his mother, whose feelings were at first embittered against him, but when she beheld her son, maternal affection quite overcame her, and she fell upon his neck and wept, exclaiming, "My son! my son!"

Did the mother forget that her son had turned against his bleeding country? By no means. She abhorred the sin of which he was guilty, but she could not forget that he was her son. Her maternal feelings rose in their power, and she could but clasp him to her bosom. While yet his rebellious heart cursed the land that gave him birth, she saw in him the object of her heart's fondest affection, and there came welling up from her soul's depths the true, deep, unutterable emotions of a mother's love in the exclamation, "My son! my son!" Ay, here was a bond of union that all the wickedness of the world could not sunder. Here were memories that even filial disobedience and ingratitude could not obliterate. So it ever is with maternal love. It is characteristic of the mother's heart, this tender, quenchless, undying love for the children she has borne. What though the son has proved himself

recreant to home and country, and forfeited the respect of his fellow-men, can the mother forget her joy when she cherished the brightest hopes over his happy boyhood? Let him degrade his early manhood by intemperance, until the human is wellnigh lost in the bestial, and the once noble boy has become a filthy, besotted, disgusting man, and still the maternal heart yearns over him as a son beloved. How many anxious days and sleepless nights she has spent for him! How many hopes she has cherished only to see them dashed! How many tears, hot, bitter tears, she has shed over his waywardness and guilt! And all this but hallows, in one sense, and renders doubly precious, the tie that holds the child to a mother's heart. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." And, oh! how dear beyond description is now the filial bond, when a demon vice would tear it from the soul! Never before did the priceless boon appear so transcendently good as when it is almost yielded up for lost! Oh! now the mother's heart clings with a death-grasp to the vanishing treasure, and her soul cries out from its depths of agony, "My son! my son!" And in that single exclamation how much of all that she has lived for is crowded! Let her expire with that upon her lips, and it would be a truthful biography of a loving mother, embracing every line and paragraph of a devoted life, all blended in one unbroken story, and brought to the sad, tearful close, "My son! my son!"

THE violet grows low and covers itself with its tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

Editorial Paragraphs.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

READER, did you ever sit through the silent watches of the night waiting for the coming of that unwelcome, yet expected messenger — death? Perhaps a dear child lay all unconscious of the touching grief around, its little life fast ebbing away with the fading beauty on its cheek. Each tearful moment you watch for the expected change, and still the tiny bark lingers on the shores of time! Another hour, and surely the loving angels will conduct it over the “dark river.” How much of life throngs that “narrow neck of time!” In so brief a space the sweetest tie will be broken, and a bright gem be plucked from the crown of domestic bliss. And yet the sufferer lives on, each labored breath leaving the number less. “He is almost gone,” whispers one with a deep-drawn sigh, and again your heart throbs at the approach of the silent messenger. You hear not his stealthy steps, but the touch of his icy finger is traceable on the cold, damp brow. How sacred and solemn is now the place where “parting life is laid!” All the gems and pearls that ever sparkled on mitred brows, are nought to you compared with the precious spirit that is spreading its pinions for the skies; and yet you would not ask it back. The celestial convoy are so near the pearly gates with their charge, that you would have them lifted to let the heir of glory in.

The morning breaks. All through the night you have waited for gloomy death, and still he tarries. But now he comes; his chariot is at the door. The eyes are set; the light of life flickers in their sockets. The pulse is still. He is gone. And that moment which leaves to your embrace only the lifeless clay, who can describe its agony? You have waited long for his coming, but the moment that

snaps the tie hath not its counterpart in all the experience of life.

THE EXTRA PLATE.

It was the morning after her beloved child had expired. The family drew around the breakfast-table in mournful silence, and grace was said. As the mother lifted her moistened eyes, she burst into a flood of tears, and gave vent to her feelings in convulsive, heart-rending sobs. Nor was the mystery long unsolved. “That plate!” she said, as soon as she could utter the words. The domestic had forgotten that the household numbered one less on that Sabbath morning, and had set a plate as usual for the dear one whom the Saviour had taken. It was emphatically an *extra* plate, and the sorrowful circumstances gave it a voice and tongue. It spoke to that mother’s heart with a power and eloquence that thrilled her very soul. Silent though its language was, it was clear, forcible, and solemn. No words ever dropped from human lips that were more pregnant with meaning than the sight of that extra plate,—and hence the rush of memories that wellnigh overcame the bereaved mother.

How many of these remembrances there are in a dwelling where “the dark-winged angel” has been! How constantly the living are reminded that one is not there! The very walls seem to vie with every article of furniture to proclaim the sad fact, that death has “hit a shining mark.” By night and by day the thoughts are forced by these inevitable associations to think of the once active form that made the family an unbroken circle. Nor is it a dread experience. It is a good school for the training of the soul for that “higher life” in another and better world.

It is a chain that binds us down to commune with death, and every link is gold. We cannot afford to part with the discipline which may be derived from these affecting associations.

We knew a case like this. Parents lost a lovely child, and their sorrow was very great. A few days after the little one was committed to the dust, they proceeded to lay away its apparel, playthings, and whatever else pertained to its mortal life. On removing the pillows from the cradle, by some undesigned pressure they caused a little toy-dog, that lay concealed therein, to bark, as their now dead child had often done with a merry shout and laugh. It was but a single feeble bark, and yet it completely overcame the parents. The father dropped into a chair as if he were shot, and the mother buried her face in her hands, while her whole frame shook with the burst of grief that poured from her bleeding heart. The law of association, which God has implanted in every soul, subjected them to a trying discipline, and yet one that might prove the happiest culture in the world. In the nature and existence of this law of our being, that makes us hear a voice in an empty plate and simple toy, we see both the wisdom and goodness of God. For it is well for human nature to cherish affliction, as a means of spiritual growth, and this well-known law contributes to this end, by converting so many objects and incidents into kind remembrancers. Parents are thereby taught by a vacant chair or empty cradle, such lessons of wisdom as never fall from living lips.

SUBMISSION.

The only daughter of an eminent lawyer lay upon her death-bed. He was a skeptic,—his wife was a Christian woman. The father was extremely wretched in view of her speedy and certain death. He could scarcely endure the thought of parting with her, and, as she drew nearer and nearer the grave, his extreme anguish increased. At length, when the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken, his heart rose up in strong rebellion

against God, and he openly murmured at his dealings. He gave such latitude to his feelings that he cursed the day he became the happy father of the now dead girl. His Christian wife stood at the foot of the couch, and with clasped hands, and upturned eyes exclaimed, "Thy will be done, O Lord! Thy will be done, O Lord!" Her sorrow was deep, very, very deep. She loved her child no less than her husband did,—perhaps she loved her more. Yet she was calm, peaceful, submissive, and her husband could not appreciate her trust. Her exclamation fairly aroused his wrath, and he was on the point of charging her with being an unfeeling mother. But a voice within bade him hold his peace, while he sternly gazed into the face of his resigned companion to learn if she were trifling with death. His passions gradually subsided, and conscience began to do its work. Finally he said, musingly, "How is this? I boast of my courage, and pride myself in philosophy, in which I am versed, as being equal to the support of man in every emergency. But in the hour of trial I acted an unworthy part. My wife, a delicate female, and one of the most affectionate of mothers, was alone the magnanimous sufferer on this occasion. What could lead to such contrary results?" "She is a Christian," replied the still, small voice, "and I am not; surely the secret is here."

And so he bowed to Christ, and found by happy experience that true submission to God, in dark and crushing trials, is a fruit of the Spirit.

How great the influence of that Christian woman, though she uttered no words, but a single expression of trust! There was power in her submissive spirit. It was proof of faith, that is "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." She did more good by her living example of religion, in the most afflictive hour of her life, than she had done by words of counsel and instruction.

BEAUTY. — After all that can be said of a beautiful face, it must be conceded that a beautiful soul is far more attractive.

READ THIS! READ THIS!!

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

IN January 1862, another year of our work will commence, and it is time for us to call the attention of our readers to the fact. We have carried our Magazine through the hard times of the present year at a sacrifice, as every thoughtful subscriber must infer. How shall it be another year? Let those who are interested to have it sustained consider this question, and resolve to extend its circulation among their friends and neighbors. We know that it is hard times, and perhaps some of our present subscribers will find it difficult to continue the work another year on account of pecuniary embarrassment. But we hope that none of our readers will request us to discontinue the magazine to their address if they can possibly incur the expense. Will it not be for the good of your families if you continue the work even by making a sacrifice at some other point in order to do it? In addition, cannot each subscriber induce one other person to subscribe? In this way the work can be sustained, though wars and rumors of wars continue. We rely upon those of our friends who are interested in the success of the enterprise to continue their patronage, and enroll others among our readers.

AN OFFER.

To any person who subscribes for our work in November, we will send the November and December numbers gratis, — that is, their subscription year shall begin in January, 1862, and the November and December numbers be sent to them gratuitously. Let our friends speak of this offer to their neighbors, and thus make the month of November a successful one for our magazine.

With this offer let our agents canvass their fields in November, and forward us the names of many new subscribers. Your commission will be the same though we send the November and December numbers gratuitously to new subscribers. We trust that our agents will be prompt and thorough in their work. SEE THE LAST PAGE OF THIS NUMBER FOR NOTICES OF THE PRESS, and call the attention of your friends to the same.

Responsible persons, who wish to canvass for the work, will be furnished with specimen copies of the magazine on application. Our agents, also, will be supplied if they request it. Let all agents make themselves familiar with the PROSPECTUS FOR 1862, on the 3d page of the cover, and also with the notices of the press on the last page of this number.

TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

Again we ask our subscribers who have not paid their bills, to forward the same without delay. We have waited long and patiently for our dues, and trust that our friends will now respond at once. If you cannot send all your dues at once, send half now, and the remainder as soon as you can. Let no one think that so small a bill as their subscription for our work will make but little difference. True, one subscription is small, but six or eight hundred of them amount to a good deal for us. It is the delinquency of many subscribers that compels us to issue the work at a sacrifice the present year. Will you not respond?

ANOTHER YEAR.

A glance at the Prospectus for 1862, on the 3d page of the cover, will show that we mean to make our work better than ever, another year. Using past experience as a faithful teacher, we trust that we shall improve the magazine more than we have any previous year. All the prominent old writers, with two or three exceptions, will continue to contribute to our columns in 1862, while several new ones are added. No family magazine in this country has been sustained by so large a corps of popular writers as ours during the year. About forty authors have contributed to our columns. Read the Prospectus on the third page of the cover.

THINGS FOR SUBSCRIBERS TO KNOW.

1. When you stop, or subscribe for a magazine, give your name in full, with the town and State in which you live. This will save all mistakes.

2. When you stop a publication, *pay up all arrearages*. The law allows publishers to send

their work until all dues are paid, and the subscriber is legally held for the same.

3. The best way to stop a magazine is to write to the publishers requesting the same, as soon as the last number of the subscription year is received. This is business-like and honest. It is the surest way to avoid mistakes and trouble about the work. Requesting postmasters to do what the law requires of them in regard to publications is not always sure, because many of them are very unfaithful, as we happen to know. Letters addressed by simply superscribing them with the name of our work and sent to Boston, will reach us.

4. To allow a publication to come after the

year has expired (if you have decided to discontinue it) until two or three numbers are received, and then request its discontinuance, is *dishonest*.

5. Missing or lost numbers of our magazine will be supplied if we are early notified.

6. Mistakes will sometimes happen in forwarding numbers and bills to subscribers. We are happy to correct all errors.

7. Be careful to observe the foregoing directions, and you will have no trouble with publishers or postmasters. Why should not a person be as careful to do just right in dealing with a publisher for a periodical, as he is in buying an article at the store?

Editor's Table.

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION. By James D. Torrey, No. 13 Spruce Street, New York.

We have received the first five numbers of this excellent record. It is a faithful history of the wicked rebellion in our land, and whoever wants a good history of the same for preservation, will find this to be just the thing. A number of it is issued every week. If the publishers will send us all the numbers, we will post our readers on the same from month to month.

POCKET VOLUMES FOR THE CAMP OR CARS. By H. Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, Boston.

Here is a nice little package of books for soldiers and travellers. Their titles are, "The Lost Ticket," "I have a Ticket," "Just in Time," "The Poor Man's Dinner." Excellent little books to be carried in the pocket for reading at odd moments. Those who want to do good will accomplish much by circulating these.

EVERY MAN'S LAW BOOK. The laws of Massachusetts relating to Individual Rights and Liabilities. Compiled from the general statutes. Boston: B. B. Russell, 515 Washington Street. A capital reference-book of law for every man. Only 25 cents.

TRACTS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY.

We have received a package of tracts for the army and navy, from Brother Trask, and they ought to be sent thither by thousands.

They are anti-rum and anti-tobacco. Speed them.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL CONCERT; Or, Children's Meeting. Its History, Advantages, and Abuses, with Approved Modes of conducting it. By H. C. Trumbull, State Sabbath-School Missionary for Connecticut. Boston: H. Hoyt, 9 Cornhill.

A little work of only 57 pages, yet containing much valuable instruction. Such a work is needed, and we hope this will find its way to all the friends of the Sunday-School Concert. It will do a good work.

THE DIVINENESS OF HUMAN GOVERNMENT. By Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D. H. Hoyt, Boston.

This is a discourse preached on the day of the National Fast, and the title shows its drift. It is a thorough, eloquent, right-to-the-point production, making a capital tract for the times. Now is the time for the people of this country to grasp the idea of the sermon, and reduce it to practice.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY, Clarence D. McKenzie. The Child of the 13th Regt., New York, and the Child of the Mission Sunday School. New York: Board of Publication of the Reformed Prot. Dutch Church.

A thrilling narrative, in which both parents and children will be deeply interested. The true story of a pious, praying drummer-boy in the present war, only twelve years old, accidentally shot. It contains a fine portrait of the boy. Read it, one and all.

Boys and Girls Corner.



SUSA WHITE'S COSSET.

The following beautiful story we take from the *Norwich Courier*. It was written by a young lady who ascertained the facts in the case from reliable sources, and the story is literally true. We insert it for the older ones of our young readers, and suggest, at the same time, that their parents and friends will be delighted with it. — EDS.

Whoever visits "ye antient towne" of Windham, Connecticut, will not fail to observe just on the outskirts of the village, on the road leading northward, a dark decaying wooden house, standing back a little from the highway in a weedy, neglected garden. A stone-walled lane, guarded, not shaded by a

giant sycamore, opens to the southern entrance of that old mansion, known to all the dwellers round as the "White Parsonage House."

More than a hundred years has that house been standing gathering moss and mould from the elements. More than a hundred years since those blacked walls were bright and new, and the hoary sycamore was a young tree, planted by the hands of the youthful minister and his bride, the lovely Mary Dyer.

But the bride and the bridegroom, with their sons and daughters, all passed away in their time, leaving as they departed one by one, darker shadows in their familiar places, and a deeper silence upon their dwelling. I can just remember when the last of these, an

aged woman, clothed in black, was seen at evening walking in the garden before the house where great golden sun-flowers and cup-roses, African marigolds, and princes' feathers, — flowers beloved and cherished by the old black serving-woman Creusa, — were all that remained of the blossoms her mother had loved and planted. That same old woman in black was a bright-eyed, fair-haired, sunny hearted little maiden once; the pet of the parson's household, the pride of his parish; named for her great-great-grandmother who came over in the May Flower. Not of the lonely old woman, the last of her family, am I going to write now, but of the little Susa White, whom my grandmother used to tell me about sometimes when I asked her for a story.

Early in the spring of 1774, a farmer, living in the eastern section of the town of Windham, carried into his house one cold, stormy morning, a young lamb whose dam had perished in the storm. The poor little thing was chilled and almost dead. He laid it on the hearth, and his wife wrapped it carefully in a warm flannel blanket. When it gave signs of life, she put into its mouth some warmed milk, and rubbed it tenderly, until it licked her hands, and bleated in answer to her caresses.

"What can I do with it?" she asked her husband, when he came to dinner. "'Tis a nice lamb, as white as snow; but with the prospect just now before us, I shan't have much time to raise cossets; for when the 'Sons of Liberty' are called to the field, the women will have to raise the bread."

"That's a sartin fact, Amy," replied her husband, "and the time is at hand! I couldn't bear to leave the little critter to die, though I'll tell you what we will do with it, wife! — There's the minister's little gill, who comes out here sometimes, and who seems to have a great liking for pets; we'll just keep it a few days till it gets strong and lively, and then carry it to her. She'll like it, I know."

Farmer Carey was not at all mistaken in this conjecture. The bright eyes of Susa White were brighter than ever the morning when the new pet was carried to the parsonage. Its coat, she declared, was softer than silk, and whiter than snow. She would take the very

best care of it, and keep it until it was an old sheep. Her father, who was consulted about a name, advised her to give the lamb no fancy name, but to call it Nebuchadnezzar, because some day it would have to eat grass like the old King of Babylon. Susa thought it rather a hard name, but said that Nebby or Neb would do very well.

So that afternoon, when the parson was asleep in his study, she put a wreath of starry dandelions around the cosset's neck, and sent Kate, the little servant-girl, to call some of the neighboring children. She then led it to the great wooden trough which stood running over



beside the well, and dipping her hands into this singular font, said, in tones as grave as the Sunday tones of her father —

"This lamb's name shall be Nebby," at the same time sprinkling his white, woolly head. Neb was not at all pleased with the ceremony; for he shook off the cold drops, and stamped his feet at his young mistress, to the great amusement of the children, particularly of little Kate, who said —

"White woolly didn't like being 'tized' any better than a darkey."

Neb grew famously, and soon became as great a pet, almost, in the village as his mistress. Susa White's lamb was privileged to go anywhere he pleased, nibbling either grass or flowers, as best suited his taste.

That was one of the pleasantest springs of Susa White's life, though a season of sore per-

plexity and darkness to the older and wiser in heart. From North to South there was a fluttering of wings for freedom. Act after act of oppression had roused the incipient nation to a trial of its strength. The American army was not then organized, but association was the order of the day, and the watchword of all was "Liberty." Enough had been heard of the absolute power of Parliament; the colonies were no longer afraid to stand up boldly and declare, "The People have rights, and only Heaven is supreme!" Such was everywhere the state of feeling when the infamous act for closing the port of Boston reached the patriot city. The king had declared his determination to starve his subjects into unreserved submission.

It was the tenth of May when the Port Act was received, and tidings of it were wafted as speedily as possible from town to town, and from colony to colony. Sections traversed by stage-coaches were favored at that era, for the coaches had always the latest news from the scene of disaffection, and news was what the people of all ages and rank waited and expected with the greatest anxiety.

Long before the hour for the weekly stage, a group of men might have been seen collecting around the old Staniford Tavern in Windham, discoursing on the subject of common interest to all. From the court-house and from the counter, from the workshop and from the plough, they came, eager to catch the first sound of the driver's horn, and to hear the rattling of the heavy wheels down the eastern hill. Women with children in their arms stood at the doors to look out at the four-horse vehicle, and prisoners in the gloomy old jail gazed through their grated windows, to watch it as it passed.

"There she comes!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once from the tavern stoop. "I hear her on the top of Zion's Hill! Smith toots loudly to-day. He's got news — no mistake about it!"

Blowing his horn most vigorously, the driver came dashing down the dusty road, his fine horses scarcely touching the ground over which they passed. Beautifully they described their circle in front of the stage-house, bringing the

coach door and the ladies' entrance in a moment side by side. While the driver, with one hand, was guiding his team through their well-known figure, with the other he scattered a handful amidst the bystanders; copies of the Boston Port Bill, edged with black, in token of mourning; also an appeal from the citizens of Boston, asking counsel and aid from the sister colonies in their time of trial. Sad news this from "good old Boston," — for Boston, then as now, was the pride of New England.

Before the coach was started again on its way to Hartford, the bills were posted all over the village; one on the great elm before the tavern door, — the same tree on which the jolly little Bacchus sat for so many long years astride his tun; a second was secured to another large elm a little farther to the north; a third to the whipping-post, which stood on the meeting-house corner; and the fourth to the court-house door. Before night they were sent to the most remote sections of the town, and all true Windhamites pledged themselves not only to make common cause with the suffering colony, but to wage perpetual warfare against tyranny.

The next day was the Sabbath, and parson White — who, like most of the New England clergy of his time, was a flaming patriot, — carried the subject with him into the pulpit, and made a most earnest appeal for their brave suffering brethren. He recounted all they had done, and all they had suffered since that first odious Revenue Act had spread consternation and alarm throughout the land; he spoke with enthusiasm of their resistance to the Stamp Act, and of the course they had pursued in regard to the Tea question, for which they were now suffering the vengeance of the British Parliament, and being branded as "the chief of rebels." In conclusion, he exhorted them, as men who loved their fellow-men, to concert some measure for carrying what aid they were able to the beleaguered city.

There was no lack of attention on the part of the parson's audience that day, no nightmare of election hung on his words; it was a rousing call to action, such as the heart of man both loves and approves in things temporal and spiritual. The weakest intellect in the

house could comprehend the subject and its requirements; and before the discourse was ended, many were calculating what they could spare from their own immediate necessities. Poor little Susa White, as she turned her eyes for a moment from her father's high pulpit towards the door, and caught sight of Neb standing with his front feet on the sill, chewing his cud, and looking so sleek and handsome, felt for the first time the appeal directed to herself. Her bright eyes quickly filled with tears. "Poor Nebby!" she thought, sorrowfully, "I cannot give him up. He would not make a mouthful for so many, if I did. He's all the pet I've got, and I promised good Deacon Carey to keep him until he was a great sheep." This last reflection was a momentary soother.

As soon as the blessing was pronounced, she hastened to the door, feeling very sorry that Neb should have been foolish enough to show himself there that afternoon. "Everybody will be saying now, 'There's one of the minister's little gals has got a nice fat cosset which she can spare as well as not!' I know they will, and well they may, too; but then I can't give him up. Poor Nebby!"

Nebby, wholly unconscious of what was passing in the mind of his youthful mistress, frisked around her as usual, licking her little ungloved hands, and testifying his joy in the best way he could at her release.

"He's grown famously," said old Mr. Tinker. "He'd make a fine roaster."

"I guess he won't," said Susa, in an undertone, bending over as if to pet the lamb, but in reality to hide her tears. "Savage old man, isn't he, Neb?"

No one could speak to the lamb or pet him that night as usual, but Susa fancied they were thinking she ought to lay him on the altar of her country and humanity, when such a thought never entered the mind of a single one of her father's parishioners. On the contrary, they would, one and all, have protested against so great a sacrifice on the part of their little favorite. It was the voice of her own conscience speaking to little Susa White, and the voice of humanity, also, asking the sacrifice of her pet lamb.

A town meeting was called immediately to

deliberate on what should be done, and how soon. The Port Bill was to take effect the 1st of June, and then from many hundreds of the poorer citizens would arise a daily cry for food, for the hands of industry were most effectually bound. There was a grand rally from every quarter of the town on the day appointed for the meeting. The old meeting-house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there was no lack of zeal or enthusiasm. A number of young men expressed their determination to offer their services to the blockaded city in case of outbreak, and to do it in person. These would bear whatever contribution their fellow town's people had to offer. The galleries were full of women and children eager to hear and see all that was said or done, and some of the former of these had a widow's mite to add to the offering.

"Sally Lincoln says her brother is going to volunteer," whispered Susa White to her older sister. "I should hate to have our Dyer, shouldn't you?"

"No, indeed," was the speedy response; "I should be ashamed of him if he wouldn't, if there was any need of him. I'll teach him to fire a gun myself, if nobody else will."

"But he might be killed, you know," said Susa shudderingly, "like those young men father told us about last evening at Gray's rope-walk."

"Well, that's a patriot's privilege, Susa. There's no use in holding back the purchase-money when once the field is to be bought. I only wish I were a man myself, to help drive every British officer out of Boston!"

"Oh, dear, everybody is braver and more generous than I," thought Susa, bending down her head thoughtfully. "There's the poor widow Lincoln, whose oldest son had offered to go, has just given a sheep. May be she brought it up by hand, and likes it as much as I like Nebby. Then she is a poor woman, with ever so many little children to take care of. I saw her wipe her eyes just now; but then I think it was because Nathan is going away, and not the sheep."

The galleries were beginning to be cleared, but Susa White lingered, for she had not yet learned the full amount of the contribution. It

was not long, however, before Mr. Solomon Huntington, who was moderator, gave notice that two hundred and fifty-seven sheep and lambs were then on the paper for delivery. The young men who had volunteered to drive them would be ready to start the next day at noon. If there was no more business before the meeting, they would adjourn.

Then Susa went down, and stationed herself a little way from the front door, to wait for her father. Nebby was not there; she had taken the precaution to shut him up in the stable before leaving home, lest his fat body should excite further remark. Her father came out at last, talking with one of his neighbors. She went and put her hand in his softly, and looked up in his face to attract his attention.

"What's the matter, Susa? What do you want?" he asked in a careless way.

"To give Nebby to the patriots," she said, bursting into tears.

Mr. White stood regarding his little daughter for a moment without uttering a word. His companion turned away to wipe a tear from his eye. Everybody in town knew the child's fondness for her pet.

"So you wish to send Neb to the hungry children of Boston, do you?" her father inquired at last. "I am glad you are willing to make a sacrifice for the good of others, my daughter! The liberal soul shall be made fat."

"I want you to speak to Deacon Carey about it," she said, "for he may think strange," and again the child's feelings were too much for her.

"A cause that has not only the 'widow's mite,' but the infant's sacrifice, will be prospered of the Lord, sir, and no mistake," said Col. Dyer. "Let the women and children work with us, malt the barley, and dry the sage; leaving alone the tea and the coffee and the foreign gewgaws, and the Old Country will come to her senses by and by." Then, while the minister went back to add the last gift to the roll, he laid his hand caressingly on Susan's head, and said, "You have a brave, generous heart, my dear little girl!"

Susa only shook her head in reply. She did not speak all the way home; and when they reached the lane, perceiving some chil-

dren there who had come to play with her and Nebby, she ran along to the orchard gate, slipped through, and was soon lost sight of amidst the thick trees.

Not a word was said in Susa's presence about her offering that night; but at the breakfast table next morning her father told her that Mr. Tinker had been over to offer to send one of his sheep in place of hers. It was the same old man who had spoken to her about Nebby on the way from church, and whom she had suspected of sinister motives.

"Good old man!" she exclaimed, with a quivering lip; "I am ashamed because I thought so hard of him."

Then she frankly confessed what feelings possessed her when he praised her lamb. But she would not allow him to redeem Nebby. He was a poor man, whose children were obliged to go out to work, and she knew he could not afford it. She had given the lamb, and she would not take it back; for when Susa had fully made up her mind there was no shrinking from its decision of right; and then, the minister's children were every one as staunch patriots as their father.

Every member of the family, except little black Kate approved the child's sacrifice. She stamped, and screamed, and pulled away at her stout tow frock with a vigor which would have been destruction to a modern fabric, when she heard that Neb, her own pet as well as Miss Susa's, was to be driven away to Boston.

"Massa White's folks on'y got one little sheep," she said; "eberyone else got a heap on 'em. Ole Wobetic Mountain all alive wid 'em—good enuf sheep, too, to be eaten. They wanted Neb thar own self!"

But though Kate's demonstration sorely affected the children, not a voice was heard pleading for their dumb favorite.

"Never mind about it, Susa," said her brother Dyer. "I'll catch a rabbit for you this fall, when I go a nutting, and a gray squirrel too. We can keep them in the house all winter, and feed them on walnuts. Molly has promised to teach me to fire a gun, and in two years more I shall be fourteen; then, if the British don't look out, I shall be after them. I ain't a cow-



ard, Susa. Hurrah for liberty! Never mind a sheep. I'd send the Boston folks a dozen of 'em, 'cause I like their spunk."

Before noon the farmers came driving in their flocks, and the volunteers were ready for the long march. *Two hundred and fifty-eight sheep*, — a noble offering from one small country town! Susa White's lamb was conspicuous amidst the flock, for his white coat had been carefully washed that morning, for the last time, at the wooden trough beside the well, and a garland of green was fastened around his neck.

"That's the way the old heathen used to dress up their victims, Susa," said her brother. "I don't know about father's letting a Christian sheep go off in that shape."

But Parson White found no fault with the garland; he thought only of the altar on which the victim was to be laid.

All the children in the village followed the flock up the eastern hill, very proud of their donation, and prouder of the young heroes who accompanied it, — the first volunteers for freedom. Susa White was with them, feeling very much like crying for Nebby, until she saw her little schoolmate, Sallie Lincoln, — bravely trying to say a cheerful "Good-by" to her brother.

In about two weeks the Boston stage brought a grateful message to the citizens of Windham for their ready aid and sympathy. Theirs was the *earliest donation from Connecticut*, — the earliest, save one, beyond the colony of Massachusetts.

Mr. Bancroft has made honorable mention of this fact in his "History of the American Revolution;" but as the donors have nowhere been chronicled, we offer to the public the above tradition of Susa White's cosset.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"Replete with valuable hints on Home Education, Literature, and Religion, and well adapted to secure the attention, and improve the mind and heart of the reader, be he old or young. The price is two dollars per annum, and whoever sends that amount to the publisher, will be sure to get more than his money's worth in return."—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

"In our opinion this work stands at the head of all works for family reading. It is pervaded by a religious spirit and purpose, and is conducted with much taste and ability."—*Congregational Journal, Concord, N. H.*

"Emphatically a magazine for the family. It makes the subject of Home Education prominent, while literature and religion receive due attention. It is enough to say that the prominent clergymen of different denominations of this city contribute to its columns."—*Boston Traveller.*

"We have often commended this family periodical, and take pleasure in renewing our commendation."—*Boston Recorder.*

"An excellent family fire-side magazine, and cheap enough to come within the means of all."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"This monthly will prove a great blessing to any family, and has such permanent value as to deserve binding, and preservation for future reading."—*Congregational Herald, Chicago, Ill.*

"We have nothing further to say in praise of this 'home favorite.' It is what every fire-side needs, and ought to have."—*Middlesex Journal, Woburn, Mass.*

"Parents and children, and the entire family circle, will find it a useful and valuable companion."—*Lyons Republican.*

"A popular magazine, — a welcome visitor to every fireside, entitled to the highest praise."—*Journal, Milford, Mass.*

"Persons who desire a good periodical for family reading, will not fail to give it their patronage."—*Exeter (N. H.) News-Letter.*

"It gives to its readers nothing but the purest and most elevating literature, such as ought to recommend it to every family in the land."—*School Visitor.*

"Its articles are short and well written, with excellent aims, insuring a miscellany of profitable and entertaining matter for the family circle."—*American Presbyterian, Phila.*

"Its entire contents are characterized by chasteness of tone, and beauty and simplicity of language. Some of the ablest writers of our country contribute to its pages."—*Muskegan Reporter, Mich.*

"Fresh and instructive as ever. With such contributors as Dr. Huntington, and Dr. Kirk, Mrs. Sigourney, and hosts of other excellent writers, it would be a pity if such a work could not find ample patronage among the families of New England."—*Hingham Journal.*

"The visits of this periodical are always welcome. It should be regarded as one of the necessities of life in a family. It has an able body of editors, and a large number of contributors."—*Temperance Visitor.*

"A first-class family magazine."—*Columbia Democrat.*

"It is filled, as usual, with matter calculated to interest and instruct the whole household. May it never need for patronage."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

"One of the best family magazines published."—*Greenfield Gazette.*

"One of the safest and most valuable periodicals for the family circle that we know of."—*Maine Evangelist.*

"Full of meritorious articles from able pens."—*Miami Visitor.*

"An excellent family magazine, containing a variety of interesting and profitable matter."—*Great Falls Advertiser.*

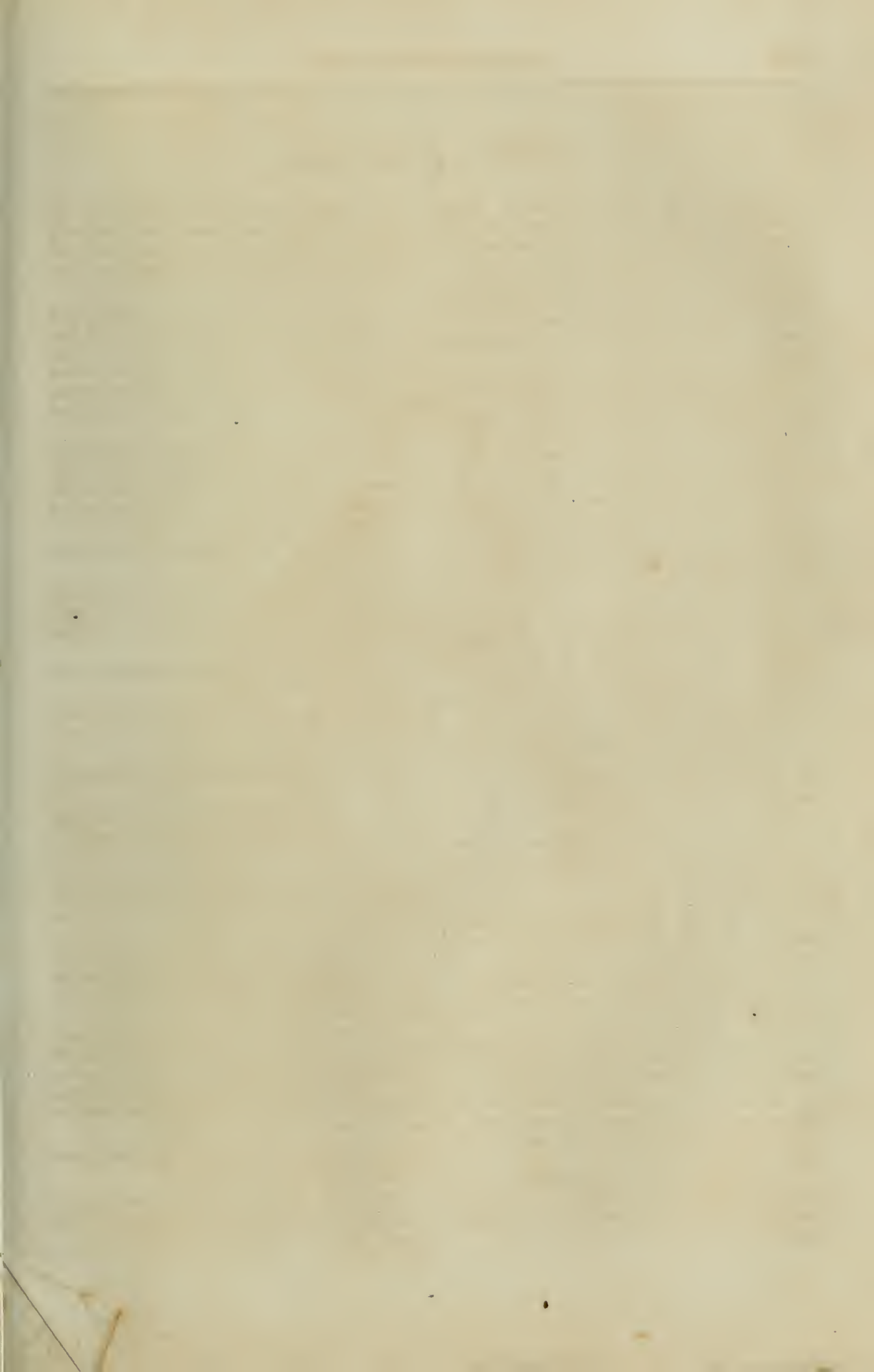
"An admirable publication, and we take pleasure in commending it to the notice of our readers."—*Christian Witness and Advocate, Boston.*

"There is no cheaper magazine published, when we take into consideration all that is given in exchange for two dollars."—*Newport (R. I.) Mercury.*

"The vocabulary of praise having been already exhausted upon this superb queen of monthlies, all we can be expected to say is, that it fully sustains its previous reputation, and that its attractiveness keeps pace with its age."—*Oneonta Herald, N. Y.*

"No better monthly can be introduced into the family circle."—*Standard.*

"There is no better fireside companion than this. It is full of good things for the family circle."—*People's Press, Fall River.*





THE YOUNG FAMILY.



LA REINE.



LITTLE ALLIE'S GRAVE.

Music for this work by Dr. E. R. BLANCHARD.

AIR.

1. I stood be - side a lit - tle grave, With grass and flowers o'ergrown,

ALTO.

And on the mound, some morn - ing, one, A with - ered bud had thrown :

And at the head there was no word But Al - lie on the stone.

2 A long time there I stood, and asked
My soul the reason why,
Since God was good, so sweet a child
Should e'er be made to die?
But all was dark within, and none
Could tell the reason why.

3 And then my anxious thought went down
Where little Allie lay;
And asked if she could tell me why
The Lord took her away?
I waited long, but not a word
Did little Allie say.

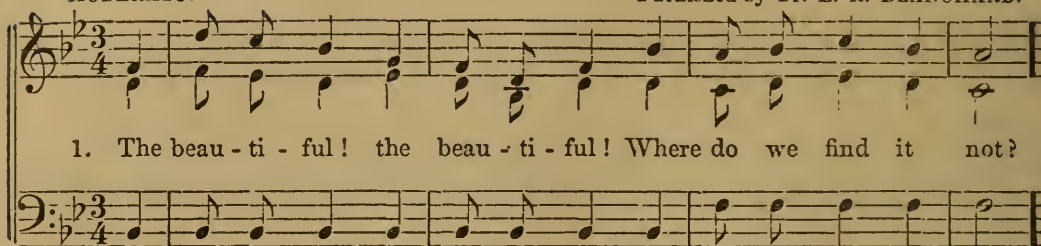
4 At length there came a man; I think
He dropped down from the sky;
"My child," said he, "you want to know
Why God made Allie die?
Come, let me take you in my arms,
And I will tell you why :—

5 The Lord perceived that she was loved
By doting ones too well:
And knew what troubles she would have,
If here allowed to dwell;
And then he wanted her with him—
But more I may not tell."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

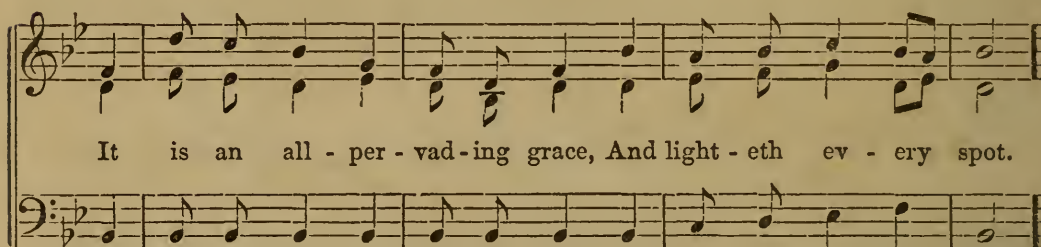
MODERATO.

Furnished by Dr. E. R. BLANCHARD.



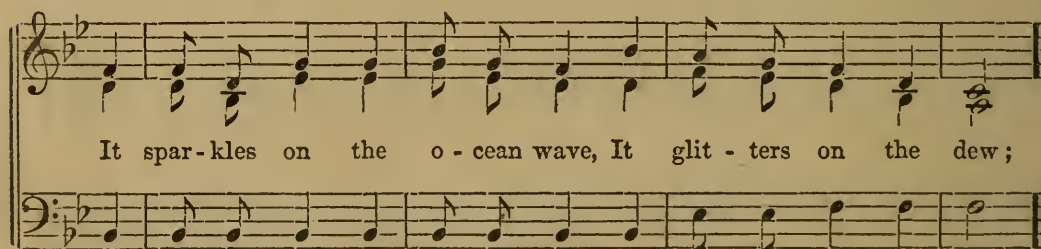
1. The beau - ti - ful! the beau - ti - ful! Where do we find it not?

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Beautiful'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 3/4 time and B-flat major. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: '1. The beau - ti - ful! the beau - ti - ful! Where do we find it not?'



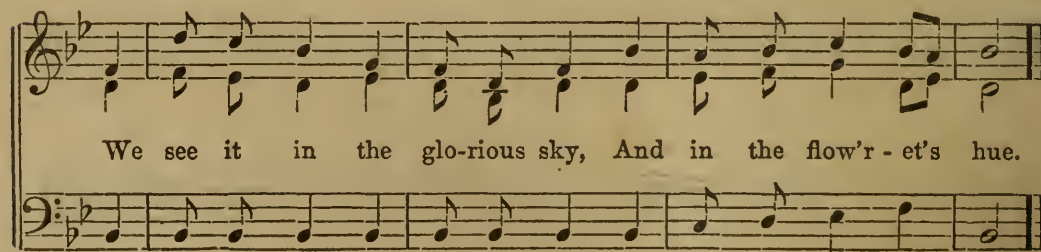
It is an all - per - vad - ing grace, And light - eth ev - ery spot.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'It is an all - per - vad - ing grace, And light - eth ev - ery spot.'



It spar - kles on the o - cean wave, It glit - ters on the dew;

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'It spar - kles on the o - cean wave, It glit - ters on the dew;'



We see it in the glo - rious sky, And in the flow'r - et's hue.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'We see it in the glo - rious sky, And in the flow'r - et's hue.'

2. On mountain-top, in valley deep,
We find its presence there;
The beautiful! the beautiful!
It liveth everywhere.
If so much loveliness is sent
To grace our present home,
How beautiful, how beautiful
Will be the world to come!

MOTHERS OF EMINENT MEN.

BY WALTER C. CLARENCE, ESQ.

PROBABLY no feeling is more prevalent than that innocent desire to behold or to become acquainted with those men and women whose works and names are as familiar to us as household words. Sometimes, in reality, the result of such acquaintanceship may not be satisfactory; but, nevertheless, this insatiable curiosity still remains unsatisfied, and fresh information concerning living or dead celebrities is ever welcome. Surely it is this trait of our nature that renders biography the most delightful of all reading; and I intend to devote this paper to recording a few anecdotes relating to the youthful days of men who have become famous in the world, although, of course, it is out of the question within the scope of a few pages to do more than make slight mention of but a very few out of the many.

One day, towards the close of the last century, an old man and a young boy were sailing round the beautiful shores of Ireland. The old man was fishing, while the lad was lying down on the deck, copying rudely, with the pointed end of a charred stick, the passing scenery. It was his constant practice to act thus instead of assisting his father, who often became vexed, and called his son an idle, obstinate young rascal. The eyes of his mother, however, discerned beauty in these rough sketches; and, at last, the father turns him ashore, with this bitter taunt addressed to his mother: "It is you who have ruined the boy; as you brew you may bake. Keep him at home, and make a scholar of him; he is fit for nothing else." The mother worked harder than ever. She sat up spinning half the night for months and years in order to earn money to pay for her son's

education, without taking from the earnings which she felt that her husband ought to share, and to the best school she could find in the neighborhood the boy was sent; and that *idle* fisher-lad became the celebrated and most industrious painter, James Barry, who, in all probability, but for his mother's appreciation of his dawning genius, would have never been anything better than a poor and perhaps an idle and dissipated fisherman.

Perhaps some of my young readers have read, or at any rate many of them will have heard of, a poem entitled, "The Course of Time," by Pollok. In many respects it is one of the most wonderful and delightful poems ever written, and every one may derive pleasure and profit from its perusal. It was written when the author was very young, and, considering its length, in an incredibly short space of time; and some 40,000 copies of it were sold within the first fifteen years of its appearance.

Speaking one day of the theological doctrines of the poem, Pollok said:—

"It is my mother's divinity; the divinity she taught me when I was a boy. I may have amplified it from what I learned afterwards; but, in writing the poem, I always found that her doctrines formed the groundwork, the point from which I set out."

The parentage of Robert Bloomfield, author of the "Farmer's Boy," was extremely humble. His father was a sailor, who died when Robert—who was the youngest of six children—was but one year old. The widowed mother kept a small village-school, and by her the future poet was educated. With the

exception of a few months spent in improving his handwriting, he received no instruction save what she could supply. As he grew up, finding that he was too delicate for agricultural labor, she brought him herself to London (no trifling journey for a poor woman to undertake in those days), and placed him with his brother George, whom she charged, as he valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set him a good example, and never to forget that he had lost his father.

Bloomfield's letter to the publisher, with the manuscript of the "Farmer's Boy," which is at once modest and manly, shows how deep and true was his affection for his mother.

"Sir," he writes: "A total stranger, very low and very obscure, ventures to address you. In my sedentary employment, as a journeyman shoemaker, I have amused and exerted my mind, I hope innocently, in putting the little events of my voyage into metre, *intending it as a present to an aged mother* now living on the spot, to whom the church, the mad girl, the farm-house, and all the local circumstances are well known."

It is pitiful to add that these negotiations for the publication of the poem failed, and that Bloomfield was obliged to send the poem in manuscript to his mother; though subsequently, through the kind patronage of Capel Loft, Esq., the "Farmer's Boy," and various other productions of this humble child of genius, were published, and became immediately popular.

A very different man, great after another manner, was also trained under the watchful eye and by the judicious care of an affectionate and pious mother, to whom he, in his turn, was deeply attached, and whose Christian influence he well knew how to appreciate. I speak of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Parry. He used to say to his sisters:—

"If we are not what we ought to be, it

is not for the want of our dear mother's prayers."

So acutely did Mrs. Parry feel the absence of her son while pursuing his voyage of discovery in the Arctic Seas (Rear Admiral, then Captain Parry, was one of that gallant and devoted band of navigators, too many of whom have perished while engaged in making scientific investigations and discoveries in the Frigid Zones) that her health seriously suffered; while her gallant son's fondest wish, expressed both in his continual conversations, and in repeated epistles, was, that on his return, he might once more embrace this beloved parent. Unfortunately, this pious wish was doomed never to be realized. Some accident detained the captain's letters, and the mother, aged and anxious for his safety, pined away and died. The brave naval officer, accustomed to the command of turbulent men, and remarkable for his daring courage, as well as for his humanity and Christian virtues, wept like a child, when on his way home he saw the account of his mother's death in the Sydney papers.

Every young man who has been educated by Christian parents, has heard of the Rev. Leigh Richmond, author of that beautiful tract, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plains," and most likely has read this and others of his works.

It was Leigh Richmond's privilege to have a most estimable mother,—a woman endowed with a superior understanding, which had been cultivated and improved by an excellent education and subsequent study. Her maiden name was Atherton; and her mind at a very early period exhibited a strong inclination to study the best authors. At a period (1790) when female education was, with but few exceptions, very feebly directed to the cultivation of general and useful literature, when the romance and the cookery-book were too frequently esteemed

the chief requisites of a lady's library, Miss Atherton was a constant and earnest student in almost every branch of learning, and of such learning as even in this more cultivated period is considered by some as too earnest and abstruse for women.

In addition to her natural talents and acquirements, she uniformly manifested a deep sense of the importance of religion. As might therefore be expected, she anxiously instructed her son, even from infancy, in the Holy Scriptures, and in the principles of religion, thus sowing the seeds of piety, which at an after period, and under circumstances of a providential nature, were destined to produce a rich and abundant harvest.

Writing to his mother on one of his birthdays, he says:—

“Often do I reflect with love and gratitude on your kindness, and watchful care over me from infancy to the present moment. Your qualities of head and heart can no more be forgotten than the dear name of *mother*.”

Well might the village pastor reflect with gratitude upon that parent to whom had been accorded the double delight of being mother to both body and soul; and in her dying hour to whom should the last message be sent, if not to the son of her love?

“Tell *him*,” were her dying words, “tell him that I am going to happiness. Tell him to meet me there. Oh, what a joyful moment that will be, when, in my Saviour's presence, I welcome my son to the mansions of glory, after he has well done his duty on earth!”

Mrs. Richmond lies beneath a venerable sycamore, in Lancaster churchyard, and Leigh Richmond wrote, after her decease, “A tribute of affectionate veneration for the memory of a beloved mother,” in the form of a series of letters to his children; a delightful series of tracts, forming a most

valuable and instructive volume for young people.

Robert Ferguson, the immediate predecessor and prototype of Robert Burns, inherited both his genius and his virtues from his mother. His death-bed was a most affecting scene.

He was stricken with insanity in his twenty-fourth year, at which early age he had written a considerable number of very beautiful and affecting poems. He was carried, by his broken-hearted and widowed mother, to the only asylum then established for the insane in Scotland. Visiting him a short time before his dissolution, his mother and sister found him in bed, quite peaceable. He requested his mother to gather the bedclothes round him and sit on the bed beside him; his sister then took her seat on the other side.

He looked wistfully up into his mother's face. “I was very cold,” said he, “before you came, mother. This is very kind of you.”

Then addressing his sister, he said—

“Ellen, dear, I wish you would sometimes bring your sewing, and sit and work at my bedside.”

No reply was made, but both mother and sister were in tears.

“What ails you, dears?” inquired the dying poet, fancying that he was a little child again. “Why are you sorrowing for me, mother? I was cold, very cold; but I feel quite warm now you have come. Mother,” he continued, “I don't recollect saying my prayers before I got into bed to-night. Will you let me say them to you now? And then will you sing for me?”

He repeated then, childlike, the prayers he had been used, when an infant, to repeat at his mother's knee.

“Mother,” he added, when he had finished, “you have often told me that if I was a

good boy, I should go to heaven when I died. I think I am dying now, and I know God will take me to heaven, for Christ's sake, through your prayers, dear mother."

"Ellen," he continued, addressing his sobbing sister, "don't cry, dear. Be good to mother when I am gone, for then she will have no one to care for her on earth but you. You will both come to heaven to meet me, won't you?"

"Mother," he added, after a pause, "please lift up my head and let me rest it on your bosom, it aches so bad."

The weeping mother raised her son's head and rested it on her bosom, as she had done when he was a little child.

"My head doesn't ache now," he murmured. "Oh, now I am so happy. I know we shall all three meet in heaven;" and the once strong man sank peaceably to sleep, and in that sleep passed away to death on the same breast upon which he had lain for rest in earlier and happier days.

It would be a beautiful and affecting subject for a painter to delineate on canvas!

Bishop Heber, who effected so much good by his Christian teachings in Hindostan, and who fell a victim to his extraordinary exertions in the endeavor to convert the Hindoos when little more than forty years of age, was remarkable alike for his talents and his Christian virtues. He always took a pride in saying that whatever was good in him, he owed to his mother's pious teachings in his childhood and youth; and I will conclude this chapter with an extract from a letter written by him to his aged and widowed parent, — his *double* parent, as he was wont to term her in reference to her widowhood, — on the eve of his embarkation for the East Indies. It is probably one of the finest specimens of manly sentiment and filial tenderness ever penned.

"To ask for your remembrance and your

prayers," he wrote, "is needless. I know I have both already; and you know that I love you with the sincerest and truest affection that a child can feel for a parent.

"Our confidence, then, is mutual, and requires no protestations. One request I will make, which is that you bear our separation as a Christian suffering under trials, — as becomes the long and fondly loved partner of the Christian toils and labors of my dear father, whose patient endurance of adversity should now be a light to our feet, to show us the path in which we should walk. Dear John (a brother or relative) will visit you to bring to your aid the consolations of reason and religion with which my beloved father so often dried the tears of the afflicted, and eased the overburdened heart. Let me entreat you, by the love you bear me, to moderate your feelings under this separation, and to recollect that I only leave you for Christ's sake, to do the work to which my Master has appointed me. Remember, dear mother, that you are the best joy and comfort of me and my beloved wife, and that we shall sorrow if you are sorrowful, and shall rejoice in your joy. Every toil we bear, every labor we undergo, will be brightened and sanctified to us if we can feel that you sympathize with us in our endeavors, and rejoice with us if God shall graciously grant us success. I can never repay the debt of love and gratitude I owe to you for the unceasing care you bestowed upon me when I was a child, and have continued throughout my youth and manhood; but I know that your dearest reward has been received in the knowledge that your children are also the children of God; and though, dear mother, we may never again meet on earth, we shall be united in everlasting happiness in the kingdom of eternal joy, where there will be no more parting for ever and ever." . . .

It is ever so with the truly great and good. There never yet lived a truly great and

good man who did not sincerely venerate his parents, and especially his *mother*.

Such confidences and such confessions as I have briefly narrated, are alike honorable to mother and son. Would to heaven that the majority of the present generation bore the same degree of respect for their parents as did the past. Would to heaven that they better regarded *the only commandment with promise!*

But think you, young men, who hope to play well your part, and to become useful members of society,—to live honored and respected, and to die lamented,—that the empty-headed, feeble-bodied, self-willed, ignorant, tobacco-smoking, small-faced and equally small-hearted boys, who call their fathers “the governor,” and their mothers, the “old woman,” and who rejoice in the name of “Young America,”—think you that these boys will ever make either good, or great, or useful men, unless they mend their ways? And I must add, sorrowfully, that when I see and hear this class of youths, who are very numerous in the community, I cannot think, by any possibility, that *they* have had such *mothers* as I have been describing.

Is it likely that the mother of the boy we meet scouring the streets, when he ought to be at school or at work earning his living; who is poisoning himself, and stunting his growth by the use of tobacco, and who rarely opens his mouth to speak but he uses an oath or some foul language,—is it likely that that boy’s mother ever took her little son by the hand, and reasoned with him in early childhood, when the mind is most readily impressible on things that are not seen and are eternal? Think you that she ever poured out her soul in prayer with or *for* him? For

God hears a mother’s prayers for the soul’s welfare of her children, and answers them!

Do you think that she ever explained to him the mysteries of Nature’s works, and bade him look up from Nature to Nature’s God?

Can she ever have stored his mind with sayings of Holy Writ? Has she endeavored to form his judgment, or raise his taste? or has she read to him from the rhyme of the poet, or striven in any one way to make the child a perfect man, thoroughly furnished to all good works?

Has his home, even, been made attractive to him, and presented a counter charm to the seductions of vice and pleasures of sin?

I think not. I cannot think she has done any of these things. She may have loved, and love her child with a grovelling, earthly love; but surely she has forgotten that God will hold her responsible for his moral training in childhood and youth, or he would not be the lad he is.

How thankful,—how deeply thankful ought those young men to be who have been blessed with earnest, thoughtful, loving, pious parents,—above all, loving, pious *mothers*. In giving them these, God has bestowed upon them the best of all earthly gifts,—the gift which, of all others, is best adapted to make them earnest, useful men in this world, and to aid them to attain to that state of grace which bestows upon them an eternity of happiness hereafter.

A French writer has said that, “to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.”

THE YOUNG FAMILY.

OUR engraving in this number is a very natural and truthful representation of the young family, as it appears in many habitations. One would infer from the general construction of American families, that a *baby* and *cat* are indispensable to domestic happiness. Both certainly have their place to fill, and neither of them is destitute of influence, though, of course, we grant pre-eminence to the baby. There is an air of peace and comfort about such a young family as that in the engraving, beyond anything of the kind that we find in families wanting this element of merry young life. There is much sunshine about it. What flowers are to spring, and sun-

beams and dew-drops to summer, such is this bright, lively young life to a home. Imagine, if you can, a fireside at which a baby and a kitten are never welcome,—must there not be an absence of some of the elements of domestic happiness there? Can a couple who are annoyed by the presence of this frolicking young life possess qualities that are worthy of imitation? Are they pleasant and lovely in their lives? Is their home a good place to visit? Do they draw confiding hearts around them by their social virtues? Doubtful. We rather expect they are sour, morose, peevish, unsocial, and the like.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

PEAL out your bells from glit'ring spires,
Chant loud your songs from gilded choirs!
We wreathed our altars o'er with green,
We decked our chancel's tinted sheen,
Till niche and name were deftly hid,
Then watched and prayed as angels did,
In orient climes, in lands afar,
Beneath the gleaming morning star.

Then rose a dome of ruby mist,
Above the dawn's pale amethyst,
And through the arch with glowing wing
The same sweet angel came, to sing
The olden anthem o'er again,
"GOOD WILL ON EARTH AND PEACE TO MEN."

Then morning shook her robe of gold,
And hid the angels in its fold;
But in our souls we kept the song
To gladden us the whole year long.

And far across the pearly sky
Are bows of promise arched on high,—
Bows of God's own promise, lifted
From the throne of light, and drifted
Earthward with their amber glory,—
Earthward with their blessed story
Of the Christ-child, ours forever,
Since the stars sang out together,—
Since they sang with angel chorus,
Hangs this bow of promise o'er us.

CLOUDS.

BY F. B.

THAT clouds a silver lining hide
I often have been told,
But well I know, for I have seen,
That some are edged with gold.
E'en though at noon the clouds are dark
And only storms enfold,

"At evening time it shall be light,"
For they are edged with gold.
And should my sky be overcast,
My firm belief I'll hold,—
That at the closing hour of life,
The clouds will edge with gold.

TELLING BIBLE STORIES TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

EVERY child is interested in the stories of the Bible, when they are told with any sort of tact and vivacity. The most bewitching tales of fiction are not more attractive and touching than these. At the same time, they afford parents an excellent opportunity to draw from them important lessons to impress upon their hearts in the work of Christian education. Suppose it is Sabbath evening. The mother gathers her little ones around her, all calling for "a story," "a story."

"What story shall I tell you now?" she asks when all are ready.

"Tell us about Jonah," answers Nellie.

"Oh, yes! that will be good," exclaims Frank and Sarah together. "The whale swallowed him up."

"Well; you must give me your attention," adds the mother, "and see if you can tell me what good lesson the story teaches."

"Does it teach a lesson?" inquires Nellie, whose inquisitive powers are well developed.

"Certainly. All the stories of the Bible teach lessons. They are not recorded there simply to amuse you, but to do you good. Now, watch closely, and see if you can tell what God means you shall learn from Jonah."

Then she proceeds to narrate the history of Jonah, dwelling upon his disobedience in going to Tarshish when he was bidden go to Nineveh,—how he went on board a ship, and was overtaken by a terrible storm when he lay fast asleep in the hold of the vessel,—the great peril they were in on the tempestuous sea, even after lightening the ship by throwing their "wares" overboard,—how,

at last, they threw Jonah himself into the water, because they supposed his great wickedness brought this disaster upon them,—that he was swallowed by a whale, in whose belly he reflected upon his sinful course, and resolved to obey God if his life was spared,—that he was finally vomited upon the shore alive, when he turned his face toward Nineveh at once to do as God had bidden him, and from that hour of repentance was smiled upon by heaven.

"Now, can you tell me what important lesson this story teaches, children?"

"That it is wrong to disobey God," replies Nellie.

"That it is best to do right," says Frank.

"Very well," adds their mother, "you are both right; and you see how likely a person is to get into trouble when he will not do as God bids him."

"Do all persons who don't obey God get into trouble?" inquires thoughtful little Sarah, who is thinking of prosperous, rich Mr. Arnold, their new neighbor, whose reputation for goodness is considerably below par.

The mother is somewhat perplexed at this knotty question, containing as it does a point which divines have earnestly discussed, but, like good Christian mothers generally, she soon finds an answer:—

"Yes, sooner or later, my dear. If they don't find trouble in this world, they will in the next. But generally, they who do right experience the least trouble in this life."

"Are all people who obey God free from trouble?" asks Nellie, whose mind is sharpened by the conversation.

"No, by no means," replies the mother.

"Even good people have to bear trials to make them better; but they experience no such troubles as Jonah had, whose conscience bitterly reproached him. It is easy to bear all the evils we meet in the way of doing right; but it is very hard to bear those that come in the way of doing wrong."

"Can't people be better without trials?" asks Nellie, who is getting deeply interested in this new channel of thought.

"They *will* not," answers the mother. "When the best people move along smoothly and prosperously in their worldly affairs, from year to year, they are likely to grow forgetful of God, and lose their first love. It was so even with David, for he said, 'before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word.'"

"Then I don't want to be good," perhaps one of the little group says, and thus opens another field of thought, where the mother has a fine opportunity to impart the most valuable instructions concerning sin, faith, repentance, providence, and heaven.

"Can you think of any other lesson which the story of Jonah teaches?" inquires the mother, when she has discussed the aforesaid points sufficiently.

Perhaps no one of the children can see another lesson. Possibly one of them may venture a suggestion that is too amusing to pass without a smile or laugh, yet it all works in admirably, and helps to make the young listeners inquisitive.

"Here we have a lesson on *repentance*," the mother finally adds. "Did not Jonah repent of his sin, and go back and do what God commanded him to do?"

"O yes," exclaim all of them together, surprised that they did not think of it before.

"And what good did repentance do him?"

"It made him sorry for what he had done, and willing to obey God," answers Nellie.

"God blest him when he repented of his sins," adds Frank.

"And what is repentance? Can either of you tell?"

Here again they may not be able to reply. In their own minds they may have a very correct idea of its nature, but they may not be able to express it in words. They will need a mother's help.

"If Frank should go to Mr. Carlton's without permission, when I have strictly forbidden it, and then he should feel that he had done wrong, and come back to confess it all to me, and ask my forgiveness, and promise never to do so again, would that be repentance?"

"It would be," all three reply, clearly perceiving the real nature of the act.

"And I repented," says Sarah, "when I cried because I disobeyed you about the dress one day."

"Yes, that was repentance; and that is what you should do toward God. You have disobeyed him many, many times, and you ought to be sorry for it, and turn from your sins, and hereafter love and obey him."

"Should we be Christians then?" inquires Nellie.

"Yes; you know what the Bible says about it: 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' True repentance is necessary if you would go to heaven."

"How many things this one story teaches us!" exclaims Sarah; "I never thought that it meant so much before."

"I dare say," responds the mother. "But you should remember that every story and text in the Bible means something, and it is our business to find it out if we can. We must think, think, think, when we read the Scriptures, or listen to the recital of a Bible fact."

In this way a single Scripture story may fill up a whole hour at the fireside, and be of great value to the children. By thus draw-

ing them out, and leading them to reflect and inquire, the perceptive powers are cultivated, and their quick, active minds become discriminating and thoughtful. Children are inclined to read Bible stories superficially, and the result is, they are far less interested in them than they would otherwise be. The more they can be made to see the lessons and beauties of any particular narrative, the more interested they will be in the same.

It may require some thought and study, a greater familiarity with the Bible, on the

part of parents, but they can well afford to take this trouble of preparation for the sake of their children. Nor will increased acquaintance with the Scriptures be valueless to the parents. Time spent by them in learning Scripture narratives is not lost time. If they had no children to benefit thereby, the good to themselves more than compensates for all the time and study devoted to this object. Hence, there is a twofold reason for fathers and mothers both to make the telling of Bible stories a speciality in the culture of their children.

HOW MRS. SEABURY GOT HER WISH.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

"I wish he would keep away," said Mrs. Seabury to her husband, "for little Martin is a real nuisance here; I don't know about allowing Charlie to associate with him. I am perplexed and tried with him. I shall be glad when the family moves away."

"Pretty good boy, I guess, considering his bringing up," replied Mr. S. "We should remember that he has not had line upon line, and precept upon precept, as some children have."

"That is very true, but furnishes no good reason to me for being willing that Charlie should associate with a boy that swears. I dread the evil influence of such a child, whatever may have been his home instruction."

"Are you sure that he swears?" asked Mr. S.

"I am positive of it," answered his wife, "for I heard him swear this morning, and when I called him to me, and told him how wicked it was, and that I could not let Charlie play with a boy who uses such language, he said, 'Father does.'"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mr. S., "his own father is more wicked than he is, and yet this does not lessen our duty to guard our own son against the influence of such bad example."

"Well, I wish he would keep away from here," said Mrs. S., "and, he will, if the family moves. He is here half of his time, and it is very annoying, especially when you can but feel that he may corrupt Charlie's heart."

This conversation occurred between a father and mother concerning a neighbor's little boy who was wont to play much of his time with their son, about the same age. Aside from the annoyance of his company so much of the time, the bad words he used caused them to be very anxious. Yet they were careful of doing or saying any thing to offend his parents. It was quite natural to wish that such a boy would stay away; and the fact that his parents talked of moving to another town was suited to awaken the expectation of being rid of the evil influence

erelong. The prospect was that the anxious mother would soon have her wish realized.

Two or three months passed, and a change came with the "leafy autumn." Sickness laid little Charlie on a bed of pain, and the best medical skill was baffled by the disease. Delirium seized his mind, and rapidly he sank into the cold embrace of death. It was a short, painful struggle that he had with the "last enemy," but it soon was over; and he lay silent, rigid, and marble-like.

Home was desolate now. A merry voice was hushed, and two pattering feet were missed. Yes! more than that. For, so long as there was fresh young life in that now motionless form of clay, it was a centre of attraction to other boys and girls, who often

made Charlie's home ring with shouts of joy. But now the attraction was gone. Little Martin saw nothing now in Mr. Seabury's house to call him hither. His face and voice were missed each day, as sun after sun rose and set. It was a strange, sad change when Charlie was taken, and Martin came not.

Mrs. Seabury had her wish; but, alas! in what a different way it was granted. It was not a bad wish; it was quite in accordance with the prudence and foresight which mothers ought to exhibit. But God's way of granting wishes is often very different from man's. Martin was kept away, not by removing to another town, but by removing Charlie to a better and higher home above.

It is worth while to consider how God grants wishes.

WHERE ARE THE BOYS?

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

"WHERE are the boys, Eliza?"

"Oh, I sent them out of doors to play some time ago. They made such a noise in the house I could endure it no longer, and I presume they have run off to the village with the rest of the boys to spend the evening."

"Where are the boys, wife?"

"Gone down town. They teased till I was tired out with their teasing, and finally I was glad to be rid of them by telling them they might go."

In how many homes might similar answers be given to the father's query as he crosses his threshold at the close of the day's labors, and looks in vain for his boys.

Where are the boys? Who has rightly weighed the question given in those four words, and realized its true moment? Who

has estimated the grave results for years, for ages, ay, for eternity, involved in its answer? Mothers, have you, who find it such a relief to be free from the noise or teasing of your active, persevering boys? As they go out from your fireside, do you in your thoughts follow them and consider the influences to which they are exposed?

Would you, with the same apparent unconcern, permit your girls to wander abroad at random? Are you aware with what associates they gather at the street corners, or to what teachers they listen in the shops and hotels? Do you wish them to treasure up in their hearts, and repeat at your firesides, the profanity and the ribaldry, unfit for decent ears, which are constantly sounding in theirs?

I know it is often said that boys cannot

be closely trained like girls; that when they grow up they are to act in a different sphere; they must go out into the world and fight their way through it, must know its evils and meet its temptations, and they might as well begin in their boyhood to learn the world as it is. But I would ask in reply if turning them into the street is the best way to fit them for true manhood?

Would you throw your child into the fire, to teach him to avoid it? Would you sink him in the water, that he might get an idea of drowning, and learn to beware? Would you break a bone of his limbs, that he might acquire a proper dread of broken bones? Would you sever an artery of his body, that he might understand how speedily such a stroke results in death? Would you give him gunpowder and firearms for playthings, that he might learn how dangerous they are? Would you place a mine beneath your dwelling, and apply the lighted match, to teach him the disastrous effects? Would you expose him to the sting of the asp or the bite of the rattlesnake, that he might have a correct idea of their venom, and loathe their very sight?

Oh, no; common humanity shrinks from every such act. A barbarity like any of these would stamp its perpetrator either as a maniac or a monster in cruelty. But fatal as such treatment would prove to the physical existence of your child, no less fatal to the moral nature is the street and bar-room education which hundreds of our boys are sent out to receive because they are in the way at home.

If observation has proved to me a correct teacher, there exists in society a great, a wide-spread error in regard to the training of boys. There is in the discipline of the fireside a laxity too often morally fatal. Boys of sixteen years, often those much younger, are in the habit of going abroad to pass their evenings with the full independ-

ence of men; they ask no permission of absence, say nothing of their intentions, wander away where inclination leads them, return at as late an hour as suits their pleasure, and are called to no account by parents or guardians. And where are they during these evening hours? Too often surrounded by vicious influences; too often in the midst of scenes whose lessons are anything but good.

The prevalent idea and feeling in society is, that the boy shows his smartness by his cunningly devised peccadilloes; his deviations from rectitude and virtue, if adroitly managed, are but indications that he will get along well in the world, — he will take care of himself. Should he entice a young and artless, but too yielding, too trusting, one of the other sex into error, he may haughtily boast of his wolfish deeds, and vauntingly parade his powers for ensnaring; they only prove him all the smarter. On his poor victim's head falls the crushing blow; she becomes the scapegoat to bear the guilt of both; she must remain a despised outcast, but he may carry his head as high, or even higher, than ever; he can be freely forgiven and fully excused even by those who feel that he has erred.

Is this right? Parents, have you faithfully discharged your duty to your boys when such has been your training, or the training they have received in the world, unrebuked by yourself? Christian parents, is this state of society in accordance with the letter and spirit of the gospel? Is it not a sadly degenerate state, demanding an immediate and thorough reform? And are not you, as individuals, held responsible for your utmost exertions to aid in effecting such a reform? How can you permit this dangerously deceptive system of family government to prevail at your fireside? In view of the solemn obligations which rest upon you to train immortal spirits for a blest eternity,

how can you with unconcern look upon your boys and know that their nightly wanderings from your hearthstone are, at least, preparing the way for them to become confirmed in habits of dissipation and vice? Is it not incumbent on you to restrain them from every evil path? Is it not one of your special duties to know what company they keep, what places they frequent, and in what scenes they mingle? Hath not high heaven made it obligatory upon you to be always able to render a good answer to the important question, "Where are the boys?"

Away with the idea that it matters not if the boy be rough and uncultivated in manners; away with the false sentiment that he may be profane, licentious, dissipated, unprincipled in his dealings, or untrue in his words, and yet such deviations are but slight errors to be passed unnoticed. Let the same strict rule of morality be laid down for the boys as for the girls; let them be instructed, and be made to feel, that any

wandering from right is in them as great a wrong as when committed by the other sex.

Parents, teachers, guardians, will you not do your utmost to reform the prevailing sentiments in society, when such sentiments are at variance with the gospel teachings? Christian parents, let us have the good old Bible standard, that standard which applies to all classes of individuals, and inculcates purity of heart and life for a universal rule, which sets forth *right principle* to be ever manifested by *right practice*.

Let us have such a beautiful and glowing light at all our hearthstones, that our boys shall delight to remain where they can feel its genial warmth; let us have such blessed influences at our firesides that these same boys shall be constrained to tarry within the home circle. Then, to the question, "Where are the boys?" the answer would be, *Learning true wisdom and heavenly virtue in happy homes.*

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.

BY THE INVALID.

I HAVE often thought how important it is that parents, and indeed *all* adults, should be *truthful* in the presence of children; never allowing themselves to utter an insincere expression through an overstrained politeness, or in any way, by action or voice, setting an example which will write itself in enduring characters upon the impressible tablet of their hearts, and sully the purity of their natures by causing them to imitate fearlessly what they have seen "*mother*" do, or heard her say, which otherwise the unerring instinct of innocence would have taught them to avoid. And how often has the cheek of the mother worn the blush of shame, or annoy-

ance, as the truthfulness of the child has revealed her own insincerity in a manner more unexpected than *agreeable*.

An instance occurs to my mind. A friend, whose kindness of heart and gentleness of manner sometimes leads her to use expressions and perform acts from which she would otherwise have kept aloof, was much troubled by the oft-repeated, unseasonable, and protracted visits of a young lady who was not a general favorite in the family, yet whom *politeness* made it necessary to receive as often and as long as she chose to impose the infliction. One day, after her departure, Mrs. — gave vent to her weariness in an

unusually impatient remark, unthinking that it was *heard*, or *at least* remembered, by her little four-year-old boy, who was amusing himself about the room. Erelong the visit was again repeated, but judge of the mother's surprise and mortification when, as she met her guest with usual and undiminished cordiality, little Frank stole quickly to her side and exclaimed, with all the truthfulness of childhood toward an unwelcome companion, "*I know what my mother says when you a'nt here: she says she wishes you wouldn't come here so often!*" It is needless to add that the visit was not extended to its usual length, and that, for the future, there was a perceptible diminution in their frequency.

A little boy, the child of a neighbor living opposite, has often amused me by the singularity of his expressions, and answers to our questions. Coming in great haste on an errand for his mother, a few days since, he commenced hiccuping violently. "Why, what is the matter, Charley?" said I. "Matter?" said he, "oh, nothing, only I've got the tea-cups!"

The same little fellow came in, a few mornings after, and, with a curious look of wonder on his expressive face—his large, black eyes dilated to their utmost extent, and the bright crimson roses of excitement glowing on his round cheeks—he climbed up on my chair, and, looking earnestly in my face, he asked, "Did God make *you* when you was a little, tiny baby?" I told him, "Yes, God made *everybody*,—himself and me, and all other people,—all the trees and flowers, and everything which we see about us." He stood in busy thought for a moment, and then, with a look of eager inquiry blending with childish awe, he said, "I should like to know *who made God*, then!"

There is a dear little girl, just over the way, whose little tongue is ever busy during her wakeful hours, and I sometimes wonder

if she would find time to *sleep* if weary nature did not herself *take* time for the necessary repose. She is a sweet picture, that darling child, or, rather, a whole panorama in herself; ever in motion, yet still *so winning* in her artlessness, *so changeful* in her innocent frolics. A few days since, her mother was entertaining some callers in her sitting-room, when, just as they were about ready for their departure, Annie, who had been enjoying a gleeful romp with a play-fellow of her own age, entered, leading little Lizzie by the hand. The ladies gave vent to expressions of delightful welcome as they beheld the little fairy, whose soft, flaxen curls waved around a face whose dazzling purity of complexion is seldom equalled,—the brow of snowy fairness, the cheeks wearing the delicate tint found in the inner surface of the sea-shell, and the laughing eyes, whose deep blue seems borrowed from the violet's cerulean cup. The little three-year-old seemed quite still and retiring while the ladies caressed her; but, when they rose to depart, her little tongue could keep silence no longer, and, lisping as fast as ever, she poured forth urgent invitations to "come again;" then, turning to her little friend, who sat quietly looking on from a low stool in a distant corner of the room, she exclaimed, "There, Lizzie, now you say something."

During the summer months a friend, who had recently returned from the West, made a brief visit at our house, bringing with him a little son whom we had never seen before. He was a bright, active little fellow, a trifle *shy at first*, but soon his inherent love of play began to develop itself, and he became quite busy, and equally communicative. I longed to kiss his soft, rosy cheeks, but begged in vain for "*one, just one.*" The frolicsome little fellow evaded all my attempts to reach him, stealing ever and anon near my chair, and then, as I stretched out my

hand and almost caught him, bursting into a peal of merry laughter and scampering away just fast enough to prevent my lagging footsteps from overtaking him; then, feigning a look of weariness, and breathing a long-drawn sigh, he would lisp out, "Oh, you trouble me more than a little!" On my asking him what he should tell Lucie (his sister) on his return, he replied, "Oh, I'll *write* to you when I get there, and let you know!" "But what shall you write? *you don't know how to write letters.*" "Oh, you'll see when you get it." Making

another excuse to obtain the long-desired kiss, I said, "I want to send one to Lucie." "Oh," said he, "*she's had some!*"

On the Sabbath after his return home, he accompanied his father to church, his mother remaining at home. The minister, who had formerly officiated, had during their absence resigned his charge, and his place was filled by a stranger. When he returned from the service his mother asked him if Mr. E—— preached. "No," said Franky, "the man that he sold out to preached."

THOU DOEST ALL THINGS WELL.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

How oft before thy awful throne
Are thoughtless prayers preferred;
How oft from light and careless lips
Those truthful words are heard.

Yet, though the *lips* may idly speak,
The *heart* will still rebel;
For few can *feel*, though all may *say*
"Thou doest all things well."

When fled the threatening clouds of gloom,
And fortune's sun beams bright;
When health and love and beauty bloom,
And all is joy and light;

When, with bright hopes of future bliss,
The heart doth proudly swell,
Then we can feel, as well as say,
"Thou doest all things well."

But when, with never-erring aim,
Misfortune's bolt is cast,
And the poor trembling spirit shrinks
Before the angry blast;

When, by the cruel hand of death,
The tenderest ties are riven,

And treasures, fondly deemed our own,
Are rendered up to heaven;

When disappointment's voice is heard,
Of cherished hopes the knell,
Then, Father, it is hard to feel
"Thou doest all things well."

Through all the varying scenes of life,
Thy wisdom stands confessed;
All thou hast done, all thou wilt do,
We know is for the best.

Still, when we feel thy curbing hand,
The wayward thoughts will spring;
We've *proved* their hollowness, and yet
To earth-born joys we cling.

Round me, Almighty Parent, throw
Thy fondly guarding arm;
Each wild, rebellious passion quell,
Each restless feeling calm.

And, Father, teach thy erring child,
When storms tempestuous swell,
Not only, Lord, to *say* but *feel*,
"Thou doest all things well."

A TENANT WANTED.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"George, shan't you rent the house this summer?"

The gentleman to whom this was addressed, laid his newspaper on his knee, leaned his head back in his chair, and answered, "I really don't know what to do with the thing, Sara. It's a pity that old house should stand empty, but it shall till it falls to pieces, before I'll have it abused as it was by the last two tenants. You know I'm tender of the old place where my eyes first saw the light, and the happiest boyhood in the world grew up into youth."

"It is natural and right that you should be," rejoined the lady, looking up with a smile from her sewing; "I wish you might find some good, careful tenant, who'd make light and life about the old place, for I can't bear to walk past it now, and think of desolate, lonely rooms, and the great garden running to weeds."

"If I could find just the right sort of a family," pursued Mr. Marvyn, "I'd give it the rent for taking care of the houses and grounds, but to find the right kind of one, — there's the rub."

"Father!"

"Well, my son."

"Henry and Charles Gresham are going down to Old Point Bridge this afternoon in the boat, and Isaac's going to row; mayn't I go with them? — we shall have a good time."

"O, Frank, I'm afraid to trust you on the water," spoke up the mother, suddenly, and her eyes were full of tenderness and solicitude, as they dropped upon her boy, — her only and beautiful boy, Francis Marvyn.

"Oh, mother," with the eager, expostulatory tone of an impatient and petted son,

"there isn't the least danger; Isaac is the most careful sailor in the world. Mr. Gresham says that he would trust his boys with him anywhere. Do, father, please say I may go."

Mr. Marvyn had a vein of sympathy with his son's aquatic tastes. "Well, if you'll promise to take care of yourself and not get into mischief or harm, take my consent and be off."

Frank Marvyn seized his hat with a shout of triumph, and dashed out of the door, while his mother said with a little sigh, "I shan't take a minute's comfort, my dear, from the moment he is gone."

"Nonsense, Sara, you women are always letting your nerves get the better of you. What's the use of making a girl of him? Boys are like ducks, always taking to the water, and it is best to let them have their own way."

Mrs. Marvyn tried to satisfy herself with this common-sense logic, but it did not silence the anxious, yearning heart of the mother.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marvyn were in the meridian of their life, wealthy, intelligent, cultivated people. They lived in the pleasant old country town which was Mr. Marvyn's birthplace, and where he had resolved to bring up his only son.

Frank Marvyn was entering his fourteenth year; he was a petted, but not spoiled child; wild, generous, impulsive, a little irritable and fond of having his own way, with no faint perception of all the trial and discipline and sorrow which are the birthright of every human soul, and through whose shadowy paths we must all walk, blessed be God if we will, to the mountains upon whose

shining summits falls the light of eternal peace.

"John, don't things look any brighter?"

"No, they are getting darker and darker. I'm getting discouraged, Rachel."

"O, don't say that; it's always darkest before daylight." It was a soft, cheerful voice which spoke now, just such a one goes down into a man's heart and makes light and hope where all was before doubt and despondency.

Mrs. Warren cut off the tops of her radishes, and pushed them down into the glass with a little more rapid air than was usual even for her skilful hands. She was a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced woman, and many cares and trials had not eaten out the hope and trust from her heart, for it was "founded upon a Rock."

And by the table, watching the bright, quick movements, sat the husband of Mrs. Warren,—tall, weather-beaten, sun-browned, and the thin cheeks and the sickly pallor which pervaded his face at once made him an object of sympathy, for he presented the sad spectacle of a man in the prime of his years hopelessly broken down in health.

"Have you seen Mr. Russell?" pursued Mrs. Warren, as she gathered up the radish-tops, and now there was a shade of anxiety in her tones, and her face repeated it.

"Yes, Mary, I've been to see him, and don't find any hook to hang on; the house will have to go, I expect."

"O, father, don't say that!"

The words leaped right out of poor Mrs. Warren's heart, as though a blow had struck it, and so there had.

"It's the hardest thing in my life to do it, Rachel, but there's no help for it as I see. Mr. Russell advised me to see 'Squire Turner, and try to do something with him, but I know the man too well. He'll fulfill his threat, and foreclose the mortgage in a month, and what will become of us then,

God in his mercy only knows. Everything is going wrong with me, since I had that fall from the barn-loft, three years ago. I have not seen a well day since that time, and the fever last winter finished up the matter. I'm a sick, ruined man, and at the mercy of one whose heart is harder than a millstone.

Poor Mrs. Warren, little brave, patient, long-suffering woman that she was, she tried to keep the tears back, but they came in spite of her.

"Well, father, you've got me, anyhow."

It was a young, sweet voice, tremulous with feeling along all the words, which spoke now; and a pair of small plump arms were wrapped suddenly about Joseph Warren's neck, and a little brown head nestled down on his breast. The sick, disheartened man looked down on the young sweet face, and a smile flickered across his own.

"My little girl," said he, "father can't consider himself a ruined man so long as he has got you."

"And you've got me and Horace too. We're worth a great deal more than a thousand houses would be without us, you know."

"That's a fact, little blossom. I don't want a thousand houses, but only one little roof under which to shelter my little flock."

And while this scene was going on under the humble roof of the farmer, his only son, a boy of fifteen, had just placed his last pick-crel in a half-filled basket by his side, on the bank of the river. The boy was humming a tune, and congratulating himself on his good luck that afternoon, when a wild shriek a little way down the river, which was full of curves and bends, suddenly smote along the still afternoon air, and made the boy's heart stand still a moment with terror, for it was the shriek of several voices full of sudden fright and wild agony, and it was no wonder the boy grew pale as that cry broke and filled the silence. But it was only for a moment. The heart of Horace Warren was a brave and

generous one, and he threw down his fishing-rod and started in the direction of the shriek, with a fear that some one had fallen into the river.

Turning a sharp curve, he suddenly descried two boys in the middle of the stream, slowly making for the shore, which required their utmost exertions, for just there the current was very rapid.

Horace Warren was an expert swimmer, and in a moment his coat was off, and he dashed into the river and swam toward the boys, whom he recognised as the sons of a doctor who resided about two miles from his father's.

"Keep up your courage, boys," he shouted; "I'll help you to shore."

"We can take care of ourselves, only find Frank Marvyn," shouted the boys. Horace did not comprehend them. He looked up and down the river, and saw the pretty boat rising and falling on the bright waves, and the next moment he saw a face rise only a little way from him, and a pair of arms were thrust wildly in the air.

Horace Warren dashed forward. The head had gone down, but a strong arm plunged after it, and, seizing the long hair, drew it to the surface once more.

The river was narrow, and it was well; for had it been otherwise, Horace Warren could never have reached the shore with his burden. But he did, and laid it there, unconscious, panting and exhausted, himself, while the other two boys gained the bank, and fell down, unable to utter a syllable. Horace shrieked for help, and, looking upon the white, wet face, pillowed on the grass, he feared that life had gone out of it, and lifting the boy, he staggered towards his father's house.

He had only gone a few rods when he was met by Dr. Gresham's gardener, who had heard Horace's shriek.

Horace said but a few words to the fright-

ened man. "The other boys are safe on the bank, but I fear this one is drowned. Carry him quick to my father's, and we'll bring him back if there is any life in him."

And, fairly stupefied with fright, the man obeyed, only uttering incoherent ejaculations.

It was a strange group that burst upon the trio in the farmer's kitchen. First came Horace, pale and drenched, and after him the gardener with the lifeless figure in his arms. Mr. and Mrs. Warren were practical people. They wasted, at this crisis, few words of sympathy, but with a brief explanation from Horace, his mother set herself about restoring the youth, if yet a spark of life remained in that limp, drooping figure.

They laid it on the lounge, and chafed the delicate limbs and bathed the temples and forced open the white lips and poured spirits down them, with faces that were as white with fear as the face beneath them.

For a long time there was no sign of life, but at last the muscles around the mouth moved, and Mrs. Warren burst into tears of joy and gratitude. "Oh, we have saved him — we have saved him!" she cried.

But it was an hour later before Francis Marvyn opened his eyes, and then they wandered wildly from one to another of the strange faces about him. "The river is very cold," he muttered. "What will my poor mother say when she hears of it? I ought not to have gone off with the boys," and here he fainted again; but this time they knew that the cold shadow of the King of Death had passed by, and that out of its very jaws had been snatched the life of Francis Marvyn.

"Is my boy here, is my boy alive?"

You need not have looked in the lady's face. You would have known by the voice that it could belong to no other than his mother.

Mrs. Warren did not speak one word. She led the lady to her bedroom, where her

son lay, with his eyes closed, and his face white as the snowy pillow on which it rested."

"O Frank, my boy!" and he opened his eyes and smiled in her face, and then he saw his father standing by his mother's side; and a few moments later the doctor entered, and when he had examined Francis Marvyn, he pronounced him out of danger, but greatly exhausted.

"Who was it that saved my boy?" asked Mr. Marvyn, and his voice shook along the words.

And nobody answered till the gardener spoke, pointing to Horace, "it was he that did it all, sir; he pulled the lad out of the water and brought him to shore."

"You shall not repent this day's work, my boy," said the gentleman; and his wife seized Horace's hand, and called him, through her sobs, the preserver of the life of her son.

And at that moment Charles and Henry Gresham presented themselves at the door. A few words revealed the cause of the accident which had come so near costing Francis Marvyn his life.

It appeared that the gardener had left the boys in search of another pair of oars, promising to return in half an hour. They rashly took it into their heads to row out into the river, and as each knew very little about managing the boat, they became somewhat alarmed, and in their efforts to return, she upset.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvyn had only learned a part of these facts from Isaac, who had hurried off to acquaint them with the accident as soon as he had seen Francis safely deposited at the Warrens. It was not thought best to remove the boy for several days after his escape from drowning; and the fright which his mother had experienced gave her so severe a shock that she was unable to leave her room for a week.

But the boy had the best of care with his

kind hostess, and the sweet face of Ellen Warren hovered about his bedside; and the gleam of her brown hair was like the flash of morning sunbeams; and her little cool hand bathed his temples, and smoothed his pillows, and her voice fell soft and sweet upon his ear, as the voices of the spring birds fall on weary sufferers in sick and darkened chambers.

And one day, sitting by his side, the boy noticed that the soft, falling voice of the little girl grew still, and that a shadow of anxiety and sadness crept into the eyes and over all the young sweet face.

"What are you thinking about, Ellen?"

She lifted her eyes, blue as the pansies in the meadows, to his face, and the tears filled them. "I was thinking how hard it would be one of these days to leave our old home, and what would become of us then!"

"Why, Ellen, what are you going to leave your old home for?"

She shook her head, and out into light and back into shadow swept the waves of her golden brown hair.

"You see, papa has had a great deal of trouble, and some how, 'Squire Turner has got our house into his hands, and we shall have to leave it in a little while, because papa can't raise the money to pay off the mortgage, and you don't know how it is troubling us all."

Francis Marvyn pursued the matter till he had gained a pretty clear idea of all the facts of the case, then he lay still awhile; his pale face settled into a strange gravity, as he kept counsel with his own thoughts.

At last he looked up in a sudden brightness. "Don't feel bad any more, Ellen. If that wicked old fellow gets your house away, I know of another a great deal nicer than this, with a beautiful garden and white roses clambering all around the portico, that I think you can get."

"You do," exclaimed Ellen, her eyes

like pansies wide for wonder. "How can you get it?"

"O, just leave that to me. It's such a pretty white wood house, with green blinds, large and old-fashioned, you know, but just the place to suit you."

"Mayn't I tell papa and mamma?"

"O, no, you mustn't breathe a word about it to anybody in the world yet awhile; promise me that you won't, now."

"I won't breathe a word, true as I live and breathe and draw a single breath," so-liloquized the child, with solemn emphasis on every syllable. And she was a conscientious little girl. She kept her word.

"It seems good to have you back again, my child," said Mrs. Marvyn, putting her white hand fondly through the thick chestnut locks of her son, and playing with them; and looking in her face, her husband knew that his wife's thoughts were going back to the time when she saw them lying all wet and draggled on the pillow.

"Come, come," he said, looking from the pale face of the mother to the pale face of her son. "I can't have two invalids on my hands at once. What in the world shall I do with you both?"

"We shall be quite equal to taking care of ourselves in a day or two, shan't we, Frank?"

"Yes, mother," but he scarcely heard what she said, sitting in the large arm-chair by the window, through which the cool evening winds came to flutter his hair.

"What are you thinking about, Frank?" asked his father.

"I was wondering whether you got a tenant for the house, father."

"No; what put that into your head?"

And then Francis Marvyn related to his interested parents the touching story which little Ellen Warren had told him, sitting by

his bedside, and he concluded, "It struck me, papa, they would be just the tenants you would like to take charge of your house; and then, you know, Horace Warren saved my life."

"I know it, bless the boy. His father shall have the house. That is a bright idea of yours."

"Don't wait, father, see about it at once," interposed Mrs. Marvyn.

"I'll ride over to-morrow, Sara."

Mr. Marvyn was as good as his word. He was not too early. 'Squire Turner had called on Mr. Warren that very day to inform him that he must leave the premises in a short time, and the sick man and his sorrowing family were fairly overwhelmed with the glad tidings which Mr. Marvyn brought them, and their tears of anguish were soon changed to tears of joy and gratitude. A few weeks later, and they were settled in the pleasant old homestead, and the dawn of a fairer life began for them beneath its roof.

Farmer Warren's health improved, with the burden of care and anxiety removed from his spirits,—and his small, thrifty family managed to obtain a comfortable livelihood from the cultivation of the garden and grounds about the old homestead. Horace Warren and Francis Marvyn were the best of friends, and the former gave such indications of talent, that Mr. Marvyn assisted him to enter college.

The young men graduated together, while under the old homestead Ellen Warren blossomed into a beautiful, and what is far better, a good and noble woman.

And in less than three years after he graduated, Francis Marvyn took to wife the daughter of his father's tenant, and Ellen Warren went out from the old homestead, which had been her husband's grandfather's, to the new home whose joy and light and ministering angel she was to become. *Exchange.*

LOVE OF HOME.

BY REV. ———

“WHEN I see a young man who cares little about going home, I judge either that his home is miserable, or that he is a worthless character,” said a college professor at the close of the term, when all the students were anxious to get home.

The love of home is a test of character. You can usually form a reliable opinion of persons' characters by the manner of their acting and feeling in relation to home. If there is a good Christian home, where right influences prevail, where love cements all in harmony, where the incense of prayer and piety fills the house, a good and faithful person will love his home with special tenderness. But a coarse, wicked nature, or one whose heart is secretly opposed to godliness, though perhaps outwardly maintaining an appearance of goodness, will have a dislike to such a home, and will prefer other places, and more noisy and evil scenes. A man of gentle and affectionate feelings will delight in a quiet, peaceful home, where the loved ones of his heart are found. A loving child will find no place so dear as the home of his father and mother, and no song so sweet as the song of the nursery. But a child of rough nature, wild passions, and untamed desires, will seek the company of the rude in the streets, or the wicked in the saloon or bar-room, in preference to the quiet and loving ones at home. “I hate my home,” said a boy, and he sought depraved associates, fell into evil habits, became a disgrace, and finally ended his course in prison. He rejected home and its good influences, and suffered for it. Esau sold his birthright, and was condemned as a profane person.

But should every home be loved, what-

ever its character? Yes, loved as the abode of parents or friends, loved according to its worthiness, loved as our place for residence, and where we may do good. We are not to have so much complacency in an evil as in a good home, but we should love it nevertheless. It is indeed a sad fact that there are many homes where quarrels abound, where wickedness reigns, where evil things prevail, and which thus become ‘unhappy and unworthy.’ Still, in every home there is something to be loved, there is some good thing about the place, some trait which should attach each member of the family to every other. There is a family bond and tie of relationship which should not be despised. And every home may be improved by the faithfulness of any one member. When the Jews were carried to heathen cities, they were yet told to seek the peace of those cities, “for in their peace shall ye have peace.” Our own good improvement, peace, comfort, and happiness depends upon the good of our homes. A proud young woman despised the home of her parents' poverty, but her father followed her, and she could not disown him. A better young lady sought the good of her poor parents, and was loved and honored for her noble conduct. Unattractive as any home may be, yet it is usually better than no home at all. Poor, or even degraded by vice, as any parents may be, yet to them their sons and daughters owe their lives, and should never be heedless of the obligations. And on the other hand, troublesome as children may be, and wicked as they may become, still, the parents are never loosed from peculiar obligations to them. Homes are still our own, and we owe them special interest

and affection, even though they are not all which we could wish.

But any evil ought not to be accepted, whether at home or elsewhere. If wrong things are seen at home, they should be avoided, but the home itself need not therefore be shunned or rejected, unless these sins are absolutely forced upon the members. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord," but out of the Lord, or things absolutely or manifestly wrong, no person has any right to command, and none is under obligation to obey. A person may live in a wicked home, and yet keep his own heart pure, resisting every wrong influence, and cherishing godly principles within. And such a member of a family will bless all the others, and bring good to the house in which he abides.

But may not love of home be too strong? May it not unfit for outward duties, and keep one from other places and responsibilities which should be assumed? It may have morbid or undue development, and may be wrongly exhibited, but this arises not from its healthy strength so much as from diseased condition of the mind. A person may stay at home from indolence, and refuse to meet outward difficulties, from love of ease; while a real love of home would lead him to go forth to duties, in order to make home sweeter, and to do better for his family and for others. One who loves his home, will go out to active duties, that he may well support his family, and bring in good to his home. A lazy idler does not really love his home, but his ease. A poor man with a family dependent on his daily earnings, was employed by a neighbor to saw wood by the cord. But though it was a time of distress from want of work, he would sit by his fire at home, and waste so much time that his neighbor declined to employ him again. If he had loved his home rightly, he would have gone to work.

There is a certain class who buy for their families one quarter of a pound of tea, two pounds of sugar, ten pounds of flour, and a gallon of rum, with any quantity of tobacco. Their love of home all ends in *smoke*.

And homesickness, as it is called, is, as the name indicates, a disease, and not a healthy love of home, and a normal desire for it. If one rightly loves home with the true principle, he will be willing to be absent when duty requires; for thus he makes himself useful, and his family are benefited, and home is made better. The loving parent will go away when necessary to toil for the good of those at home; the obedient child will leave for labor, for duties, or for an education, at the request of his parents, for this is, on the whole, best for his home. Love of home does not require one to stay there, nor does it include idleness, or shiftlessness, or refusal to do our share in society.

This love will be shown by the putting forth of all wise and promising efforts for the good of home. The father will generously provide all comforts within his reach; the mother will economically use what she has for the good of the whole; each son will add what he can to the home joys, and each daughter will gladly do her part to cheer all by her affection and tenderness. Kindness will be shown at home, and not, as is with some, only in the streets; indeed, if there is any difference, there should be greater kindness at home than abroad. Gentle words, actions of love, attentions which show thoughtfulness of each other's wants and comfort, and all things which may bring happiness and blessings to the home, will be found. Here the affections flourish, and bear their ripened fruits.

Love of home is a great protection against temptation and vice. When a young man thinks of his good home, of his honored parents and loved family, he will keep

double guard against evil and disgraceful courses of conduct. And if his habits have been formed in such a home which he has learned to love, he will have little taste for coarse and vicious company. And every person who has a part in a good home of a respectable and excellent family, possesses a strong guard against vice.

Therefore love home, and seek its highest good. Make your homes as desirable as possible to all the members. Make them centers of all good influences, and pour into them a flood of affection, purity, and piety. Bind all the family in the happy bond of love, and esteem no effort or expense

wasted that goes to make home cheerful or useful.

And seek to furnish homes for others, for the poor, the destitute, and the forsaken. "God setteth the solitary in families," and we should do our part in this blessed work of divine Providence. The home in the family is one of the great methods of keeping society from corruption, and wherever it can be brought to bear is a most promising means of reforming and elevating the degraded.

And we are told of the many mansions in the Father's house, and the home of the redeemed in heaven.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY M. A. O.

Now we'll raise our joyful song
And the notes of praise prolong;
From each heart let incense rise
Pure and fragrant to the skies.
Ere this festal night return
Life's dim lamp may cease to burn;
We may drink the cup of sorrow
On the dark, uncertain morrow;
But to-day let no dull care
In our pleasure find a share,
But each heart pour forth glad lays
To our dear Redeemer's praise.

We have met in peace again,
An unbroken household chain,
No loved brow with grief o'ercast
At the memory of the past,
But each eye is beaming bright
On our glad Thanksgiving night,
And each heart is lightly beating
As these festal hours are fleeting,
And for this our souls shall raise
To our Father, songs of praise.

But like this short fleeting day,
We from earth must pass away;

From the hallowed hearth of home
Disappearing, one by one,
Till beneath the churchyard tree
Each is sleeping silently.
Then shall the dear household chain,
Broken here, be joined again,
And each scattered link unite
In the world of endless light.
No sad memories then shall throng
On our glad Thanksgiving song;
No sad fear of change shall come
In our bright eternal home;
Therefore gladly will we raise
To our Father songs of praise,
For the blissful hope of heaven
Which his holy word hath given;
Hope, that if we meet no more
On this life's tempestuous shore
We shall wake from death's long dream
Fast beside the crystal stream
Where the angel-harps are strung,
And the seraph hymns are sung;
Through eternity to raise
Our joyful songs of grateful praise.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY THE INVALID.

It was a wintry evening,
All cloudless, fair, and bright,
And shining in the heavens
Were gems of brilliant light.
The moon was softly treading
Her pathway through the skies,
While from her shining footsteps,
No language did arise.

Upon the plains of Bethlehem,
All seated on the ground,
A shepherd band were gathered,
With their flock reposing round;
When suddenly from heaven
There shone a brilliant light,
With soft yet radiant lustre,
Transcending noonday bright!

And 'mid its dazzling glory,
A seraph band were seen,
Who flew on silvery pinions,
In robes of snowy sheen!
They sang a heavenly anthem
To music soft and rare,
And the notes of its sweet chorus
Filled all the evening air!

"All glory to the highest,"
The raptuous strain began,
"We come with joyful tidings,
This blessed eve, to man!
Good will to all the nations,
And on the earth sweet peace,
Begin this glorious evening,
And evermore increase!

"In Bethlehem Ephratah
A wondrous sight is seen,
There lies the blessed Saviour,
In childhood's lovely mien!
Oh hasten there to meet him,
With footsteps glad and fleet,
A star shall go before you
To guide you to his feet!"

Then quickly rose the shepherds,
And hastened on their way,
To seek the little village
Where the infant Saviour lay,
While in the azure heavens,
Before their wondering sight,
A star of dazzling lustre
Their lonely path did light!

It led them to the manger,
Where in his mother's arms,
They saw the blessed Jesus,
In all his lovely charms;
A throng of Eastern nobles
Were kneeling at his feet,
With many a golden offering,
And spicy odors sweet!

Adoringly they worshipped,
And then with joyful hearts
Proceeded on their journey
To spread through all those parts
Glad tidings of the vision,
And the angel's blessed word,
"To-day is born in Bethlehem,
A Saviour, Christ, the Lord!"

FACES.

BY MARY E. RIPLEY.

I AM no physiognomist. Yet I love to study faces. And though I may not correctly interpret line and feature, my imagination inscribes upon these "fleshy tablets" many a legend, many a poem, many a prophecy. Perhaps I may *sometimes* read the truth. Who does more?

And where do I study faces? I may not walk in the mystical oriental land, and among pyramids, or beside the silent sphynx, look upon swart Egyptian brows, striving to find the traces of their foregone history, or their hastening future; I may not stand upon the hills of Jerusalem, and read upon heavy Jewish countenances, the fulfilment of old-time predictions; I may not view in his own clime the Greek, or the Roman. But I may look on the pure smile of babyhood in its cradle, on the fresh, hopeful face of boyhood, on the patient, almost inspired devotion beaming from the faithful mother's eye, and on the restful calm of age. All these I find in my own circle. And much more.

I see much inheritance in faces. There is a peculiar frown, or smile, or gravity in a child's face, which the mother tells me she remembers nowhere to have seen, except in *her* grandfather's countenance. And there is a proud nobility upon the brow of the gentle-born, which, more truly than any book of pedigree, claims for its wearer truthful respect or heart-devotion. It is a title-deed which cannot be stolen; which Time graves more deeply; which Death seals. And if expression of countenance is the resultant of inward qualities, then, with blood descent, are certain spiritual states or qualities also transmitted. Perhaps these

remain latent through several generations, and then suddenly, in some household pet, is seen the out-cropping of these so long hidden formations. So, is not every human face a mystery? This dark, tragic, fierce face, — is it not the plain record of agitations, of convulsions, of tragedies, which the world knew and talked of, hundreds of years ago?

Yes, this wonderful living scripture, open to all eyes, seeking its students in every city-street, in every lecture-room, in field, or forest, or camp, — wherever one looks upon his fellow; is it not as worthy of thought and study, as the graven rock which tells of olden convulsion, of flood, or fire?

Look upon the baby-face which nestles among cradle-pillows! Whence come the delicate lines about the mouth, which shall grow into signs of unconquerable will; or the high, white brow, which shall be to gathering peoples a guiding star of intellect? These are but the outward signatures of inner qualities. Do not strangle thought, and tell me that the baby-face is as yet uninscribed. There *is* an inscription there. Life perchance shall overwrite it all; but yet, forever shall stand this first, modifying the latest. When boyhood comes before you with boyish aspirations, will you not recognise the old eagerness of the infant, as he grasped some lesser toy? When youth looks bravely forth for honorable laurels, will you not still remember the earliest days? And when the man has won the glory, the prizes of life, will you not see the shining links that lead you back to his cradle? You will remember the strange gravity which sometimes startled you, or the

iron firmness which settled upon the velvet cheeks ; the wisdom which sometimes for an instant gleamed from those eyes, and then retreated as if to wait its time.

It is sad to look upon degraded faces. Sad, when the wearer of the ignoble record is innocent ; saddest of all sights, when sin has been the scribe. Poverty, through many generations, leading as it does to ignorance and crime, must leave its trace upon the outcast. But what must we look for in the slave, — one who has no knowledge of a free ancestry ; whose forefathers, for ages back, have worn servile chains, and bent beneath a master's lash ? Shall the face be bright and intelligent, while the whole spirit is enslaved ? Does not the soul look out of the body ? or shine through it ? If we see a real slave face, we may look for a crushed, enchained spirit. Through bright, free faces, shine out enfranchised souls. It is not essential that one have a black skin, and live under a certain parallel, and call a certain man master, in order to be a slave. All fettering habits, that stunt and lessen humanity, are slave-chains. And the discerning may read slave, written on millions of white brows, in the palace and in the cottage.

One feels sad when wandering amid the wildest, grandest scenery, among aboriginal trees, within sound and sight of the most magnificent cataract on this continent, to see the dusky faces of the true children of the forest, awaiting him beneath broad branches, under which mayhap their fathers hunted and fought. In some of these faces there is so much pathos, such a mournful story of olden, savage freedom and glory, of following subjugation and submission, that in pity he almost involuntarily becomes the owner of the simple toys they sell. Deep in these Indian faces, in these dark, bright eyes, one sees traces of kingly blood ; and the contrast between olden state and present home-

lessness, must strike a chord in the heart, which will thrill until the pleading face is forgotten.

Some faces, light, and we may, by courtesy, say civilized, engrave themselves indelibly upon the memory, because of their utter imbecility. They look as though their ancestral visages had belonged, not many generations back, to African dirt-eaters ; as if the ancestral intellect had developed among the unknown plains of Ethiopia, and as if the ancestral spirit had revered crawling reptiles. A respectable gorilla-countenance shows much more character. Indeed, it reminds one of an inferior tribe of monkeys. No brightness, evidence of the burning flame within, which must flash forth ; no fierceness which might at least show a capacity for something manly and human ; not even the gentle half-intelligent look of a great Newfoundland ; but simply the dried, mummy-like face, with its tawny, hirsute accompaniments, and the wishy-washy conversation which babbles forth from a shallow brain. A man has no right to bear about through this world so mean a phiz.

But this year we have seen faces that glow. There seems to be an immense, surrounding, penetrating atmosphere, which saturates the bodies, ay, the very souls of the masses. Hard-handed sons of laborious sires, men whose gold is all in the ore, and perchance its very existence unsuspected, are every day springing up, all over our country, and stamping themselves for recognition as current coin of the land. When the nation puts on its festival array, and thousands of men line the resounding avenues of rejoicing cities, one is awed and astonished at the kindling brows and reverential glances of the lovers of Freedom. Eighteen hundred and sixty-one will be the birth-year of many a grand historic name ; it will prove the harvest-time when toiling mothers may see the fruit of their earnest

work. Even though brave sons, just girding themselves for life's duties on peaceful fields, are in their proud beauty, laid, bloody, priceless sacrifices on the altar of liberty; yet is it not a glad harvest! Look with tearful eyes upon your daring sons who are sleeping the deep sleep of death, but remember, while you weep, that their fame is sure; that the dear Mother-Land, grand in her beautiful youth, and sublime in her terrible struggle for life, lovingly writes their names upon her bosom. This fiery ordeal through which the nation is to-day passing, will beautify and ennoble many an American face through coming generations.

And there are other faces which gleam upon me while I write, — calm faces of

sainted ones who are resting "over the river;" who sleep in sealed coffins, with pale, clasped, crumbling hands, underneath myrtle, and violets, and fadeless *immortelles*; and these faces put on the old, loving look, and the eyes brighten and flash out the old love, and in my eyes the dew begins to gather, and softened feelings to well up in my heart; and I feel that if I could live in the light of those faces once again, I would make my life most worthy. But the "dread past" hath no available resurrection, and I shut the door of its sepulchre, and look to the future with a hope that the teachings of the buried years may not have been altogether vain.

TRUTH LOVED.

BY REV. R. F. LAWRENCE.

WITH a heart saddened by a call I was about to make upon a disconsolate Christian, long held beneath the shadow of death by incurable disease, I overtook a boy of ten summers, and began to converse with him. He was the son of an ardent lover of Jesus. I said to him: "Did we not have an interesting meeting last Sabbath evening, at the school-house in your neighborhood?" "I am sure we did," said he. "Do you feel interested in religion?" I asked. "I think I do; and," added he, casting an eye upon me which was full of that tender, yet earnest emotion which *truth loved* originates, "I wish you would read the 12th chapter of Isaiah." "Thank you, I will. If I remember it is short." "Yes: but there is a good deal in it," — and that upturned face gave me another assurance of the sweet interest that the *heart* had in the truth, while

he added, "that second verse seems *very good*, it teaches us not to be afraid of God." I felt that I was myself receiving comfort and light, on my mournful way to the abode of sorrow. I hope many whose young eyes may glance over this page, may turn to that chapter. How exquisite that verse, "Behold, God is my salvation; *I will trust and not be afraid*; for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation."

How vast the difference between a picture under the eye of love and under an indifferent eye. A mother has intelligence that her son bravely stood for his country, in the thickest of the fight. She receives from him the artist's best effort to catch his features. They may be changed by fatigue and suffering, but the picture is pressed to the mother's heart. So, when love of our Father

above fills the mind, the Bible-pictures of God, and angels, of heaven, of man before and since the fall, of Jesus loving lost men, of believers having God for a refuge, are precious in our eyes. We love the Law; we love the Gospel.

My little friend, above referred to, *prays*,—hence his love of truth and his steadfast hold upon it. I never think of a young person, breaking away from the wiles and

folly of youth, and daily holding to the practice of secret prayer, but I seem to see a choice of companionship most noble and pure. As young persons, among themselves, have their favorites, whom they love to meet often because their tastes agree, so this one seems to me to choose *angelic* companionship. Mingling with heavenly minds here will ensure the privilege forever.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

Thy birthday once again thou welcomest;
 Thy life's chronometer has run once more
 Its measured course. Its wheels, its weights, its hands,

Its mainspring, pendulum, and all the nice
 The complicate machinery have played
 Their several duties out in time, and wait
 Where trouble swings and strikes the solemn bell
 That knells another year forever gone.
 The same position have they occupied
 As now, twice more than twenty times before;
 And when this bell has rung its last full sound,
 Thy rounds of season-quarters, twenty-three
 Will number. Dost thou realize, fair friend,
 That thou art twenty-three? that one full fourth,
 And more, of life's allotted pilgrimage,
 Its threescore years and ten, has glided by?
 Gay, laughing girlhood, blushing maidenhood,
 Just in the past, yet lightly on thy heart,
 In beauty now are lying; dignity,
 That best becometh woman, waiteth thee
 In nearest future; such thy stand to-day,
 The line that marks the boundary of each,
 Or spot that blends them both in softest tints
 Of loveliness. The past a mellow light
 Sheds o'er thy present, painting it with hues
 As beautiful as mask the tranquil hour
 Of splendid sunset in the summer time.
 The future, blushes like the virgin morn
 At salutation of her royal lord,
 When she hath gemmed her rich, embroidered robe
 With countless pearls, hath wreathed her queenly brow
 With choicest flow'rs, and deep inspired their balm

To lend a spicy fragrance to the kiss
 With which she greets his coming.
 Radiant with Hope's most brilliant beams, that future
 glows,
 Unfolds and drapes above thy onward path
 A gorgeous canopy of crimson, gold,
 Of scarlet, rose and royal purple, wrought
 And woven all together, marked in lines
 Distinct, then shaded as harmoniously
 As are the many hues of that rich veil
 Which morning hastes to drop across her brow
 When first she meets her monarch's melting eye
 In passion's ardent glances beaming full
 Upon her loveliness.

Condensing joys
 Gone by and joys to come, in one fair scene,
 Thy present full of light and beauty seems,
 A living picture smiling sweetest smiles
 Of pleasant memories and fondest hopes,
 But ever changing, ever rolling on,
 Life's varied panorama moves along,
 And thou with that must keep an even pace.
 Thy feet must press the path that lies concealed
 Beneath the rainbow draping of bright hope;
 And when thou passest through that future way
 Though now it seemeth only brooded o'er
 By loving wings of blissful coloring,
 Thou'lt find those clouds, so beautiful afar,
 Will often wear a darker lining, when
 Close folded round thy head, they cover thee.
 And thou wilt meet life's stern realities,
 Wilt feel its weight of cares; their pressure oft
 May make thy spirits droop, thy heart grow faint.
 Yet, sister, in those seasons, look aloft,

And let thine eye beyond earth's future pierce,
 To one all glorious with Heaven's own light,
 Then as thine earnest gaze is fixed above
 Upon the *Christian's Future*, let thy heart
 Yield fully to that *influence* so divine,
 That ever cometh gently down to bless
 The waiting soul. God's Holy Spirit breathed
 Upon thy own, imbuing it with life
 And love, and principles of grace and truth,

Shall fit it for eternal dwelling, where
 In one rich arch of happyfying tints
 The beauteous, Celestial Future rests.
 Such be thy life, our Father bless thee thus,
 Then when thy last time-bell has struck its years,
 Thy last time-birthday dawned and passed away,
 Be that, thy deathbed to Earth's changing scenes,
 Thy birthday into *Holy Paradise*.

A MERRY EYE.

BY READ THOMPSON.

THE light of a merry eye,
 In this dark world of ours,
 'Tis like the blue of April's sky,
 Or sunshine after showers!

Though born to trouble as we are,
 And ne'er from sorrows free,—
 Still, merry eyes are aye the sign
 Of what our life should be.

For joy is sorrow's elder born;
 And shall outlive her sigh,—
 And sorrow's truest tears are shed
 When weeps a merry eye.

The languid life of softer lands,
 Through pensive orbs may gleam,
 But Saxon blood and toiling hands
 Suit best a sunny beam.

My blue-eyed boy, by months too young
 His infant words to try,
 Tells all he needs by meaning smiles
 That haunt his merry eye.

That sunshine of the heart shall live,
 And cares and years defy,—
 E'en wrinkles radiate the light
 Around a merry eye!

TRUSTING STILL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

TO-NIGHT my heart is cold and sad,
 But well, O God, I know
 Thou dost not willingly afflict,
 And to thy hand I bow;
 Give me a voice to praise thee still,
 With meek submission to thy will.

Though now my sky is drear,
 Sometimes the sunlight falls,—
 Though now I slip in vales of gloom,

I have trod princely halls;
 Therefore, O God, for blessings past,
 My thanks down at thy feet I cast.

Help me to look to thee,
 Through every fear and doubt,
 Trusting that from all devious wilds,
 Thy hand will lead me out,—
 And with a faith that nought can move,
 Rest on thy mercy and thy love.

MARGERY.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

MRS. SMITH, with whom Margery Bruce was now domiciled, was an active, kind-hearted woman, under whose charge Margery was likely to suffer nothing from over exertion, or from lack of affection. But it was not through her influence that Margery's character was to be toned and moulded for the niche she was appointed to fill in the world. Across the garden lived her invalid mother, to whom years of quiet meditation had given a beauty of Christian character, such as few are permitted to see, and still fewer are able to appreciate. Often, when Mrs. Smith could not leave the stirring duties of her household, she could send Margery over to sit with her mother, and attend to her wants. Day after day Mrs. Willis watched for the shy, awkward girl, with increasing interest, observing her quietly until she became thoroughly accustomed to her position at her side; never seeming to notice the tremulous fear with which she performed the little offices she required, and manifesting in all things that comprehension of her sensitive nature that was most likely to bring Margery to an understanding with herself. When she first attempted to read aloud to her, and had in a measure overcome the embarrassment of the attempt, Mrs. Willis could not but be attracted by the pathos and depth of feeling with which she read. Still, she never commenced without reading wrong at first, and the slightest disturbance was sufficient to make the effect a painful one, both for her and her listener.

"Wait till I grow quiet," said Mrs. Willis one day when Margery was preparing to read, and, singularly enough, while she lay,

with closed eyes, motionless upon her bed, Margery's nerves grew quiet also, so that when she began to read, it was with that clear, full voice, which showed that she had complete control of her nerves. When she had finished, Mrs. Willis drew her to herself, and waiting till the flutter which accompanied her taking possession of her hand had subsided, she said —

"You began to read without any flurry to-day." The tears sprang into Margery's eyes, and she dropped her head without making any reply.

"I think you can do it always if you only try to understand these troublesome nerves of yours," continued Mrs. Willis.

"I never can. It is no use to try. I sometimes wish no one could ever see me, or hear me," said Margery.

"Why?"

"Because it is impossible for me ever to do anything as I wish."

"Which do you think God observes, your motive in what you do, or your manner?"

"My motive, to be sure."

"And is it his approval you desire, or that of those about you?"

"I don't suppose I think of that, in little things. It is the approval or the ridicule of those about me I fear."

"But here alone with me there is nothing to meet but approval of your kindness to one who is too old and ill to care for herself. What should you fear here?"

"I am afraid of my own awkwardness. I never hand you a cup of tea without trembling with terror lest I should spill it over you."

"Does this state of feeling help you, or hinder you, in what you do?"

"It hinders me; but I cannot reason about it, I only feel."

"Perhaps you would feel less if you would only try to reason more about it. It would add much to your usefulness and happiness if you could obtain command of these restless nerves. There is nothing but this fear to prevent your doing things just as you wish."

"I don't know, Mrs. Wilson. I think I am more awkward than other people. I have always been so."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Wilson with a smile, "suppose you try to conquer these fears, and then we will see whether you are so very awkward. I hardly think that nature has served you so ill as you seem to suppose."

By such gentle monitions Mrs. Wilson led her gradually to possess more confidence in herself, while her constant counsel and example brought her to that fulness of Christian faith and perfection, which, in the recollection of her mother's teaching, she had so long striven in vain to grasp.

Two or three years of Margery's life, under the oversight of Mrs. Smith and her mother, had passed away, and she had quite outgrown her awkward and unhappy sensitiveness, or fear of ridicule, and bore in her demeanor that dignity and self-possession of one who takes life in trust from him who is the judge of all the earth, and offers its acts daily upon his tribunal, fearing no other. Her features were still plain, but there was a genial sweetness about them which had once been visible only to her parents, but which now showed itself to all. Her cousin Matilda was called the belle of the village, and though her constant habit of wilfulness and ill-temper had overshadowed her really fine features, she was still the toast among the admirers of female beauty. Singularly

ill-written notes coming through mysterious channels sometimes attested the existence of new admirers. Rustic poems had been written in her honor, and one of them, with a most remarkable combination of poetic feet, and miraculous grammar, had found its way into the county paper.

Mrs. Manning, however, had long been convinced that the small town where they lived contained no one at all equal to Matilda's merits, and that she must therefore go from home to find a husband. They had long taken a fashion magazine to assist Matilda in the cultivation of lady-like qualifications, and in the stories with which its pages were filled, she read and sighed over the conquests of city belles at Saratoga until she was certain that a few days' visit to that match-making bazaar, as she considered it, would be sufficient to settle her fortunes for life. Her mother, with her usual pleading, was soon brought over to Matilda's view of the matter, and for a year or two the good people's savings had all been laid aside privately for this object. But the money came in slowly, even according to their estimate of the expense of the journey, which covered very little more than railroad fare. When Matilda's eighteenth summer came, and she found that the savings of her parents really would not enable her to make the contemplated visit this season, the fit of rage into which she threw herself was beyond all bounds. There were few things in the range of her imagination that she did not threaten to do, and her parents, in their weakness, were sufficiently alarmed to watch her lest she should perform some of these idle threats. Her father, who had always insisted that she was born a queen, really began to think that it was a dangerous thing to have in his family a queen without a kingdom.

Matilda gained by her raging numberless

unreasonable concessions from her parents, who showed themselves capable of the most untiring self-denial in her behalf; but this self-denial was a thing to which she had been so accustomed from her infancy that it roused no gratitude or pity from her. Or, if at any time some slight compunctions were roused, she denounced them at once by saying, "If they wish me to do so and so, they must manage as I say," for she knew they had made it the whole aim of their lives to secure to her her desires, and knowing this, she seemed to suppose that she did them the highest favor in suffering them to sacrifice their interests for her. Her father, as he stood at his work during the long day, thought, "What shall I take home that will please Tilly to-night?" and any little bit of pleasant news, — the report of any coming amusement, or a fresh number of the magazine, were a godsend to him, waking always the hope that she might be thrown into one of her pleasant moods by what he had to bring. True, it was more likely than otherwise that the offering would be thrown back upon him with contempt, and unkind words, but the knowledge that she was secretly pleased was stored up by him as a reward for his anxiety to gratify her.

One evening, as he sat down at the tea-table, he said —

"There is going to be a lecture over at the church to-night, Tilly. Now I want you should fix yourself nice, and fresh, and go."

"Who is going to lecture?" asked Tilly, in her not over gracious way.

"The schoolmaster over at the Mills. They say —"

"The schoolmaster over at the Mills!" said Tilly, with a contemptuous toss of the head, "what can they be thinking of to ask such things to lecture?"

"Parson Trainor says he's very smart," Mr. Manning hastened to say.

"Smart, indeed!" echoed Tilly. They must have somebody very smart to teach school over in that nest. They are greatly mistaken if they think they will get me to go and hear such a fellow."

"They" of course meant the villagers, whose superior Miss Tilly considered herself in every respect, and on whom she could not help thinking she conferred a special favor whenever she appeared among them. Even the Marshes, greatly as they were her superiors in wealth and culture, seemed to consider her indispensable in their tea drinks, and other social gatherings, and Tilly had no doubt but that Judge Marsh, and Parson Trainor, and all the other magnates of the village, were nearly as much disappointed as her father was, when she was absent from her place at church, or Sabbath school, or any other public assemblage. She was too careful of her supremacy, however, to try their feelings often in this way, constantly as she threatened to do so, and on the evening in question she was as early as any one at the church to hear the lecture of the contemptible "schoolmaster from the Mills." She went, however, prepared to have an evening's enjoyment in tittering with the girls, and making as vivid an impression as possible upon the beaux who might be present, and she was making a good beginning of this kind of enjoyment for the evening, when she saw a fine-looking young man enter the church, who bore in his carriage that unmistakable impress of contact with the world, which she had so rarely seen, but which when seen could not fail to arrest her attention. The giddy speech she was making was checked upon her lips, and she watched him while he stopped for a word with Parson Trainor at the door of his pew, and then saw him with easy grace ascend the pulpit steps. It was with a look of wonder that she acknowledged to herself that this must be the schoolmaster from "that nest,"

over at the Mills, but she was sure that any one who walked and carried his cap in that way must have something to say, and she prepared herself to listen. In externals certainly he was the most attractive young man she had ever seen, and she considered that there was no surer way of attracting his attention than by proving herself an attentive listener.

She was correct in her opinion that the speaker had something to say. It was the first outburst of real eloquence she had ever heard, and, far as she was below the power of appreciating the current of religious thought, and love for humanity that ran through it, she could still comprehend the beauty of his language, and his grace of manner. And, unaccustomed as the people of the little village were to the power of eloquence, she was, perhaps, not the only one who went home that night to dream over again the words and tones of the young speaker.

Ernest Wayne was a theological student from a distant part of the country, and was teaching school during the vacation, for the purpose of procuring means for prosecuting his studies. He was an orphan, and poor, but he could have supplied himself, if he had chosen, with a very different class of pupils from those now under his charge. His nearest relative was an old bachelor uncle, who possessed considerable wealth, and a few eccentricities, and who was ready to assist Ernest with plenty of advice, and with some money when he found him in a corner. But he thought, as did the young man himself, that he would be stronger for all his life if he trusted to his own exertions for support, rather than the help of others. He had been offered the proceeds of a church society for educational purposes, but he refused to accept it, not being willing to subject himself to the enervating influence of receiving a charity that he could do without.

"Don't accept it, don't accept it, my boy," said his uncle. "If you get where you can't stand on your own feet, come to me, but just as long as you can stand by yourself, do it. You'll never be sorry for it, never."

But when Ernest told him of his determination to teach during the present vacation, and mentioned the offer of a tutorship in the family of a college chum, his uncle said, "Well, my boy, I don't know but I shall have a school for you myself, if you are going to teach. There are enough in my large family that need instruction. You know that troublesome mill property of mine out yonder. Property is a troublesome thing any way, especially when it's a good ways off. They have never had a school there, except perhaps a poor apology for one a few weeks in the summer, and the children are growing up as idle and as worthless as possible. It is an out-of-the-way place, where you will hardly be able to reach anything human or civilized, but it will be a good place to study and improve humanity, and that is to be your legitimate business, so it's as well to begin with it in the rough. There is a small sum of public money due them for the support of a school, and this shall be your nominal pay, and if you'll only look after my interests, you young dreamy head, remembering that wherever you plant an idea of virtue or common sense in the mind of any of my operatives, you are not only carrying out your own work, but doing me a personal favor, why, I'll make the rest of the remuneration all right with you."

Uncle Walter had long ago privately determined that this piece of mill property should sometime belong to Ernest. "He will never be able to support himself out of a pulpit, never," said the old man, whenever he had to apologize to himself for any over-tender impulses towards Ernest, "but it

won't do to spoil the boy now by telling him that I'm like to have anything in store for him." He thought, however, that this would be a good time for him to become not only interested in the operatives, but familiar with the property, and the details of its management. And the head man at the mills knew better, perhaps, than Ernest did himself, that he was one whose interest was to be won over, and whose opinions sought in all matters concerning the management of the property.

Ernest Wayne was one of those who never have any idle time upon their hands. His far-reaching benevolence was always planning for him a great deal more than his hands could accomplish. Still, with his day school and his Sabbath school at the mills, and his constant visits among the families of the operatives, he found time, after his lecture at the church, to accept many of the invitations that were tendered him from the little village up the river. The good people of the village were by no means disposed to lose from their society such an acquisition as he was likely to be, so long as he was within reach. A week or two after his lecture he was sent for to address the Sabbath school, by Parson Trainor.

Matilda Manning was conscious that she was looking her very best that morning. Her mirror had told her so before she left home, and when she found that the invitation had been accepted, and that Ernest Wayne was really present in their Sabbath school, her color heightened, and the abundant smiles that she showered upon the little ones under her charge were quite unusual to them, although her manner of hearing their lesson was such that even the youngest of them might have seen that her thoughts were not there. After the opening exercises the young man had seated himself in one of the pews, for a few words with Parson

Trainor, and when the Parson, who was himself superintendent of the Sabbath school, went away to attend to some of his duties, he turned half round in his pew to examine the school. It was not long before Tilly Manning, who occupied a pew on the other side of the aisle, some distance behind him, discovered that his eyes were fixed upon her, and with an increased flutter of her ringlets and ribbons, her attentive inattention to her class went on in the most active manner. Her father, too, who was present, observed, as he supposed, that his most charming daughter had attracted the young man's attention. "Sure enough, nobody can help looking at her," was his mental comment. "If Mr. Wayne owns all them mills down the river, as they say he does, p'raps we won't need to go to Saratogy. He'd be almost as good as a prince in disguise, and a better Christian, like as not." The good man had no thought that anything more was necessary than a sight of Tilly's face to secure any one as a most devoted admirer; and Tilly, certain that the first step had been taken in throwing her wits about him, went on, with her vivid imagination, to map out the details of the conquest she was so certain of securing. It might have lessened her self-gratification if she had known that he said to himself, as his eye fell casually upon her face, "Rather pretty for a rustic beauty," and added, after a moment's watch of the play of her features, "but very conceited, and wilful, if I am any judge of character;" and that during the remainder of the time that he sat with his eyes turned in that direction, he was listening to the instruction given by her cousin Margery Bruce to her class in the pew just across the aisle from him, seeing nothing, save with his mental vision. The soft words had caught his ear as she bent over one of her class from whose household a little sister had recently been torn by the hand of death, and

leaning forward without turning himself in her direction, lest he should disturb her by his observation, he heard all the tender instruction she had to give, and only roused himself from his absorption when the voice ceased, and he found that the school was waiting in silence for the message he had for them.

When the exercises closed, Tilly Manning managed to secure an introduction to him from Parson Trainor, who, though he knew pretty well the defects of Tilly's character, still supposed that one of the greatest favors he could bestow upon a stranger was to introduce him to the beauty of the village. Tilly was highly elated with her success, and went home to think over all he had said to her, which "all" consisted simply in asking her if she was a Sabbath-school teacher, and in remarking that it was an important position. "He will find that I attend to my duties, when he comes again," said she, with a flutter of self-approval.

A few weeks after Tilly had succeeded in planning one of their picnics across the river, which she had done with the one object of securing the invitation and presence of Ernest Wayne. They had had a picnic early in the season, and a second one was unusual, but there were others in the village besides Tilly who were quite ready to do honor to the young gentleman at the Mills, now that they had found him out, and thus with little difficulty her object was accomplished. There was a mountain on the other side of the river, a little way up the side of which was a pretty green plateau, or piece of table-land, where the people of the neighboring towns were accustomed to gather on these occasions. When Tilly found that Ernest Wayne had accepted the invitation extended to him, she considered that this was the first opportunity she had really had of *showing herself off* before him, and, inappropriate as she knew them to be, in the

soiled fishing-boats, and the rough ground across the river, she could not refrain from wearing her best dress, her gayest hat, and her thinnest shoes, on the occasion, thereby condemning herself, without a syllable, to all common-sense people, to which class Ernest Wayne most certainly belonged. On reaching the boats, she was very much disappointed to find that the young man had placed himself in a boat full of old people, apparently ignoring her charms altogether. This, however, she attributed to diffidence, and consoled herself that she should still find her opportunity to make herself agreeable when they were once across the river, and that she would be unusually gracious. When the party landed from the boats, she refused one or two offers of assistance up the steep mountain-side, quite willing to have it understood that, as the most attractive young lady in the village, she considered her attentions due to the stranger-guest of the party. What, therefore, was her astonishment to see the young man for whom she had made all this stir, walk quietly up to the side of Margery Bruce and offer her his arm. Tilly's indignation knew no bounds. How *dared* Margery Bruce throw herself in the way of such a man! Margery, who had held a position little better than that of a servant in her father's house! It was astonishing. She had no thought that she was such a bold piece. She was certain she had never had an introduction to Mr. Wayne. How should she? In this Tilly was right; but it was a fact of which Ernest Wayne was quite oblivious. He had in some way learned her name, and had watched her goings to and fro about the village, and in the feeling of acquaintance with her that had grown upon him, he had quite forgotten that he had not had an introduction to her, as well as to other young ladies in the place. If he had remembered it, however, it would have made no difference. He had given up his school at the

Mills that day on purpose to make an addition to his knowledge of the character of Margery Bruce. He meant to seek this knowledge exactly as he would follow up any piece of scientific investigation or psychological inquiry. He had been attracted by a single glimpse into the inner temple of her mind, and he was curious to learn if other parts were in harmony with what he had seen.

Margery was nearly as much disturbed as her cousin Tilly at this unexpected piece of civility from the much-talked-of schoolmaster at the Mills. The close training and the criticisms of a Christian philosophy to which she had subjected herself, had brought her troublesome nerves pretty fully under her control. But her plain face had never brought her many attentions from the surface-seeing young people by whom she was surrounded, and she had certainly never been the recipient of any marked honor like the present. She was as confident as Tilly was, that it was an honor that ought to be conferred upon her cousin, and felt at first that there was some mistake about it, which she was very anxious to correct. Not but that she would have considered as a high privilege a further knowledge of one by whose eloquence she had been so thrilled, — from whose lips she had first heard those “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” if she could only have retained her self-possession while furthering this knowledge. But self-possession seemed impossible, at least with her present low appreciation of herself, and her lofty opinion of her companion. She was not aware that their only difference in real merit was that he had been able to clothe in beautiful and impressive language those principles that actuated her own life. But she had had nothing thus far in her life to call her out of that valley of humility in which she dwelt, and now, shrinking like the sensitive plant, her hand

trembled upon the arm that had been offered her, and her voice choked, so that she could say nothing that came into her mind to say. And Ernest said to himself, when he discovered her embarrassment, “Upon my word, I believe the child is afraid of me.” So he drew the small hand closer within his arm, in an off-hand way, and talked to her familiarly about familiar things, until, by degrees, she forgot everything, — even the observation they were necessarily attracting from all quarters, — in her interest in the matters upon which he was conversing.

Matilda Manning, however, did not forget for a moment during the day the slight she had received. She refused, in a scornful, angry way, all assistance up the side of the mountain, trying the most dangerous places alone, apparently with the desire of attracting the attention, and showering down her wrath upon the person who had so offended her. She was successful in making known her indignation, and the cause of it, to every one else in the party; but it was a long time before the dimmest possible perception crept upon Ernest Wayne that some young lady in the company was offended. And when the perception reached him, he paid no attention to it. It was of the slightest possible consequence to him. Tilly, however, was not to be foiled in her purpose of attracting his attention, and when other means failed, she branched off into the performance of the most daring feats, until the eyes and exclamations of the whole party were directed towards her. But still she won only the most careless glance from Ernest Wayne. He was too much occupied in the amusing task of exploring the treasure-house of thought and feeling that Margery had stored up during her quiet life, to have his attention easily called off. If he had failed to hear that half-hour’s talk with her Sabbath-school class to which he had listened, he would doubtless have given her up as incorrigibly stupid

when he first joined company with her that day; but he knew there was a fountain of pure waters in her heart, and he was determined to find the open *sesame* which should reveal it to himself. He did this as a religious duty. Why should this child be a better Christian than he? Where had she learned the far-reaching thoughts that he had heard her utter?

Margery, too, was making a new revelation of herself. She was really not aware that she had laid away so many stores in the treasury of her mind. To be sure, they were nothing in themselves, but they were certainly giving her a great deal of enjoyment just now.

At last, however, she was roused by a startled call from her Uncle Manning, — “Tilly, Tilly, don’t go there! the stones are loose,” — and looking up, she saw her cousin on the brink of a precipice covered with loose shale, moving slowly forward to the edge. She tossed back her curls defiantly towards her father when she heard his voice, and took another step forward. “You will fall — the stones are loose!” shouted several voices; but still she smiled back upon them with the same indifferent anger that had characterized her proceedings for the whole day, and moved forward once more. She had caught at last the eye of Ernest Wayne. She did not care what happened to her, if she could only make him care. He *should* come up there for her. And with a blind insanity, she took another step. It was the last. The treacherous stones crumbled beneath her, and she fell. Ernest Wayne did go for her, but it was to the bottom of the precipice, not to its summit. And there she lay, crushed and insensible amid the rocks, — the pride and beauty of the village, — the idol that her unwise parents had so worshipped.

Margery said to Mrs. Smith, “I suppose I must go over and help Aunt Manning,”

when she found how heavily the burden of their affliction was resting upon her uncle’s family. Mrs. Smith thought it was but a small debt of gratitude that Margery owed to her Aunt Manning and Tilly; but she said nothing, thinking that no one could or would watch more patiently in a sick-room than she, and that no one else was half as likely to bring the rebellious girl to a spirit of submission to the punishment that had befallen her.

It was no easy task to care for the suffering girl. She knew nothing of suffering. She had no thought what it was to have her wishes thwarted, or her will submissive. She raved wildly, day after day, until she was exhausted, and railed at all who attempted to care for her, until at times even her mother’s patience gave way, and she sat down feebly, with folded hands, to bewail the evil for which she had so carefully prepared the way. At such times, Margery was invaluable to the family. Tilly knew that no one attended to her wants so carefully as she, but she retained, and showed constantly, that feeling of ill-will towards her that had been engendered on the day of the picnic, and even at times accused her of being the sole cause of her misfortune. Margery bore all this patiently, regarding it as the ravings of a distorted fancy. She sometimes tried to point out to Tilly how much she added to her suffering, by her lack of submission to her heavenly Father’s will; but these efforts, as well as those she made to turn her thoughts into a better channel, by choice selections when she read to her, were turned aside with scorn. Still, they undoubtedly had their effect, for they could not but dwell in her thoughts. Tilly’s disposition, with all its pride and wilfulness, was not one which could not have been brought into fair proportions with the right training from her parents.

It was certain that Tilly could never walk

again, and that only by slow and painful progress could her general health recover from the shock it had received. Ernest Wayne called often while he remained at the Mills to inquire after the progress of the sufferer, thinking always that he was likely to obtain the information he required from the lips of Margery Bruce. It was during these weeks of weary watching that Margery's father returned from California. He had of late years supplied her wants with unnecessary liberality, as she thought, but it was only when he came back to her with an affection only a little less unwise than that of the Mannings for their daughter, that she learned that she was an heiress. Ernest Wayne thought, when he heard of the fabulous wealth which Mr. Bruce had brought back from the gold regions, that it would never do for a minister of the gospel to marry an heiress; he would be sure to grow indolent in the performance of his duties. And then he smiled at himself for the suggestion, for really he had no thought of marrying. Still, when Mr. Bruce asked him for some advice with regard to the kind of school in which to place Margery, he was pleased, and some mischievous spirit again suggested to him that a certain degree of culture sat very gracefully upon a clergyman's wife.

Margery went away to school; and she left her uncle's house without any kind wishes or words of gratitude from Tilly, who was more than ever incensed against her cousin at the thought of the wealth and opportunity of seeing the world which had been given her. Still, when the first vacation came, and her father wished her to go with him to New York, and look a little at what the busy world was doing, there came to her a sad letter from her Aunt Manning, begging her to return, for no one could do the things that Tilly required as well as she, and Tilly begged for her in her sick-chamber again. And Margery went.

Years after, in the house of Ernest Wayne, where the prattle of little children went up, and the music of a mother's voice breathed softly from Margery's lips, there sat ever at the fireside a feeble, crippled woman, who gave to the children, at their need, the counsels of submission and patience which she had learned so slowly from their mother. Her parents had sunk wearily to their rest, and Tilly, with her haughty, wilful spirit purified so as by fire, a dependent upon her cousin's bounty, had learned to draw sweet waters from the bitter wells of adversity.

CHRISTMAS UNDER THE HILL.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

THE world buds every year,
But the heart just once, and when
The blossom falls off sere
No new blossoms come again.
Ah, the rose goes with the wind,
But the thorns remain behind.

"I sit here alone, to-night, — all alone in the world, as you see me," said Madame Soule, "looking at an old dead hope through the ghostly light of vanished happiness.

"Twenty years ago, at this same hour, I sat in this same embrasure, a newly-wedded wife. The tiny spears of frozen rain rattled on the glass just then, as now, and I

laughed, and held out my hands, with the new golden circle upon my finger, believing that the sky was dropping pearls in my open palms, and drifting beauty in my path. But to-night, — oh! how cold I am! and the clouds are pelting me with ice.”

Here Madame shuddered and shivered, though the blaze of the pleasant fire sent out its kindling warmth, and wrapped us in its comfort.

“I only tell you this story, because I am impelled by an irresistible influence, — a power, I might say, — which forces men sometimes to confess long-hidden crimes, which they had vainly expected to bury in the silence of their own graves.

“I was the child of alien elements, — the commingling of the warm blood of sunny Provence, and the still, deep current of the northern Scottish heart. How such a strange union should have happened, I have never known, and pray it may never curse another woman, as it has me. I have the memory of both parents, as they were pictured to my childhood. One, fair and volatile, laughing at a blossom nodding in the morning wind, and weeping with disappointment at the tint of a ribbon which did not please her eyes; and the other cool and still as the shallowed side of a river, expressing nothing, but, like the stream, pursuing life steadily, and with no outward sympathy with the sunnier and shallower side, curling restlessly about every pretty pebble, and lifting itself to every drooping blade of grass, or stem of foliage.

“One decked me with ornament, and taught me to love glitter and beauty; and the other gave me a taste for the wine of life, sparkling with that wild ambition which lifts a man into a higher world, but makes a woman giddy with an altitude in which she is seldom fitted to poise herself. And so, swaying from æsthetics to ethics, from levity to logic, I found myself suddenly alone by

a dual grave in the chilly land of my fathers.

“How wild and uncontrollable my heart was then! How at one time I varied with the passionate nature of my mother, and then swayed back to utter and proud silence like my father, is still remembered with a shudder by my old nurse and Father Hempsey, who said, “dust to dust,” at that double burial. I refused to go from the churchyard to the old home, and was taken to the parsonage, and such of my necessary possessions as were required for immediate use were forwarded by my servants, and then all, save my nurse, were dismissed, and the keys laid in my hand; and I hold them here to-night, covered with years of rust, for since that night the bolts have never been thrown back, and not a foot has disturbed the dust in the passages.

“The superstition of these northern brains has spared the old house from desecration, and I doubt if a footfall has disturbed the grass of the long, shady entrance for a quarter of a century.

“Father Hempsey was devotedly attached to me, and the dear woman who made his life beautiful and happy bore with my caprices, and petted me because there was no one else to care for me; and so the years sped on to womanhood, with no change in my purposes, for I had none, only that I was ambitious for something, I did not know just what, only it must be life with rattle and whirl; but the whirling must be about me, and not I with it. I felt my individuality, — I should have said duality, — and longed for space to enjoy it. I had northern persistency and southern indolence combating each other, sometimes one and sometimes the other predominating. What might have been developed with proper culture, it is not for me to say. I hated the feminine education which Mother Hempsey would have given me, and a sampler made me wild with

rebellion, while the books which were offered disgusted me. I was beyond the mental reach of the good pastor, who was almost sublime in his simple life; and the divine teachings of the Bible, whose poetry, history, and truth fell in ripples from his memory, like drops of the cup of life, did not reach me, — I did not gather them to quench the thirst of my spirit. Because I was unsatisfied, I grew restless, and longed for an opening into a broader life, and cursed myself with the acceptance of the first hand which offered to lead me away into the wide, wide world.

“Would you think I was ever very beautiful?” she said, turning abruptly toward the fire, and casting back her widow’s cap, so that the white hair fell forward and coiled itself into silver rings about her face, and seemed a halo encircling her black, glittering eyes, — “would you think it?” I started, but could not reply. “Even the traces of what I was are gone, — all gone. Everything is gone but life, and that, ah! I’ll try to enliven it. You cannot see that I was —”

“Yes, I know, — I saw, — I mean, —” She did not perceive my confusion, but went on with her story.

“Please remember, I did not perjure myself in words to escape that dull, cold, northern life, but I did it by a more sinful way even, as deeds are more emphatic and solemn than syllables. Gerard Soule was a distant relative of Father Hempsey, and a student who had gathered the very essence of knowledge as a dainty elixir, and tasted and craved and tasted and craved, until he had no apparent purpose in life other than that which gratified, but did not satisfy, his eager thought. It was no tie of blood or love of kindred that brought him to the moors and mountains of Scotland, but a grand and solitary hunt for an idea which Nature would not reveal to him unless he made his pilgrimage.

“I remember just how he stood in the porch that night, unconsciously handsome, with deep introverted gray eyes, and a tumble of brown curls about his broad forehead, whose height was hidden in the masses of hair. Unheralded he came, and as certainly as he crossed that deep threshold, I was positive he had come to take me into the beautiful ‘to come’ of my destiny.

“I sat in the dimness of the low room, where he was welcomed, with a delight that cannot be understood except by those who have been starved for want of social food, and a sensation of certain pleasure in his presence.

“The hearth was brightened with a glowing Scottish fire, which hunted me out of my dim corner, and Father Hempsey led me into the flash of light, and I knew, even in my untutored woman’s heart, that I was a revelation to Gerard Soule unlike any vision that had ever dawned upon him before. The intuitive courtesy of the gentleman put him through the forms of greeting, but I *felt* that he was unconscious of a thought he uttered.

“The hope of escape from monotony thrilled every word I uttered to music, sweeter even than the voice which had come to me in my mother’s blood from warmer airs, and from the mission upon which this great brain had come to the rocks and hills. Gerard turned to the study of woman.

“But he did not find her out. Not a throb of affection or love ever pulsated my veins for him; but he was my escape, and I went into his heart and life, with its almost infinite capabilities, as if there had never been a thought there to take its space before me.

“It was a wild, bewildering temptation, and I never resisted for one moment, or reproached myself in one thought. When he learned how strange I was, how lonely and loveless was my life, he folded me unresistingly into his own, just as one would gather

in a stray tropic bird from the cold, never asking if it were willing or no.

"If I were well or illy bred; if I were his by right of mental equality; if I were to him passionate or passionless, he never thought to ask; he only said, 'Come;' and I laid my palm in his, and said, 'Anywhere and forever, if you will take me.' And so I went out into the world with Father Hempsey's blessing upon my life, and Mother Hempsey's tears upon my cheek, not to take up the world and labor, not for womanly achievements, not to lighten the shadows or charm the life of my deliverer, but to be glorified with admiration, if it was to be found in the new paths. How strange that men will be so wise, and yet so foolish!

"Gerard did not feel the meagreness of his new possession, but afterward, — who knows aye —

"How vainly his heart may have ached, who knows,
'Twixt the laurel above and the wrinkle below?"

Perhaps his love for me humanized him, for, after enthroning me in luxury, he forgot his hot pursuit for the cold acquisitions of science, and gathered a sweeter pleasure from the lifting of a suffering and degraded brotherhood to a higher place in the world; but I did not follow him in his pursuits, nor did he seem to miss me there. Warmth, music, beauty, he had given me, and a portion of his own best thoughts to feed my brain, but *nothing to do*. Yes, his very thoughts I made my own, and the world was awed at my learning, and bowed to my wonderful acquisitions in science.

"And so I danced through the years to charmed melodies, not knowing that many a woman has toiled through life, and labored even in death, to a sweeter music than I had ever heard. I was grateful and reverential to my husband, but he had never stirred the deeper feelings of my nature. At last the fountain was troubled a little, when a babe lay in my arms; but it was stilled again

when the world sang to me, and I left it for the charm of adulation, for I was now ranked among the *learned women* of my day. The circle of my admirers widened when my fame as a writer gathered glory for me. My husband smiled at my *pastime*, as he called the feeble productions of an untutored heart and as uncultivated a brain. Here came my first shadow. I had grown away from the pleasure of personal admiration, and craved the more fascinating but quite as effervescing popularity of literary celebrity. Gerard Soule could not gratify me in this, and from sweetness and happiness, my days were turned into gall and misery. I could not endure the light badinage which he bestowed upon my mixture of his strong and my individual and weak ideas. All his suggestions I treated as assumptions of superiority, which soon became intolerable. As always happens, there were many to perceive the widening of the separation in our two lives, and by apparent sympathy made the union again almost impossible.

"Gerard loved me so sincerely, and believed that I so loved him in return, that he did not see the parting of the cable which enchained me to his side until the storm came, and then there was nothing but wreck and suffering, and these years of loneliness.

"There was for me, as there always is in public life, selfish seekers for friendship and confidential sympathies, and I fancied that I learned that Gerard had not treated me like an equal and a woman, but like a child, a plaything to ornament his house, and not a companion and occupant of his heart-home, and the dormant affections of my soul were drawn to another who claimed to have discovered marvellous intellectual superiority in me, — an unappreciable woman.

"Women who feel unappreciated, let me tell you here, are in the most dangerous of all mental conditions. People are appreci-

ated by somebody, or at some time, and should be patient; but I was not, and could not be so, I fancied, and my violent nature must manifest itself in truth. Violent people nearly always have this redeeming quality of truthfulness.

"I confessed to Gerard that I did not love him, — that I never had, — that my heart had wakened to a consciousness of belonging to another, and, in my frenzy, I was positive of hatred, and bitter with accusations of having been won for a toy. O! it is an old story in the records of vain women, who mistake brilliancy for brains and flattery for affection, but a fierce tragedy when it happens, — as fierce as if it were the only terrible scene on earth. Gerard snatched up the child, and turning like a poised statue, said —

"Henceforth you are a childless widow. You are rich, — choose your ways in life. I have tried to make you happy, and this separation is the last and greatest sacrifice."

"So many of my own words were idle, — so many were but the bubbling over of an undisciplined and contradictory nature, that I did not believe him then; I did not dream that such a fixed purpose could be in the brain of any man; but ten years have dragged themselves away, and here I sit, and he has never come back to me, and my heart has cried out to him in my loneliness, and longed for my child.

"The world deserted me in my sorrow, and waited for the sunshine to come to me, that they might flit back to the warmth and light; but I had grown bitter, and so I am alone. Except that my picture, — a portrait of my first years left very mysteriously, — I have no reason to believe Gerard or the child are living. My banker meets my wants, and tells me nothing.

"Women who go out from the charmed circle of home for sympathy or for happiness, find only the waters of Marah.

"I have repented, and performed penance; I have prayed and labored for love and pity, and found a draught of peace, but no happiness. I know now that I had grown to love my husband, but flattery had poisoned the life I was leading, and selfishness had glamourised my eyes.

"Christmas heaped me with tokens of æsthetic proofs of affection, now it were mockery to try to be happy only by a reflective enjoyment. If I could only call back the years!"

"Madame!" said I, "has your old home been visited in all these years?"

"Never. I had almost forgotten I had one. Yet the rents of the lands are sent me quarterly, and that is all. I keep the keys. Here they are, — no! I have not seen them for years; but I kept them here, and they are gone. Long ago I heard that the house was haunted by restless spirits. Lights gleamed in the windows. But that was the marvellous superstition of these strange Scots."

"Pardon me, Madame, but I saw the house after nightfall once, and there were lights from one casement; and with my love for the supernatural, I watched until I saw a figure flit past the glass, and a smaller shadow fall upon the thin curtain of the window."

Madame started, looked at her jewelled watch, and said —

"The trains leave in thirty minutes. Two hours will take us within a mile of it. Will you go there with me?"

How my heart thrilled at the thought! In less than the half hour we were alone and waiting for the train, in the dark and storm of that Christmas night. Madame uttered not a word from the time we were seated in the railway coach till we stopped at the little station among the moors.

No one was there to convey us, had we wished assistance, which we did not; and

over the crisp snow and through the blast we hurried. At last she grasped my arm, and looked up at the window of the room where she had slept in her infancy, and there was a childish shadow on the blind. She panted, held her hands tightly over her heart, and then on toward the door she flew, where the unbroken snow lay under the deep shadows of the yew-trees which sentinelled the haunted house.

Pushing the unresisting door aside, she hurried up the stair-case, and I close behind her. She knelt in one moment beside the child at his evening prayer, and said, "Pray for your mother."

A tall man, with iron-gray hair, stepped forward, and held out his arms to her, and she sprang to them as he said, "I've been waiting for you, my wife. I knew you would come sometime, when you had learned how vain and unsatisfying the world was to a woman. I taught your boy that he might expect you sometime. There is your picture on the wall, and this is Christmas night,

and you are returning to me a more precious gift than I could ever give you. No one has ever yet been happy until they have tasted good and evil. We have tasted, and thank God, we have eaten and lived."

There was a beautiful head, like the fairest of artist's dreams even, lying on the white pillow, where her son had lain; and wonderingly he listened and looked, while I stood just without, forgotten in the joy. But the little eyes saw and called me with dimpled hands back to him. I had taught him, and cared for him, and brought his mother back to him, and what need had he for me, only a poor dependant?

But he kept me, and I love him, dearer, perhaps, because I am a lone woman, with no one else to care for me; and no one comes to take me from monotony out into the world. And perhaps I ought to be grateful for being spared the sunshine, so I may never so deeply feel the shadow.

"Alas! we cannot choose our lives,—
We can but bear the burden given."

"THE LOVED AND LOST."

BY ———

THE loved and lost, why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road,
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost: they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord and Judge and King.

And this we call a "loss." O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O, we of little faith:
Let us look around, some arguments to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath.
They have escaped from these, and, lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved *ones* landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by a well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land,
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell,

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad:
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong,
"Nay, but woes I feel *he too must* share?"
O, rather bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise: death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust.
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward spiritual speech
That greets us still, though *mortal tongues be dust*.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain,—
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town;
There are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our *lost loved ones* will be *found again*.

REST.

LORD, let me rest in thee! and this is rest,—
With each pulsation of my heart to say,
Thy will be done with all I love, and lay
My friends, my dearest treasures, on thy breast.
With what solicitude am I oppressed
On their behalf; my sad heart wings her way
In circles round them in their trial-day,
As parent bird round the discovered nest:

Or in the night-time, starting from a dream,
I stretch my arms, from evil that impends
To snatch some darling friend, then like a gleam
Comes the sweet thought, thy love for these dear
friends
Is more than mine. Ah, why so high esteem
My helpless love, when thine their way defends?

BE NOT WEARY.

BY S. F. CARTER.

Be not weary in thy striving,
Be not weary on thy way,
Though the heavens be hung with shadows
Darkening gloomily the day;
Though it seems a long, long night-time,
Lit not by a single star,
And a thicker darkness gathers
On the mountain-tops afar!

Be not weary, God is near thee,
Waiting still to be thy friend,
When thou wilt but give him welcome
To be with thee to the end.
And though now his Spirit blessing
Seems withheld from thee awhile,
Sweeter for these struggle moments
Then will be his loving smile.

Be not weary, for the morning
Follows in the wake of night,
With a dawning all the brighter
In its glow of living light.

And the joy that thus shall bless thee,
Foretaste of thine angel dream,
Shall dispel the mists of sorrow
Darkening life's perennial stream.

Then be never weary striving
To be victor over sin;
Wrestle boldly with the angel
Till the blessing thou shalt win.
God will hear thee, God will save thee,
Save in answer to thy prayer,
If thou faint not, nor grow weary
Of the cross thy heart must bear.

Few and short the days at longest
Thou wilt have to fight with ills,
Ere a brighter morning reddens
On the everlasting hills!
Be not weary. Heaven is o'er thee,
And thine own Redeemer waits;
Waits to pardon, waits to strengthen,
Till are passed the pearly gates!

MARY BROWN'S CHRISTMAS.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY MRS. E. N. H.

"I HOPE no one will wish *me* a merry Christmas *this* year, Aunt Jane; it would be a waste of breath, I am sure."

"Are your prospects so very dismal, my dear niece? I had hoped you were becoming contented here, or at least more reconciled to your situation."

"Now, Auntie, do not think me ungrateful. I do appreciate the kindness which has given me a home, and the constant tenderness which has sought to make me forget my loss of fortune, and the necessary separation from my father and brother. But this will be the first Christmas which I have ever passed away from them, and the first for many years that I have missed a Christmas party. I am sure I don't know what I shall do for enjoyment without the gay festivities in which I have always mingled at this season. I feel decidedly *blue* about it."

"Well, Mary, I am glad your distemper is to take that color, because I have an infallible recipe for the blues."

Mary Brown did not press her Aunt Jane for an explanation, — perhaps she did not wish for one. She had made up her mind to be wretched, and looked upon any alleviation as out of the question. So the subject was dropped. But time, who is never a loiterer, sped along, and in two days more would bring the expected holiday.

It was Monday evening, — and the widow Jones, who had helped Aunt Jane through her weekly washing, stood beside the kitchen fire to warm herself ere she started for her long and cold walk to the poor tenement which she called home.

"Mary, give Mrs. Jones a good strong pin

from my cushion that she may secure her shawl against this wind." Mary was quick to comply with her aunt's request; and, as she brought the pin, she noticed how old and thin was the faded calico gown over which the shawl was meekly folded.

"Auntie," she said earnestly, when the woman had departed, "has that poor creature no better dress than the one she wore to-day?"

"No, my dear," was the reply.

"I should think she would freeze," said Mary, with a shiver.

"She must be very uncomfortable, certainly, Mary; my heart has ached for her all day. I should have given her one of my own gowns, but unfortunately she is so much larger than I am that she could not wear it."

"Nothing of mine would fit her either," said Mary regretfully; "I am sorry, Auntie, for I really pity her, and would gladly help her if I could."

"I can put you in the way of doing it, if you really desire to, Mary. I have some thick flannel which would make the poor woman a warm and serviceable dress; but my weak eyes will not allow me to sew."

"Oh, Auntie, I will gladly make it for her. How I wish I could do it for a Christmas gift. If only I had known of the flannel before she left! Then I could have taken her measure and fitted her nicely."

"If you are not afraid of the cold, you may easily overtake her, Mary. I gave her an errand to Mrs. Smith over the hill, chiefly for the sake of making an opportunity for her to warm herself once on the way. She

can hardly have reached Mr. Smith's yet ; and you can walk there before she will get away." With an eager step (such as had seldom carried her on a mission of humanity while she was the gay and thoughtless child of wealth) Mary Brown followed the tired laundress, and accomplished her undertaking. All the next day her busy fingers plied the needle ; and at bedtime the warm dress was finished.

"I told Mrs. Jones, Auntie, that I would have it done for her to-morrow night. I dared not promise it for this evening, lest I should fail to complete it so soon, and give the poor creature the trouble of coming for it twice. It is a long walk, you said, I think."

"Yes, Mary, long for a tired body who has been all day upon her feet. I wish she need not come for it herself. She has a little girl ; but she is lame, and could not well walk so far upon the snow, I suppose."

"Why, Auntie, I might take her the dress ; I wonder I did not think of it before. I will go with it in the morning."

Now, this was precisely what Aunt Jane desired. She wished her niece to visit the dwelling of one so much poorer and more wretched than herself, that the contrast might check her own repining at the loss of fortune, and arouse her gratitude for the blessings which still remained to her. Yet nothing of all this appeared in her face or words as she quietly replied, "It might be well to do so ; but you would have to go earlier than it would be pleasant for you to rise, or Mrs. Jones will be gone somewhere a-choring."

"Well, I can get up early once, if it isn't pleasant. The widow shall have her dress ; and I shall see the little lame girl beside."

Aunt Jane smiled approval, and promised to waken her niece at a suitable hour for her early walk. Mary Brown had the keen and tingling winter frost for her companion as

she started in the morning on her errand of love. But she heeded not the cold ; the extra warmth in the region of the heart throwing off sufficient caloric for the fingers and feet, and kindling her cheeks almost to a flame. The new dress fitted nicely ; and the widow's joy and gratitude made her young benefactress feel amply repaid. Mrs. Jones and her little Maggie had finished their frugal breakfast, and the former was about to set off for her day's work.

"Is your child sick ?" asked Mary, upon hearing the mother charge her to remain in bed until she returned.

"No, Miss, she isn't ill exactly ; but I thought she would be warmer in bed, as I can not well afford a fire while I am away."

"Doesn't she go to school ? She would be very comfortable there."

"She has been through the summer, Miss ; but her dress is so badly patched and poor that the scholars laugh at her, and call her the lame beggar. This makes her so unhappy that I had not the heart to compel her to go."

"Then her lameness does not keep her at home, as I feared and supposed ?"

"No ; she limps sadly, but she can walk for all that."

A look of thought spread over the face of Mary Brown ; but it was quickly chased by a glad smile as some sudden recollection flashed upon her.

"Let Maggie spend the day with me, Mrs. Jones. My aunt will not object, I am sure ; and I will take good care of her."

"And I could come for her on my way home, Miss Mary. Yes, you are very kind ; you have lightened my heaviest burden."

It was a happy thought in Mary Brown ; though she dreamed not how many sad moments she had that day spared the weary toiling mother and the lonely little one. Great was Aunt Jane's surprise at her niece's return so accompanied. But she

expressed no astonishment, and warmly welcomed the little stranger. The child sat down beside her new friend at the family breakfast, which had been delayed till Mary's return. And then the work-box was quickly brought forth, and the scissors were making skilful marches through one of Mary's cast-off winter dresses. The little girl could sew quite neatly; and soon she was helping

in the delightful task of making for herself a frock to wear to school. Other needed garments were also reconstructed, Aunt Jane lending a ready hand; and Christmas Eve smiled upon the completion of their labors. The 25th of December shone upon many happy firesides; and Mary Brown did not have a *blue* Christmas.

READ! ANOTHER WORD TO PATRONS. — OUR WORK NEXT YEAR.

BY referring to the Prospectus for '62, on the third page of the cover, our friends will find that we have made some additions since the issue of the November number. Next year the editor will furnish the following series of articles, viz: WORDS OF CHEER FOR YOUNG MEN; PLAIN TALK WITH YOUNG LADIES; and a Series on CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE. Also, we expect to have a Series of HISTORICAL SKETCHES, and one of BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, from able pens.

The series of FIRESIDE TALES, from the

pen of MISS TOWNSEND, will be one of the prominent attractions of our work another year.

With these arrangements, we have no doubt that we shall make the work better in 1862 than we have any previous year. With the aid of the numerous popular writers, whose names have already become familiar to our readers, it would be strange indeed if the work should not possess both variety and value. For this reason, we again ask our friends to interest themselves in its circulation.

KEEP US.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THROUGH every wildering way,
Through every clouded day,—
In trial's time alway,
 Keep us, oh God!
Our trust is placed on thee,
Before thy mercy free
We bend the hopeful knee,—
 And in each path we tread
 Thy presence frightens dread,—
 Light! Love divine!

In all the storms of life,
'Mid troubles teeming rife,
In discord's warring strife,
 Oh, keep us true!
Let every secret thought
Be with thy goodness wrought,—
Thanks for a pardon bought
 By him on Calvary,—
 A pardon full and free
 To all who ask.

Shield with thy gracious care
Our friends from every snare,—
Be with them everywhere,
 Thou Guard of peace!
In heaven's supreme delights,
On heaven's star-crowned heights,
There come no dismal nights,—
 No nights when sin and crime
 Find e'er their fittest time,—
 But all is day.

O God, to those fair plains
Where angels sing their strains,
And temples lift their fanes,
 Bring us at last!
Up, through the sapphire sea,—
Up, when this soul bursts free,—
Upward, my God, to thee!
 What then to give to sighs?
 Heaven on the raptured eyes,
 And perfect rest!

A MEETING OF SIX HUNDRED MOTHERS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

THAT beats the meeting in April; and if it had been a pleasant day, the number might possibly have swelled to a thousand. It was held in the Mount Vernon church in this city, on the 17th day of October, and was addressed by the following clergymen, of different evangelical denominations. Drs. Kirk, and Eddy, and Rev. Messrs. Cox, Murray, and Burrill. It was a meeting of thrilling interest, the very thought of the object for which so many mothers had assembled heightening the occasion into one of moral sublimity. Dr. Kirk very graphically portrayed the work of mothers, at the opening of the meeting, rolling a weight of responsibility upon them, by his eloquence and argument, that only a stout Christian heart could bear.

We shall not attempt to give an analysis of the addresses, all of which were stirring and practical. A few thoughts and facts, noted in the progress of the meeting, is all that we have space to record.

From the elaborate and interesting statement of the Committee, read by Dr. Kirk, it appeared that many circles of praying mothers now gather in different parts of the city, from time to time, embracing not only Americans, but Irish, Swedes, and Germans, and that soon every district of this great metropolis will have its meetings of mothers, presenting their united prayers for heaven's benediction upon their children. Nor is this influence confined to the city. Already it has begun to spread, and rural towns are experiencing somewhat of its salutary effects. The object is to extend the work until every town is reached, and mothers are everywhere aroused to meet the obligations that press upon them.

In these times there is more need of faithful mothers. Sons are going out from their homes to the seat of war, but prayer may save them from the corruptions of the camp, and bring them to the Cross. Twenty drummer-boys, averaging

only twelve years of age, have recently gone from this city to encounter the temptations of military life. Oh, how much need of prayer on the part of mothers!

The soldier's work is to defend his country; the work of mothers is to make it worth defending. She is nursing those who will hold its future destiny in their hands. At one of the nightly prayer meetings of a Maine regiment, a soldier entered the tent, and said to his pious comrades there, "I promised my mother when I left home that I would seek Christ, and now I will." It is an illustration of the power of mothers even on the tented field.

When a man begins to rise in the world, and make his influence felt around him for good, we begin to think and inquire about his mother. There is a connection between his success and the maternal influence by which he was disciplined in our minds. Here is a recognition of a great principle or fact in the culture of the young. "Good mothers make good men," as a wise and good man once said, and as the first article in this number of our magazine clearly demonstrates. Thus maternal influence is the first in importance, and first in order of time, that moulds and educates the child. Here is the beginning, the foundation on which the superstructure rests.

This work is not confined to our own families. There are thousands of children among the poor and neglected, for whose spiritual welfare maternal interest should be warmly engaged. A young lad died among strangers in the far West, and his lifeless remains were prepared for burial. Sympathizing neighbors gathered at the funeral services, all much affected by the thought that no near friends and relatives were there to attend him to his grave. Just as the coffin-lid was about to close upon him, a mother started from her seat, and hurried to the coffin, saying, "Let me kiss him

for his mother's sake." So should there be a common sympathy between mothers in regard to the highest welfare of their children. Do something kind, noble, Christian, in this cause, for the sake of mothers you have never known or seen.

Mothers are a privileged class in the Lord's vineyard, because *they are there first*. They lay out the work, and sow the seed. Before other hands have an opportunity to discipline, the character may be decided by maternal influence.

One of our best theological writers says, that a little child lost its mother before he could speak, and yet he was old enough to feel his loss. He moaned, and pined away, and finally died. But, as he lay gasping in death, his

eyes seemed fastened on the heavens above, as if he caught glimpses of the sainted one gone before him, and he spake out audibly "*mother*." The first and only word he ever uttered was *mother*, as if her radiant form were drawing him upward to the skies. Mothers, so live that if you lead the way into the eternal world, your example and influence may draw your children heavenward.

Thus, if we could gather up all the good thoughts spoken at this one meeting, and bind them in a single volume, it would, indeed, make a valuable *vade mecum* for mothers. Similar meetings in every city and town of the land would result in great good to families and the nation.

MANAEN.

BY REV. WM. PHIPPS.

In the first part of the thirteenth chapter of the Acts, the fact is incidentally presented to us that an honored and useful teacher in the Church and a bloody tyrant and persecutor once dwelt together in the same family circle, and were companions of each other in the days of their childhood and youth. Their names were *Herod* and *Manaen*. The *Herod* here mentioned was the son of "Herod the Great," who was the murderer of the infants of Bethlehem, so that these two — *Manaen* and *Herod* — must have been witnesses of those terrible scenes then enacted; as the latter was old enough to take the reins of government into his hands on the death of his father, which occurred soon after that period.

Manaen was the son of the one who nursed *Herod* in the royal family, and was thus accounted as a foster brother of the young prince.

Respecting *Herod* we may say that there was doubtless a time in his early life when he shrank from scenes of cruelty and blood;

but his heart grew hard with increasing years, till the sentiments of tenderness and compassion were blotted out, and he was prepared to pursue his wickedness, casting off all restraint. Conscience might once have been wakeful and tender, sounding her faithful alarm when temptation approached him; but he had not been long upon the throne as a ruler of a fourth part of the kingdom of his father, before he seems to have silenced her warnings so far that he was ready to sin with a high hand. The name of Christ and his religion had been familiar to him from their first promulgation; and when, at the time of the trial of Jesus, Pilate sent him to *Herod*, it is said, that "*Herod* was then exceeding glad, for he was desirous to see him of a long season, because he had heard many things of him, and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him." "Then he questioned with him in many words, but Jesus answered him nothing." He had once given attention to the

preaching of John the Baptist; but, instead of practising according to it, he soon after became the murderer of the prophet, and continued on in his wickedness. As one who seemed to delight himself in the misery of others, he took the meek and lowly Jesus when he had been sent to him from Pilate, and "set him at naught with his men of war," and "mocked him," and "arrayed him" in the old purple robe which he himself had once cast off; and, thus arrayed, he sent him again to Pilate.

But the cup of his iniquity was now nearly full, and the time of his awful death drew near. Being lifted to the utmost with pride and vanity, he pronounced "an oration" to the people of his province, who offered adoration to him as to a God, even saying, "It is the voice of a God and not of a man." And straightway the forbearance of God, which had so long continued, ceases, and his body becomes the food of worms, and his guilty soul, the portion of the "worm that never dies."

Thus lived and died the early companion of Manaen, — separated from him in after life by a wide difference, and in eternity by the impassable gulf.

Manaen, like Moses of old, was brought up in the king's court; and, like him also, he chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." There must have been a point in his history where he separated from the course of his companion, — and, from the position which he occupied at the time when Herod had nearly ended his race, we may well infer that that point of separation had been far back in their lives. As a distinguished prophet and teacher in the Church of Christ, his name will ever be associated with that of Barnabas and Paul. In all probability he was a comfort and a consolation to those who were in the church at Antioch in those times of trial and persecution,

which raged throughout the land of Judea so soon after this time, when his name is mentioned, and perhaps many souls were given him as the seals of his ministry in other places also where he preached the gospel of Christ. While his early companion, Herod, was laboring to destroy the religion of Christ, and to blot out his name from among men, he is giving his life and energies to make known the grace of God to those who were perishing in their sins.

The king, who sought to slay the Saviour, and, probably, thought he had, when he put to death all the sweet babes of Bethlehem, little thought that he was at that very time educating one in his own family who would one day become an ornament and supporter of Christ; but so it was. He who was "*brought up with Herod*," received an education which fitted him for the prominent place which he afterwards filled in the Christian Church. Had Manaen followed in the course of his young and royal companion, he probably would have been appointed to some place of government or trust in the kingdom of his foster-brother, but the fact that he did not thus follow him would imply that he began somewhat early a different course of life from his, and so separated himself from the favor of the king. But, in its stead, he gained the favor of the *King of kings*, and secured an unfading crown in the everlasting kingdom of Christ. His record is on high, and his home with the redeemed in glory, some of whom were saved through his instrumentality. Forever separated from his wicked, early companion, Herod, who "killed James, the brother of John, with the sword," and who sought to slay Peter also, he rests with the redeemed, where the sword of the persecutor and the companionship of the wicked shall not disturb his everlasting peace. The savor of his name, as a faithful prophet and teacher in the church at Antioch, still survives; and in ages

to come, even to the end of the world, shall it be known that one who "*was brought up with Herod the tetrarch,*" became a servant of Christ, and an heir of his eternal kingdom.

This sketch appeals to those in early life, *not to follow the example, nor yield to the influence of wicked companions.* While one of the early companions of Herod turned from the way of iniquity which he pursued, in all probability many others around him were influenced by his example to continue in their sins, and with him they are now perished for ever. But the noble example of one who "*was brought up with*" him, in

giving his life to a better cause, and in living for the good of others, is an example worthy of imitation. Many, who are already in the world of woe, could tell us, if their testimony could reach us, that it was through the influence of some wicked companion that they were destroyed. But, dear reader, it need not be so with you. *Manaen* could choose a better, part than *Herod* did, even though they were "*brought up*" together; and so can you. There was a point in his life where his decision was made; and the sooner that point is found by you, and the same decision made, the safer will it be for your character and soul.

Editorial Paragraphs.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

OUR OFFICE REMOVED.

We announce to our readers that the office of the HOME MONTHLY and MOTHER'S ASSISTANT is removed to No. 456 Washington Street, corner of Essex Street, in the Liberty Tree Block, so called. It is at the Stationer and Bookstore of BRIGGS & RICHARDS. Mr. Richards is the gentleman who has been connected with our work, and he will continue to have charge of it at his store. And now, we will take the liberty to say that our patrons will find this to be an excellent place to trade. Messrs. BRIGGS & RICHARDS are gentlemen of high reputation in business circles, and they will spare no pains to make their shop the most attractive of the kind in the city. They keep all sorts of stationery, blank books, pens, engravings, photographs, books, and such fancy articles as are usually found in bookstores. All kinds of gilt picture-frames can be bought here

at the lowest prices. Their assortment of juvenile books is large, embracing the best to be found in the city. They will provide especially for the holidays, and keep on hand books suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents. Orders sent to them by mail will be attended to as faithfully and cheaply as if the purchaser called in person.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

There is no reason in a thirsty man asking for the ocean to drink from when he has a bucket of water at hand. The latter meets his wants just as easily as the ocean; and what can he do with the rest? Yet, how very naturally men ask for more than they actually want! Let a man acquire ten thousand dollars, and then he wants *twenty* more than he did the ten thousand at first. Give him one honorable office, and then he wants another, a little higher. And so it goes, until the multitude, in striving for too much of a good thing,

sacrifice all they have, and then abuse the world for being very bad, and Providence for being strangely mysterious. Erroneously supposing that they need all they can get of this great world, they go to work to scrape its piles of good things into their laps until they are absolutely crushed by the burden.

There is such a fact as *too much of a good thing*, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary. When the children of Israel gathered manna for the Sabbath day, their instructions had some regard to the quantity. Manna was good in its place — very good indeed; that is, just enough of it was good. If they had more than enough it would spoil. They could not wear it, nor sleep on it, it could only be eaten, and for the latter purpose it was just the best thing in the world. But when their greedy souls craved more than enough, and they gathered bushels of it beyond the supply of their necessities, what was the consequence? It became wormy and worthless. They not only lost the food, but found their camp harboring a host of loathsome worms. And precisely so it is with too much of any good thing; it will breed worms. Too much money breeds the worm of selfishness, unless it is given away, after supplying daily necessities. Too much honor hatches the worm of ambition. Too much pleasure brings forth the worm of frivolity. And so on through the whole army of worms that destroy so many good things of ours because we want more than enough.

IF FATHER WANTS IT.

The other day we saw printed the letter of a young soldier in the army of the Potomac, written to some near relative, directing him to deposit the enclosed money in the bank, unless his father should need it. "*If father wants it,*" he was instructed to let it pass over into his hands. Now, there is a great deal of meaning in the phrase, "*if father wants it,*" far more than is seen at first on the surface of the request. It is the key to that soldier's heart. There is character to be discovered in it. He is a young man who remembers home and parents, and the many, many ties of kindred that make that fireside pleasant. In his view,

it is well to have money in the bank, far better than it is to spend it foolishly on the tented field; but it is better still to use it in contributing to the comfort of aged parents, whose stay in this world is brief at longest. He is evidently a young man of good feelings and principles. His economy alone, at the seat of war, where so many temptations exist, shows that he ranks higher, morally, than thousands of those who are under arms. We are quite sure that he is not addicted to certain vices that are rife in camp. This little key to his character unlocks his heart, and lets us in to see some of the secret springs of action. Some small acts seemingly indicate very correctly the real character of a man.

WEARY IN WELL DOING.

How strange that good people should ever become weary in well doing! Yet it is true, so that the inspired penman felt compelled to warn them against such an issue. It is not so with the wicked in evil doing. They never weary in sinning against God. Let a youth start hell-ward. Let him tamper with a single vice at first. The more he practises it, the more he loves it. Nor will one exist alone in his heart for a long time. Vices congregate. He goes from bad to worse. The more he sins, the more he loves to sin. The longer he hugs vice, the more tightly he hugs it. He gets to going in vice, and he can't stop seemingly. He goes faster and faster, plunges deeper and deeper in guilt, sinks down, down, down in moral corruption, and never grows weary of his course. His companions in iniquity never have to warn him against discouragement in evil doing, for the longer he continues therein, the more is he inclined to press on to ruin.

But the good — how often they tire of doing well! It is such a mighty struggle against the strong, rolling tide of worldliness outside, and the love of ease and fear of man inside, that they weary in the best work. It is only by constant watchfulness and prayer, and a large share of grace, that their energies can be kept from flagging. Even with the bright, glorious promise before them, — **THAT THEY SHALL REAP IF THEY FAINT NOT,** — they are likely

to slacken their efforts, and give up the race. Alas! for the sinful tendencies of the human heart!

BLESSED BE NOTHING.

"Perhaps it is because I haven't got anybody but God," replied "Happy Nancy" to the question, "What makes you so happy always, when you are all alone, and have nothing pleasant surrounding you?" And she went on to say, "You see rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to thinking of their business, of their wives and children; and then they are always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if he can keep the great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a-shining night after night,—make my garden things come up the same, season after season,—he can sartainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

Such a person is rich, because she has found the real panacea for the ill's flesh is heir to. Talk not of riches, with which to purchase earthly things to make one happy,—true contentment—happiness—is not to be bought. It is not found in the external world,—it is found in the heart. The millionaire, who can surround himself with all the pleasures and luxuries of the world, may have a sad heart, that shall make this bright, beautiful earth seem gloomy as a graveyard to him. Pile up his money before his eyes, and tell him of the power it will enable him to wield, and the countless pleasures it will purchase of the world-fairies, and all this will not dispel the gloom that a sad, foreboding heart casts over all things. No! The heart must be right, in order to be happy. Poor Nancy, rather should we say *rich* Nancy, had found the secret of an unclouded life. Her *nothing* yielded her more substantial enjoyment than Girard or Astor ever derived from their *millions*. "Blessed be nothing," we say, when Nancy's sublime trust lies just behind it. Having nothing, there is nothing to be troubled about. Grand philoso-

phy! There is no reason in being afraid of poverty—rather be afraid of riches.

DR. CORNELL'S RETREAT FOR INVALIDS.

We will call the attention of our readers to the fact that Dr. Wm. M. Cornell, whose articles have frequently appeared in our Health Department, and will continue to appear there, has a retreat for invalids in the city of Philadelphia. Here he treats Epilepsy, and all classes of nervous diseases, such as Neuralgia, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. &c. Patients are provided with board, nursing, and all necessary attention, near his residence, where he sees them daily. Young ladies who desire to pursue a course of study while under medical treatment, are here provided with competent teachers. The Doctor is an experienced teacher, and formerly had a flourishing school in Boston. He selected the city of Philadelphia for his school on account of the climate, so much more preferable for invalids than that of New England. Any further information needed concerning this institution may be obtained by addressing the Doctor himself, 1432 South Penn Square, Philadelphia.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ETC.

OUR OFFER.

We will continue our offer in the November No., and say that all who subscribe for our work on or before the 20th day of December, shall be entitled to November and December numbers gratis; their subscription year beginning with January, 1862.

Also, to any one of our subscribers who will send us the name of one new subscriber to the Home Monthly, and \$2, we will give a handsomely bound volume of the Mother's Assistant, in cloth, gilt back, containing 400 pages, and six steel engravings. For *two* new subscribers we will give THE HOME MONTHLY, for 1860 or 1861, substantially bound in cloth, gilt back. Or, any subscriber who will send us the name of one new subscriber and \$3.25, shall receive a receipt for the payment of his own subscription, and that of the new subscriber, for 1862.

To any person, sending us the names of *two* new subscribers to the MOTHER'S ASSISTANT, we will give a handsomely bound volume of the same work. Or any subscriber, sending us the name of a new one for the MOTHER'S ASSISTANT and \$1.50, shall receive a receipt for the payment of his own subscription, and that of the new subscriber for 1862.

STOPPING PERIODICALS.

Again we call attention to what we said in the last number about stopping a magazine. Remember that the only way to be legal and sure about the matter is, to *write* to the publishers, paying arrearages. Let those of our subscribers, who have resolved to discontinue the work, sit down and write us to that effect, early in December, as soon as this December No. of the magazine is received. We hope all will continue to take the work who possibly can, and thus aid us to carry it through the hard times; but if any *must* discontinue, let them observe the above rule.

BINDING OUR WORK.

See the prospectus for our terms of binding our magazine. We will also make the following offer: with subscribers who will bring to us their numbers, for 1861, in a good state of

preservation, we will exchange a bound volume of the same year, on their paying for the binding of the same as advertised. Numbers to be bound should be forwarded before the first of February.

IMPORTANT TO DELINQUENTS.

We say to all delinquent subscribers, that we shall cease sending our work to them with this number, unless we receive word from them to continue, *with the promise of early paying all arrearages*. We may except some instances where we know that unavoidable circumstances have hindered payment hitherto, and where we are satisfied their credit is reliable.

TO WRITERS.

We have sent our work to some who have furnished articles for our columns. Hereafter we shall drop some of them, beginning with delinquent ones. This is a measure of economy. Thanks for your past favors. Perhaps for one year you can pay money for the work.

EXCHANGES.

We shall hereafter drop some of our exchanges. Exchanges that do not receive the January No. of this work by January 10, will know that they are dropped from our list.

Editor's Table.

ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS. Another batch of tracts, by Mr. Trask.

He is doing a good work with them, visiting camps and sending them to the Potomac; but his cause needs money. A dollar sent to him at Fitchburg (Rev. George Trask), will get 1,500 pages for circulation.

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW. Edited by Charles Hodge, D. D.

The October number of this valuable quarterly is on our table. It contains six elaborate articles. 1. Dr. Hickok's New and Revised

edition of Rational Psychology; 2. American Nationality; 3. Some late Developments of American Rationalism; 4. A practical View of Infant Baptism; 5. Van der Palm; 6. The Natural Grounds of Civil Authority.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles accepted: "Moonlight;" "Our Jamie;" "A Shadow;" "I'm waiting for Thee;" "An Hour of Hell;" "Good Intentions;" "Fine Words and Good Deeds;" "The Beard;" "Twice Won;" "A Fable for the Young;" "The Little Child's Goodnight;" "My Friend's Story."

Housekeeper's Department.

RECIPE FOR CALF'S-FOOT JELLY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

CUT in pieces four calves' feet,
Pour four quarts of water to them,
Make them subject to a heat
That to two quarts shall subdue them;

Strain the liquid, let it rest
All night long, from toil and trouble,
Then from top and bottom take
Sediment, or only bubble.

Place it in preserving pan,
With a pint of wine to boot,
Acid juice of lemons four,
Sugar that your taste shall suit.

Beat the whites of twice four eggs
To a snowy froth, and then
Watchful at your kitchen-range
Boil for minutes three times ten.

Take it off and add a cup
Of cold water, to restore it,
Pass it through a flannel bag,
And in crystal glasses pour it.

CODICIL.

WHEN you compound this jelly, found,
I'd simply hint to you,
From motives of economy
To make a custard too,
For yolks of eggs are left, you know,
Which 'twere not well away to throw.

So beat them all, with sugar fine,
A quart of boiled milk use,
And when 'tis tepid, stir them in,
With flavoring as you choose,
Then in small cups of China bake it,
Or in deep dish, like pudding, make it.

FLOUR and meals of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

A CHESHIRE PUDDING. — Make a crust as for a fruit pudding, roll it out to fourteen or fifteen inches in length, and eight or nine in width; spread with raspberry jam, or any other preserve of a similar kind, and roll it up in the manner of a collard eel. Wrap a cloth round it two or three times, and tie it tight at each end. Two hours and a quarter will boil it.

PUFFETS FOR TEA OR BREAKFAST. — One pint of cold milk, (which has been boiled), one pint of home-made yeast, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and five eggs, to be mixed into a stiff paste, or rather batter, which must be put into the baking tins to rise, and, without taking out, be baked in the usual manner.

RICH cheese feels softer under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither very good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a dry, cool place. If mold appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

MEASURE LOAF CAKE. — Three cups of milk, two cups of sugar, one cup of yeast. Make a stiff batter and let it rise; then add two cups of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of yeast, mace and nutmeg. When light, stir in the fruit and bake. — *Am. Agriculturist.*

SUGAR COOKIES. — One cup of butter, two of sugar, three eggs, five cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sour milk, a small teaspoonful of saleratus.

LARD from a hog not over a year old is the best, and should be hard and white.

POISONED WITH IVY. — It is stated that rubbing the part poisoned with ivy with sweet oil, as soon as possible after the poison shows itself, will effect a speedy cure. Oil rubbed upon the hands, previous to going where the poison ivy grows, will be a protection.

Boys and Girls Corner.



TALKING ABOUT THE WEATHER.

BY M. A. O.

"O DEAR," said George Marvin, "it is another of those horrible gray days which we have had for a week. I wonder if it is ever going to be pleasant again."

"It is too bad," said little Grace, "I do wish the sun would shine."

"Father is coming," said William, "you know he doesn't like to have us find fault with the weather."

Just then Mr. Marvin entered, looking so grave that the children were afraid he had overheard their conversation, but if he had he made no allusion to it. Bad as the weather was, the boys went to school, but Grace stayed

at home, and many a time during the day pressed her little face against the window, as if trying to look through the cold, drizzling mist, to see if there was not some bright spot beyond it. As the boys were going home from school at night, George exclaimed, rather abruptly, "William, do you think father likes this kind of weather as well as he pretends to?"

"I don't know," replied William, "he always seems just as happy, no matter what the weather is, and I don't believe he ever pretends anything he doesn't really feel."

"Well," said George, "he is better than

anybody else then, for other people, and very good people too, do complain of it. I heard Deacon H. say yesterday, in the post-office, that it was enough to wear out anybody's patience, and he looked as if he really felt cross about it."

George told this with a rather triumphant tone, as if delighted to have such good authority as the deacon on his side. George was a bright, active boy, rather excitable, and apt to speak and act from the impulse of the moment. He often thought his father unnecessarily strict, and on that, as on all other subjects, he expressed his mind with great freedom. William was a much more thoughtful boy, full of love and veneration for his father, who was his ideal of a man and a Christian.

At tea-time Mr. Marvin, in his usual cheerful manner, questioned his children about the employments and amusements of the day. The influence of his own cheerful spirit was felt by the whole family circle. It would have been very hard to be low-spirited in Mr. Marvin's society, whatever the weather might be. The hour after tea was the most delightful in the whole day to the children. In those periods of unrestrained intercourse with their parents and with each other, were planted the seeds which were to ripen into noble deeds and make their after lives worth the living.

In the evening the curtains shut out the gray sky, of which they had complained so much in the morning, and in the glowing fire-light they forgot the starless night and the chilling mist without. George and Grace were in fine spirits, but William seemed quiet and thoughtful. After a while Grace, tired of her frolic, climbed into her father's lap, and even George's tumultuous spirits had subsided into something like calm, when William suddenly, and with an earnestness of manner which surprised them all, said, "Father, have you really enjoyed the weather the last week?"

Mr. Marvin could not help smiling as he replied, "I am not aware that my happiness has been at all affected by the weather."

"Now father," said George, "you must acknowledge that there is something peculiar about you, for other people don't feel so. I heard Mrs. Adams say to another lady, this

morning, 'Did you ever see such shocking weather?'"

"It always pains me," said Mrs. Marvin, "to hear such remarks. It must be that those who make them do not think what they mean."

"Well, what do they mean?" said William. "I often say things without meaning much of anything."

"Your words have a meaning, even if you do not intend it. You should never say anything but what you mean."

"I said it was too bad to have such weather. Was that naughty, papa?" said little Grace.

"Who does my little daughter think has the management of the weather?"

"God," she whispered softly.

"And does God ever do wrong, or make mistakes?"

"O no, papa."

George, who evidently thought his father was making too serious a matter of it, said, "Why, but we don't think about God when we say it; of course we don't mean to find fault with him."

"But, my son, if you are fretful or impatient on account of the weather which God sends, is it not true of you, as is said in Proverbs, that your 'heart fretteth against the Lord?'"

Seeing that George still looked dissatisfied, his father asked him to find the 16th chapter of Exodus, and read aloud the first eight verses. "There," said Mr. Marvin, as he finished reading, "is a case quite in point. The Israelites, not finding the means of gratifying their appetites in the same abundance and variety as in Egypt, laid all the blame on Moses and Aaron, forgetting the heavy bondage under which they had groaned in Egypt, and the fearful judgments by which God had effected their deliverance. But Moses, who felt that he was a mere instrument in God's hand, remonstrated with them on their folly and wickedness. 'What are we,' said he, 'that ye murmur against us? Your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord.' They would have pleaded as you did, George, that they had not mentioned the Lord or thought of him, but would that have altered the case?"

George did not reply, and his father contin-

ued: "The profane man does not think what his words mean, but that does not excuse him. I am sorry that my dear children, who are constantly receiving such mercies from their heavenly Father, should complain that it is *too* bad for him to send clouds and storms sometimes."

"O father, I never said that,—I never meant it," exclaimed William, with a choking voice. "I never knew before how wicked I had been. I have often found fault, not only with the weather, but with a great many other things which were of God's ordering, and I never thought that I was murmuring against him."

"I have often been pained, my dear children, to hear you use such expressions as, 'it is too bad,' or 'it is a shame,' about things which could not be helped. Always remember that nothing happens to us by chance, but everything that takes place is either ordered or permitted in the providence of God, so that when you are impatient or discontented at the unavoidable accidents and disappointments of life, you are 'murmuring against the Lord,' and your hearts are 'fretting against' him."

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

AN old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school —

"I believe the children know the Catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? that is the question," said the minister.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began.

A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment,—*"Honor thy father and thy mother,"* and he was desired to explain it.

Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper—

"Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

WILDGROVE CAROLLINGS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

CAROL XI. — NOVEMBER.

A MONARCH with a frowning brow
Comes to sway the sceptre now;
With iron crown that brow is pressed,
And ragged folds across his breast
Are draped in shades of sombre blue,
With black arranged, and lavender hue.

The last of Autumn's kingly train,
November takes his place to reign;
His sceptre wields with sternest air,—
Blights all things beautiful and fair,
Makes Nature 'neath his freezing breath
Grow rigid in a sleep like death.

In fiercest breeze, or howling gale,
That sweeps through forest, glen, and vale,
His troubled breath is wildly drawn,
Thick strewing garden, walk, and lawn
With withered foliage, crisp and dead,
Sharp crackling 'neath the lightest tread.

Prime minister at his high court,
And strongest for his king's support
Is sly Jack Frost,—each chill decree
He executes on land and sea;
The founts and springs of life congeals,
And ices in great Nature's wheels.

A feathery vest of purest white
And crystal gems are his delight;
All beautiful, and yet so cold,
From slightest touch we gladly hold
Ourselves aloof, else tingling pain
Thrills every fibre, nerve, and vein.

Yet bleak November's not all drear,—
He gives some hours of merry cheer,
Some sunshine streams along his way,
His evening pastimes crown each day;
Stern though he be, he wraps with care
Young germs of life, for Spring to bear.

THE LAST QUESTION.

A little boy on his death-bed, urging his father to repentance, said, "Father, I am going to heaven; what shall I tell Jesus is the reason you won't love him?" Before the weeping father could answer, the child had fallen asleep in Jesus.



WILDGROVE CAROLLINGS.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

CAROL XII. — DECEMBER.

'MID drizzling rains and driving sleet,
 And hail and snow, a Winter king
 Has reached the throne, has claimed his seat,—
 His coming then I duly sing,
 And from my bower a carol-strain
 Shall sound to note December's reign.

A heavy-jewelled diadem,
 Like age, compels his form to bow,—
 The flashing light of many a gem
 Plays o'er his cold and regal brow,—
 And stainless as a wedding vest,
 A snowy mantle drapes his breast.

So despot-like his haughty sway,
 Where'er he moves he forges chains;
 Down mountain-sides we track his way,
 Through winding vales, 'cross fertile plains;
 On each free stream he lays his hands,
 And welds it strong as iron bands.

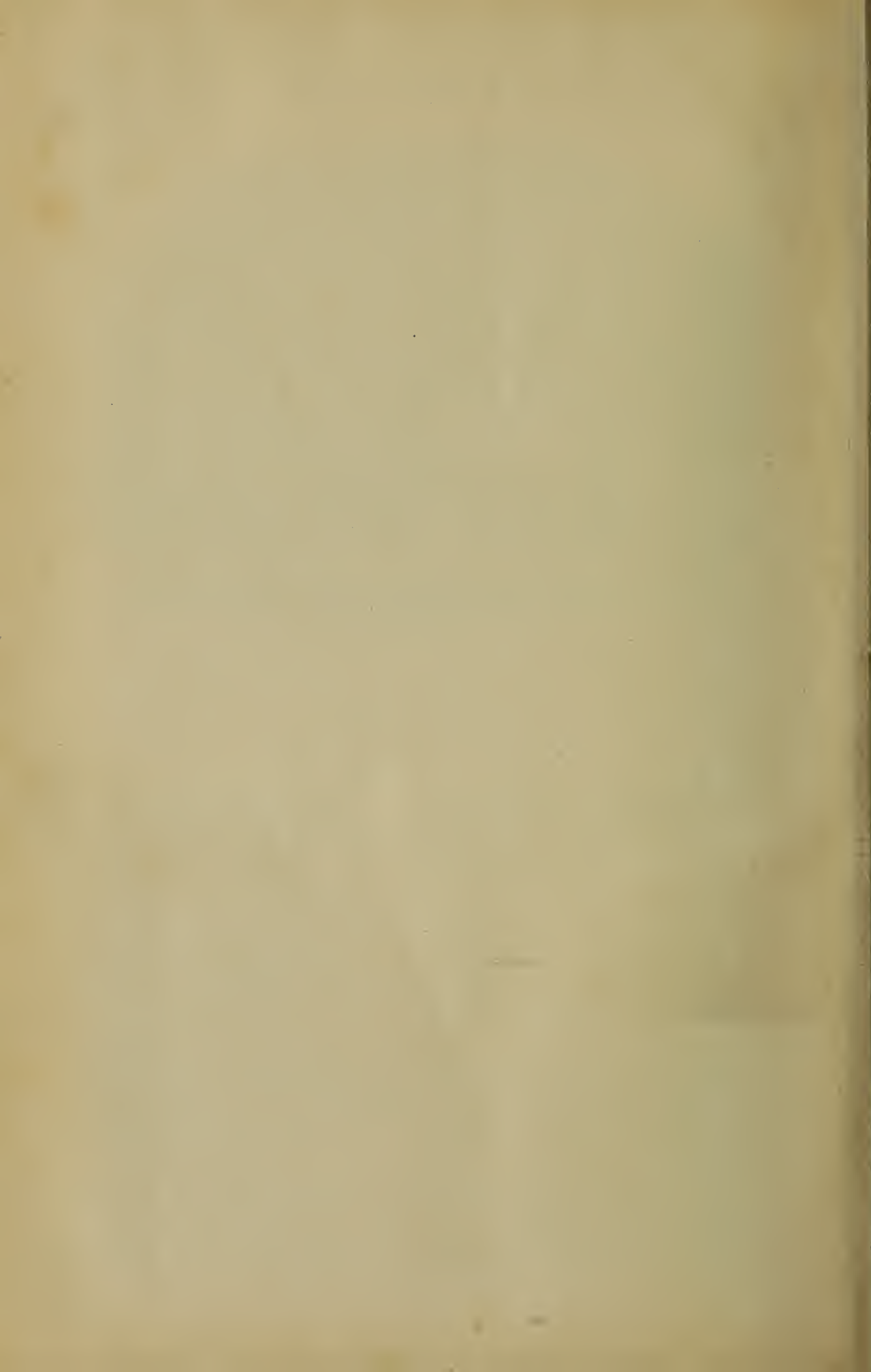
He loves to fold in icy clasp,
 Delights t' encase in crystal sheen,—
 Fair Nature in his tyrant grasp
 Grows rigid, all so harsh his mien,—
 Best pleased our monarch seems to feel
 With stopping every moving wheel.

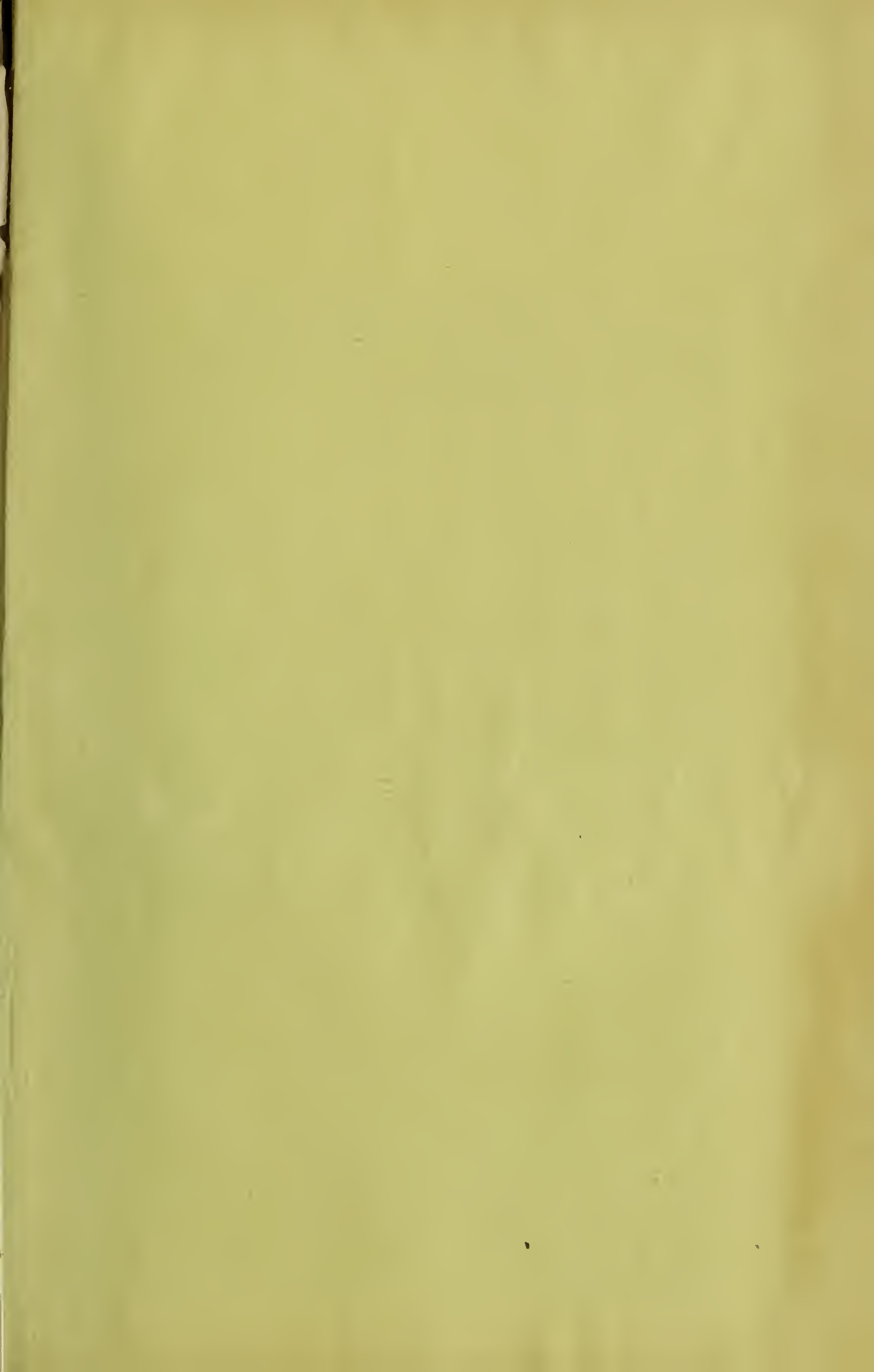
As noiseless as the work of death
 His mighty deeds are often done,
 And almost with a muffled breath
 His splendid victories are won,
 Presenting in the morning light
 The brilliant conquest gained at night.

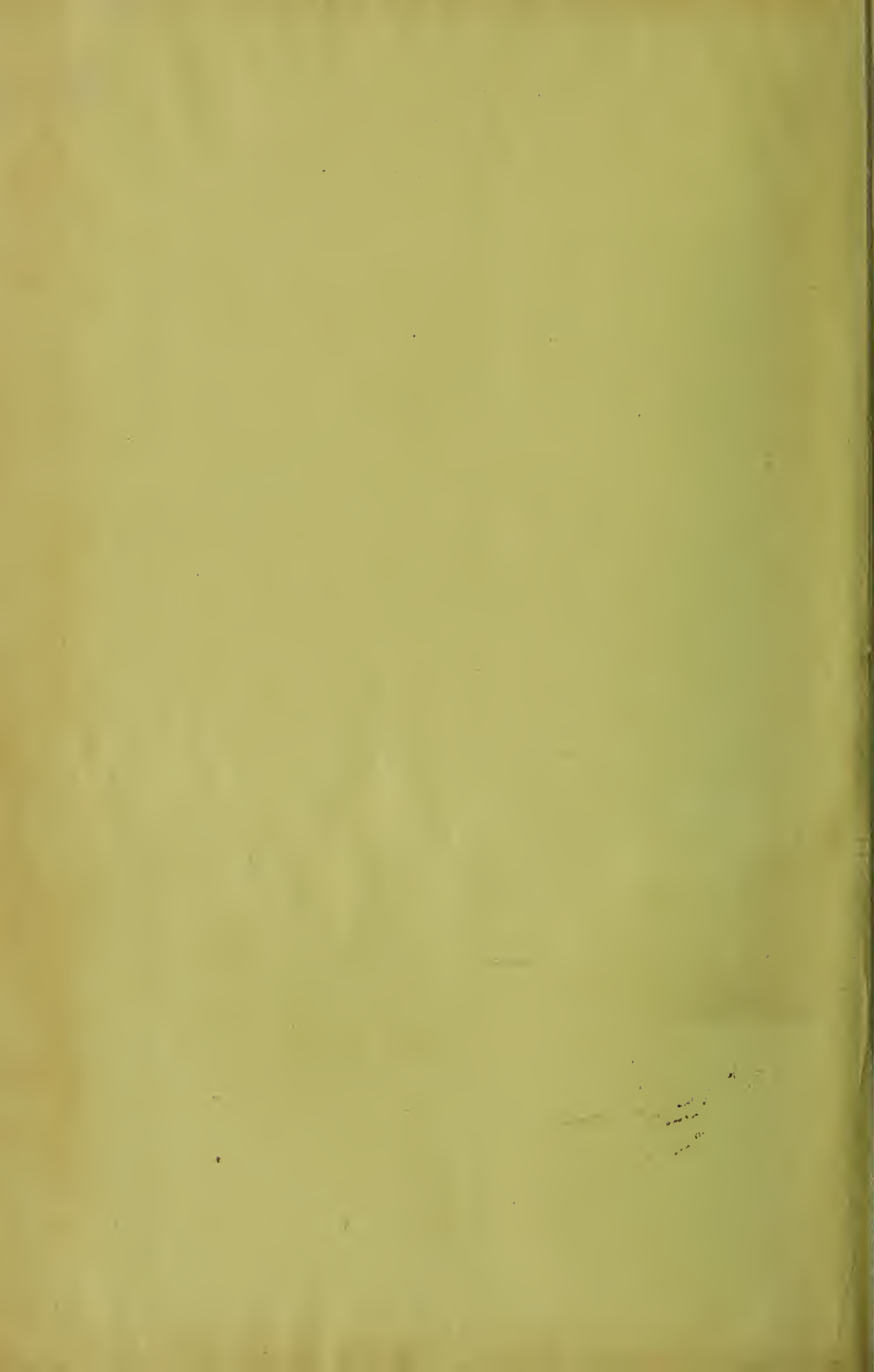
And then anon with startling whew,
 The winds he summons from their caves,
 And sends abroad the blust'ring crew
 To scourge the earth and lash the waves;
 Their fury brings an angry sky,
 Whence blinding clouds of snow-flakes fly.

December, first of Winter kings,
 And last of this year's royal train,
 My muse this morn but feebly sings
 The praises of thy stormy reign;
 And yet I love thy scenes of mirth
 In frosty air, or round the hearth.

Thy good, long evenings, fittest time
 To gather in the lecture-hall,
 I love, and hail the sleigh-bells' chime
 That sounds for moonlight rides the call;
 And sweet thine hours of social glee
 When friend meets friend in converse free.







AP
2
H7
v.4

The Home monthly

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

